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6
MISCELLANEOUS

POEMS,

BY

Several HANDS:

PARTICULARLY

The D--- of W---N, || Mr. JOHN HUGHES,
Sir SAMUEL GARTH, || Mr. THOMSON,
Dean S---, || Mrs. C--- R.

PUBLISHED BY

MR. RALPH H.

L O N D O N :

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2 M E O



BGC

М. К. Л. Р. Н.

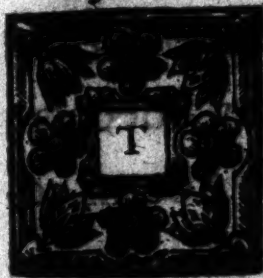
J. O. M. D.

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in the British Museum; and J. B. B. at the
British Museum.



TO THE
RIGHT HONOURABLE
THE
Earl of Albemarle,
KNIGHT of the Honourable ORDER
of the *BATH*, &c.

My LORD,



THE Criticks, who are
Lawgivers to the *Mu-*
ses, have establish'd
it as a Rule, that
Collections of occasional Verse,
of A 2 should

DEDICATION.

should be compos'd of all the different Graces of Poetry; and common Sense obliges every Author to choose a Patron with all the Delicacy imaginable; a Patron, whose similar Virtues should give him a Title to the Performance, and almost prejudice the Reader in its Favour.

On these Principles, my LORD,
I ventur'd to ask your Protection,
and am pleas'd with my Success;
am pleas'd to see these Poems recommended by so great a Name,
and made the Entertainment of
so

DEDICATION

so good a Judge: They are now like a Wreath of Flowers buckled with a Gem; Beauty, and Magnificence united. ---- I should not take the Liberty of insinuating the least Applause to any Thing I am concern'd in my self, were not Silence an Injustice to my Fellow-Writers, and want of Desert an Affront to You: No, my LORD, I would present you with such miscellaneous Pieces of Poetry and Wit as merit your Regard; and, if any Frailties of mine should lessen their Value, I trust to your LORDSHIP's good Humour

DEDICATION

for a Pardon, since it has been long concluded, that Perfection was inconsistent with Humanity.

As Dedications, my LORD, have been so often made the Vehicles of Flattery, 'tis almost dangerous to praise, lest that should be esteem'd Injustice, which was due to Virtue only: I would not be suspected of such a Meaness, --- neither is it likely I should, when I address my self to your LORDSHIP. The World, indeed, without a Compliment, should consider a Patron, as a Man of Honour and Virtue,

DEDICATION.

Virtue, and a Dedication the bare
Acknowledgment of such singu-
lar Merit; which is the sincere
Intent of,

My LORD,

Your LORDSHIP's

Most Obliged Humble Servant,

J. RALPH.

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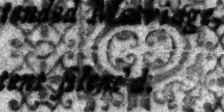
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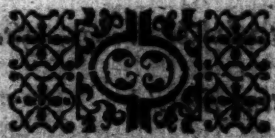
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IMITATION

OF

Spencer's FAIRY QUEEN:

A

FRAGMENT.

By a GENTLEMAN of Twenty.

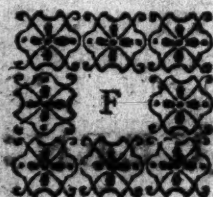
ARGUMENT.

*In SPENCER's preceding Canto, we have
an Account of the Birth of Change, as a
metaphorical Being, her reducing the Earth*

B

to

to her Subjection, and her Attempt on the Skies; where, being daunted at the Majesty of Jove, she refers her Claim to the Determination of Nature, which is the Subject of the following Lines, where the Poet has occasionally introduced a View of the Seasons, Months, Life, Death, &c. in the most agreeable and picturesque Manner that can be imagin'd.



FROM humble Themes, and un aspiring
Strains

Of verd'rous Shades, and stream-delight-
ed Plains,

O whither would the daring *Muse* ascend !
Or where will this unusual Transport end !
Again she fires my Soul with Thirst of Praise,
And tunes my Numbers to sublimer Lays,
Of Sovereign Jove her awful Sire's Success,
At last obtain'd against the *Titanes*,
Who, high aspiring, e'er rebellious strove
To hurl him headlong from the Realms above :
Then deign, O sacred Source of deathless Fame !
To aid my Labours, and exalt my Name ;

Since

Miscellaneous POEMS.

3

Since only thou, from Jov's great Lineage sprung,
Canst rightly trace the wond'rous Deeds along,
That now employ my Verse, and dignify my Song.
Since thou alone canst endless Glory give,
And make that Song to future Ages live.

Now, at th' appointed Time, th' assembling Gods,
For * *Arlo-Hill*, forsook their bright Abodes;
Both those descended of celestial Birth,
And the long Offspring of the fruitful Earth:
With these, obedient to th' Almighty's Call,
Met all the Nations of the wond'ring Ball,
That *Arlo-Hill* could scarce contain the Croud,
And almost sunk beneath th' unwonted Load;
Nor could the narrow Space such Numbers hold,
If thund'ring Jovs, by whom the World's controul'd,
Had not, with wond'rous Art, dispos'd the Throng,
In seemly Ranks, the scanty Ground along.

Last came great *Nature*, whose Almighty Pow'r
The Gods themselves with Reverence adore;
When, rising instant from his golden Throne,
The Heav'n's dread Ruler bow'd submissive down,

* *In Ireland where SPENCER liv'd.*

B 2

And

And all th' Immortals due Obedience paid,
 And at her Feet their boasted Honours laid;
 Ev'n haughty *Change* controul'd her stubborn Mind,
 And low her daring Crest with Awe reclin'd:
 For she, the Goddess, towr'd supremely tall,
 And high exalted overlook'd them all;
 A brighter Glory flam'd around her Head,
 Her fiercer Eyes a keener Influence shed,
 In awful Majesty, more dread than Jove,
 In Beauty fairer than the Queen of Love.
 ----- Beside, e'er Time his circling Course began,
 Or restless round the changing Seasons ran;
 While CHAOS yet his loud Uproar maintain'd,
 In the mad Whirl the Goddess calmly reign'd,
 And at her Word the Tumult rag'd no more,
 And Peace, and Concord waited on her Lore:
 Then, blaz'd the Sun, and all the Worlds on high
 Roll'd round their Orbs, and brighten'd o'er the Sky,
 By her they rose, and when she gives Command,
 In Heav'n's Mid-way the Lamp of Light shall stand;
 Down from the vaulted Blue the Planets fall,
 And one dread Ruin swift devolve on all;
 So vast is her Controul, so wide her Sway,
 Which Gods above, and Men below obey:

Miscellaneous POEMS.

5

But none her Sex could ever throughly learn,
Or unarray'd her heavenly Form discern ;
For, wrapp'd in Darkness, and involv'd with Night,
She skreen'd her Face from Day, and shunn'd the
Light,

Some dreadful Souls, who dar'd the Cloud remove,
And fond of Knowledge with the Goddess strove,
Have taught the World that Horror lurks beneath,
The Source of Sorrow, and the Seeds of Death ;
And some that Beauty, in its brightest Blaze,
From thence emits such strong, and piercing Rays,
As, far transcending the *Meridian* Sun,
Can be but by Reflection view'd alone.

Where, sunk into a Plain, the Mountain spread,
The Pow'r supream her gay Pavillion made ;
Not such as mortal Kings sublimely raise
All bright with Gold, and with the Diamonds blaze,
But, from the teeming Earth, immediate sprung
Spontaneous Trees with purple Blossoms hung,
Whose bending Branches bow'd obedient down,
And form'd, in all their Bloom, a woody Throne :
The Pride of Spring, and Glory of the Fields,
The Pomp of Flow'rs which annual Flora yields,

B 2

With

With sudden Growth in all their Charms were seen
 To deck the Earth, and paint th' enamel'd Green,
 And, wafting sweet, enliv'ning Gales from far,
 With heav'nly Fragrance fum'd the circling Air:
 Beside, the River Nymphs ten thousand more
 Glean'd from the Borders of the wat'ry Shore,
 And at her Feet the gay Profusion threw,
 Sweet to the Smell, and pleasant to the View:
 Less gay the splendid, costly Carpets show,
 Whose *Tyrian* Grounds with golden Labours glow,
 And, spread Illustrious where the Great reside,
 On the rich Walls reflect their Lustre wide:
 Ev'n ancient *Arlo*, on whose hoary Brow
 Hung thawless Ice, and never-melting Snow,
 For lovely Green his russet Gray resign'd,
 And round his Head an oaken Garland twin'd,
 As if, to Youth restor'd, some fresh Desire
 Had warm'd his Heart, and alter'd his Attire:
 It's Sovereign Queen the whole Creation sung,
 And all the vast Immense with loud Applauses rung.

Such Gladness ne'er in future Times was known,
 Save that distinguish'd Day when *PEREUS* won

Miscellaneous POEMS.

His heav'nly Bride, a Daughter of the Sky!
When all the Gods descended from on High
To grace the nuptial Feast, and give the Bridegroom Joy.

When thus the Goddess, whose creating Hand
Spread out the Seas, and fix'd the stedfast Land,
Had fill'd her *Sydon* Throne; before her came,
Audacious *Change* to urge her daring Claim;
Who bending low, her plaintive Plea began,
And thus her Tale in bold Incessant ran:

To thee, great Goddess! injur'd I appeal,
And at thy Throne, in hope of Justice kneel;
The whole Creation's blest'd beneath thy sway,
And at thy Word Oppression soars away;
From thee the wretched find relief alone,
Thy Hand upholds the Weak, and hurls the Tyrant
Down:
Dread Source of Right! of *Jove* I now complain,
And all the Gods that form his servile Train,
Who jointly boast that to their Rule is giv'n
The vaunted Empires both of Earth, and Heav'n;
Tho' here below I hold unbounded Sway,
And Brutes, and Men my great Commands obey:

Tho' mine's the Right to rule th' empyreal Plains,
 And like a Tyrant this dread Thund'rer reigns :
 ---- Now Heaven, and Earth are both thy equal Care,
 And Gods, and Men alike thy Favour share ;
 For Gods to thee oppos'd, like mortal Men
 Compar'd to Gods, would boast their Strength in vain :
 Then deign, O righteous Judge! to hear my Cause,
 And give my Claim the Sanction of thy Laws :
 Yet weigh our different Rights in even Scale,
 And let the Just as Justice will's prevail ;
 Tho' all must know th' ethereal Plains are mine,
 As eldest Offspring of great TIRAN'S Line ;
 And Jove, usurping, holds the regal Throne,
 Depriving me of what is mine alone :
 Yet, spight of all the Thunders in his Hand,
 And the joint Pow'r of his united Band,
 In this low Orb I've fix'd my awful Reign,
 And Gods, and Men would tempt my Pow'r in vain.
 For Proof the whole created Frame survey,
 And bring its Changes forth to open Day :
 See ! the huge Globe, on its own Axis hung,
 Varies its Seat, and smoothly rolls along ;
 No Pause of Rest, no stedfast Point it knows,
 But round the Sun its annual Journey goes,

While

While Heat, and Cold renew their Sway by turns;
While Winter freezes, and while Summer burns.

What num'rous Changes have receiv'd their Birth,
And damp'd the Glories of the blooming Earth,
Since the first Age, when Peace, and Plenty crown'd
Its happy Realms, and bless'd the teeming Ground ?
The Rage of Arms, the Tyrant's rig'rous Sway
Have waisted Towns, and swept whole Tribes away ;
The stormy Wild, where angry *Neptune* roars,
Has burst its Bounds, and scorn'd its narrow Shores ;
Ev'n the huge Mountains of this pond'rous Ball,
By Earthquakes shook, in mighty Ruins fall :
Then new Convulsions heave the trembling Plain,
And rear the Mountain to its Height again.

Observe how Brutes, thro' various Changes run,
How short their Joys ! how soon their Labour's done !
To Day secure thro' flow'ry Fields they stray,
To Morrow bleed their flighted Souls away
At Man's severe Command ; yet more supply
The murth'rous Waste, and more unpitied dye.
Like turns of Fate unhappy Mortals know,
By Wealth exalted, and by Want made low ;

Bent, with the Weight of heavy-rolling Time;
 They change for feeble Age their vigorous Prime;
 For Evil Good, for Just Unjust become,
 Decay in Life, and Moulder in the Tomb.

Nor fewer Changes can the Water boast,
 In Rains descending, and in Vapours lost:
 Ten thousand Rivers swell the boisterous Main,
 Which backward rolls the wond'ring Waves again;
 When gentle Gales with adverse Wing arise;
 In whit'ning Foam, the smoothest Current fries;
 By Tempests rag'd old Ocean loudly roars,
 And hurls enormous on the frightened Shores.
 Nor free from Change the wat'ry Tribes we find,
 Toss'd on the Waves, and driven by the Wind:
 First, the deserted Spawn at random rides
 On rapid Torrents, and retreating Tides,
 And when, with vigorous Life, it glides away,
 New to the Light, and wond'ring at the Day,
 Strait from beneath the scaly Monsters rise,
 And in some ravenous Jaw, the Wand'rer dies:
 For ev'ry Species of the wat'ry Train,
 Which haunt the Brooks, or gambol in the Main,

Dreads

Dreads the dire Hunger of some vengful Pot,
And tries for Safety ev'ry Depth below;
But tries in vain, for when I give Command
No Art's successful, and no Strength can stand.

Now let's enquire if fluid Air disdain
To own my Laws, or vary to my Reign,
Tho' all Mankind their Length of Days receive
From its soft Breath, and by its Influence live.
O fickle State! which trusts a Thing so frail,
And hourly alters with the veering Gale;
Which Sickness plagues, or sadd'ning Vapours cloud,
When Fogs ascend, or *Auster* roars aloud;
For this still changing, turns with ev'ry Breeze,
That skims the yielding Wave, or bends the nodding
Trees;

Nor can resolv'd a constant Temper hold,
But glows with sultry Heat, or chills with shiv'ring Cold:
Now Sunshine fair adorns the gladfom Day,
And sweetly shows the whole Creation gay;
Then wastful Storms, and raging Whirlwinds rise,
And dusky Clouds involve the darken'd Skies:
Here rattling Hail, or swift descending Rain,
Show'rs on the Hill, and sneaks along the Plain;

There

There baleful Lightnings fly from Pole to Pole,
And in redoubled Peals tremend'ous Thunders roll.

Remark the Worlds of Fire that roll on high
To gild the Night, and brighten o'er the Sky:
Shine they for Years with undiminish'd Blaze,
And o'er the Earth emit unchanging Rays?
'Tis plain that Fire by dread Destruction reigns,
And soon consumes what e'er its Rage sustains;
Nor ever breeds what may the Waste supply,
So unrepair'd must consequently dye;
If then long Burnings melt those Orbs away,
And no Recruit prolongs the vast Decay,
In future Times their Beams must shine no more,
Their Heat exhausted, and their Motion o'er:
But if these flaming Worlds such Aids require
To light new Splendours, as the Old expire,
My Empire shines confess'd thro' all the Realms of Fire,
Yet more, 'tis prov'd each shooting Star that flies
Aloft in Air, each Blaze that gilds the Skies
Attests my Pow'r, and, faithful to my Sway,
Creates fresh Changes thro' th' ethereal Way:
Ev'n dreadful Comets move at my Command,
And shed hot Vengeance o'er a guilty Land;

Provoke

Provoke Mankind to Arms, whole Hosts to turn,
And fraught with Change, and dire Commotions burn.

--- Now these Materials all this Frame compose,
And from their Mixture ev'ry Being rose,
Yet ever changing my Dominion own,
Chang'd into each, as in themselves alone:
The fluid Water, moist'ning ev'ry Birth,
Dries by Degrees, and thickens into Earth:
The pond'rous Earth its annual Vigour drains
In laden Orchards, and in teeming Plains:
From low and marshy Grounds damp Vapours rise,
And veil with wat'ry Clouds the azure Skies:
The wat'ry Clouds dissolve in Air away,
Or gayly gilded brighten all the Day:
The Air, refin'd, to Fire ascending turns,
And in a Blaze of transient Glory burns:
Thus all revolving, take new Forms again,
And ev'ry Change confirms my rightful Reign:
Howe'er these vaunting Gods by Force pretend
To seize my Rule, and bid my Empire end:
For VENT' claims the ethereal Fire on high,
And VULCAN that which flames beneath the Sky:

Orv

OPs would the Earth, and Jove sway the Air;
 NEPTUNE the Seas, and all residing there;
 And various Nymphs would various Rivers roll,
 And what the Rest usurp, 'tis I alone controul:
 For Proof, O Goddess! here before thy Throne
 Thy Works survey, and give me all mine own,
 Least Jove again should boast his thund'ring Hand,
 And seize the Remnant of my wide Command.
 She said, and Nature pond'ring the Event,
 Favour'd her Pray'r, and gave a full Consent.

The annual Seasons first her Call obey'd,
 And lusty Spring the various Circle led:
 The Bloom of Youth upon his Cheek is seen,
 And where he treads fresh Flow'ers deck the Green;
 His fragrant Breath perfumes the Evening Skies,
 And tun'd to him the Sylvan Strains arise;
 A pointed Jav'lin in his Hand he bears,
 And on his Head a golden Helmet wears;
 For then begins the stern BELLEON's Rage,
 And hostile Realms in bloody Wars engage;
 His calm Approach revives the peaceful Plain,
 But leads on Death where Discord holds its Reign.

In silken Garb array'd of cheerful Green,
Was sportive Summer next advancing seen;
A gilded Quiver at his Shoulder hung,
And in his Hand he trail'd a Bow unbent along;
His tawny Brow with faded Flow'rs was crown'd,
And studded thick with Drops of Sweat around,
As if fatigu'd with the laborious Chase,
Or faint with Heat in sultry TITAN's Rays:
He, moving slow, invoc'd the friendly Air,
And sought the cooling Streams to quench his Burnings
there.

Autumn succeeds, in flaming Yellow clad,
With Fullness smiling, and with Plenty glad;
Laden with sunny Fruits of ev'ry Kind,
He dar'd the Cold that waited close behind;
A Wreath of ripen'd Corn, his Temples bound,
Enrich'd with Leaves, and clust'ring Grapes around:
An harvest Crook employ'd his better Hand,
To reap the Grain, and ease the burthen'd Land.

Winter was last in woolly Robes array'd,
And bent with feeble Age his hoary Head;
Shrunk

Shrunk in himself he wrapp'd his Garments close,
 And inly trembled as the Tempest rose;
 His length of Beard, and deep-indented Brow,
 Were whiten'd o'er with an eternal Snow;
 Prone to the Earth his bending Back declin'd,
 And, almost froze, he shiver'd in the Wind;
 Propp'd on a Staff, he slowly mov'd along,
 And round him loud insulting *Boreas* rung.

When these were pass'd the *Months* in turn ensu'd,
 And by the Goddess, like the Rest were view'd.

First, *March* tempestuous, mounted on a *Ram*,
 With bended Brows, and low'ring Aspect, came;
 He shudd'ring gaz'd at *Winter's* cold Remains,
 The icy Torrents, and the harden'd Plains;
 For chilling Gales still rush'd impetuous forth,
 From the bleak Chambers of the freezing *North*;
 Yet in his Hand he held the useful Spade,
 The timely Seed along the Furrows laid,
 And the delightful Hopes of future Harvests made.

Next wanton *April* (frolick as a Lamb,
 That frisks in sunny Pastures round his Dam)

April 12

With

Miscellaneous POEMS.

17

With Blossoms deck'd, and ev'ry early Bud,
 Rais'd on a lordly *Bull* exulting rode;
 The fairest Flow'rs, that wait their Sweets on high,
 When *Spring* returns, and wantons in the Sky;
 His haughty Brow in circling Wreaths adorn;
 And purple Streamers grace his gilded Horn.

Then *May* approach'd, Queen of the rowling Year;
 And fairest Nymph among ten thousand fair;
 A flow'ry Garland round her Temples twin'd,
 And fum'd with od'rous Scents the balmy Wind;
 Bright *LENA's* Twins sustain'd the heav'nly Maid,
 And on her snowy Breast was wanton *CUPID* laid;
 The whole Creation joy'd her Sweets among,
 And hymn'd her Praises as she mov'd along.

Next sprightly *June* advanc'd in chearful Green,
 And crown'd with Leaves, and Roses ty'd between;
 Sportive he seem'd, and fond of gladfom Play,
 Yet held a Sythe to cut the Grass away,
 As grown mature; and in his Footstep trod
 A *Crab*, with Look reverse, the backward Road;
 He panting glow'd with *Summer's* Heat begun,
 And fought for Shades to cool the scorching Sun.

Then

Then *July*, hot with burning Fury, came, no blast
 His Bosom scorch'd, his Visage all aflame;
 Unable to endure the sultry Day,
 His swelt'ring Raiment he had hurl'd away;
 Yet o'er his Back a Reaper's Crook he hung,
 And from the Harvest near reluctant stalk'd along:
 A furious *Lion* wait'd his Command,
 And couch'd obedient to his pow'ful Hand.

August succeeds in golden Robes attir'd,
 And with the Sweets of Peace, and Plenty fir'd;
 Elate with sparkling Joy, a lovely *Maid*,
 Along the yellow Fields, he smiling led,
 Whose lilly Hand a *Cornucopia* held,
 With ripen'd Grain, and sunny Fruitage fill'd.

September, bent beneath the Reaper's Toil,
 And the rich Product of the fertile Soil,
 The next advanc'd, and in his equal Hand,
 A fraudless Pair of even Scales sustain'd;
 Joyous he view'd his Length of Labour done,
 And hail'd, with gladfom Heart, the low-retreating Sun.

October

October now came retelling from the Press,
With drunken Splendour shining in his Face;
For he had newly eas'd the pregnant Vine,
And quaff'd the luscious Must of purple Wine;
The nodding Clusters twin'd around his Head,
And dy'd his Garments with a crimson Red:
A lurking *Scorpion* at his Side was seen,
And turn'd to russet Brown the faded Green.

Then march'd *November* all defil'd with Blood
Of num'rous Beasts destroy'd for Winter's Food,
Which close behind his bluff'ring Rage began,
With all the Rigours of his stormy Reign:
He joy'd to give succeeding Forests Birth,
And sow with timely Seed the fruitful Earth;
A two-form'd *Centaur*, from old *SATURN* sprung,
Unwearied bore his tardy Bulk along.

Next chill *December* pass'd, in Furs array'd,
By frequent Bowls both warm, and sprightly made,
Tho' feeble Age his vigorous Prime impair'd,
And hoary Frosts had silver'd o'er his Beard:

On

On a rough Mountain Goat he blithly rode,
 Which nurtur'd Jov's while yet an Infant God,
 And held a Goblet in his lifted Hand,
 From whence repeated Draughts of sparkling Wine he
 drain'd.

Then came the Month from JANU's nam'd of old,
 Numb'd with the Rigours of the wint'ry Cold,
 And ceaseless Shudd'ring at the stormy Sweep
 Of raging Boreas o'er the boist'rous Deep;
 Yet in his Hand he wav'd an Ax on high,
 And bar'd the Woodland to th' invading Sky:
 Down from its huge, capacious Urn he pour'd
 The Roman Flood, and loud the Waters roar'd.

Lastly afloat, and down the raging Tides,
 The Month which fills the Year's great Circle rides,
 Thro' the cold Waves by Fishes drawn away,
 Yet, by his Side, the sharpen'd Plough-share lay
 To break the clotted Glebe when Heav'n allows,
 And pruning Tools to fell the useless Boughs;
 Witherd with Age he scarcely seem'd to breath,
 And look'd as hov'ring on the Verge of Death.

When

When these were gone, ensu'd the *Night* and *Days*,
Still on the Wing, and never at a Stay;
The first was mounted on a jetty Steed,
And with a sable Veil involv'd her dusky Head;
Uplifted high she held her awful Rod,
(And Sleep diffus'd, and Darkness all abroad)
Round which the Moon, and Stars in order roll,
And stream their silver Rays from Pole to Pole;
But gladfom Day, a snow-white Courser press'd,
With endless Beams of dazzling Glory grac'd;
And on his Sceptre bore the golden Sun,
Such as he brightly blazing shines at Noon.

Then flew the posting *Hours* with rapid Flight,
Daughters of thund'ring *Jove*, and timely *Night*!
Who bless'd their Offspring with eternal Bloom
Thro' all the Length of Ages still to come;
Yet from the Rage of Love's dread Empire freed,
Least fond Delays should slack their destin'd Speed;
So from the Gates of Heav'n's eternal Height,
By turns reliev'd, they take their circling Flight,
Nor ever pause, but on the Watch are found
To guard the Portal, and compleat their Round.

Next

Next blooming *Life*, in Strength, and Youth array'd,
 With rosy Cheek, advanc'd, and Wings display'd,
 As ancient Bards describe the God of Love
 In *Paphos* Isle, or in the *Cyprian* Grove,
 And swiftly soaring fled in haste away,
 With Health delighted, and with Pleasure gay.

And lastly, *Death* gigantick stalk'd along
 With twice ten thousand Horrors round him hung
 Yet was this boasted Dread an empty Shade,
 And to relieve unhappy Mortals made :
 Appearing dreadful when far off alone,
 And sweetly smiling when familiar grown :
 Light as the Air, her silent Course he took,
 And in his lifted Hand a fatal Jav'lin shook.

When thus the awful Cavalcade was done,
 Again bold *TITAN*'s Offspring thus begun :
 --- Now mighty Parent thro' the World make known,
 That Gods, and Men should my Dominion own,
 For circling Time, who varies all below,
 To me submits, and acts what I allow ;

Thus

Thus nought the same unchanging Form can hold,
To me subservient, and by me controul'd.

Then Sovereign for a return'd this brief Reply:
All Things, 'tis true, are chang'd beneath the Sky,
Are chang'd by Time; but who impells his Course,
Or gives his Pow'r such unresist'd Force?
Are we not those by whom this Pow'r is given,
Resistless Pow'r deriv'd alone from Heav'n?
Are we not those from whom all Changes rise,
And at whose Nod thy boasted Empire lies?

To whom she thus return'd: The unknown Cause
Why Beings vary, and why Changes rose,
You may ascribe to your unbounded Sway,
And foolish Men shall at the Boast obey;
Yet who shall me convince, the Doctrine's true,
Or make my Pow'r at last submit to you?
But grant the World, as you would fain persuade,
Mov'd by your Might, and order'd by your Aid;
From your own changeful Orbs I'll make my Claim,
And add the rightful Honours to thy Name.

First *CYNTHIA*, most admir'd by thund'ring *Jove*,
 And fairest Star among the Stars above,
 For ever varies : now to crescent Horns
 Her darken'd Globe, and shaded Glory turns ;
 Then bright'ning, throws augmented Streams of Light,
 And, blazing full, she gilds the gloomy Night ;
 Strait, all eclips'd, she mourns her Beams again,
 And, faintly lighten'd, wanders in the Wane.

Next *HERMES*, less remark'd, with Radiance less,
 Must my eternal Sovereign Pow'r confess ;
 For equal Changes in his Orb are found,
 And equal Motion whirls his Circling round ;
 Nay sometimes lost, amid th' ethereal Way,
 In vain the Eye explores his absent Ray.

Again, when Evening's awful Shades arise,
 If fulgent *Venus* gilds the darken'd Skies,
 E'er Night has wasted half her gloomy Reign,
 She rolls her Orb beneath the *Western* Main ;
 Or, when the *Orient*, o'er the Dawn of Light,
 Beholds her Rising eminently bright,
 Soon as the Morn, array'd in Gold, returns,
 Her Light-extinct in fiercer Glory mourns.

I grant A P O L L O vaunts a constant Light,
Unveil'd with Darkness, unobscur'd with Night;
Yet, shorn in dread Eclipse of all his Rays,
He fills the frighted World with wild Amaze,
And while his Globe consumes, anew requires
Fresh Aids to brighten, and prolong his Fires.

Next furious M A R S as much my Rule obeys,
And round his Circuit streams a changeful Blaze;
Alike his boasted Pow'r on me depends,
By me he rises, and by me descends:
--- By me impell'd, ev'n tardy S A T U R N rolls,
And my Command his baleful Ray controuls;
At my Command his Ray is chang'd again,
And Death, and Slaughter take their turns to reign.
--- Thus prone to change we find these vaunting Gods,
In the bright Circle of their own Abodes:
But you, immortal J O V E, superiour move
Round the vast Limits of your Orb above;
Permit me then, submissive to that Pow'r,
Which knows no Change, and all Mankind adore,

To ask by what peculiar Laws you hold
 Eternal Rule, unchang'd, and uncontrould,
 When form'd by Nature's Hand, of like consumptive
 Mold ;

Or, why to you alone's th' Indulgence giv'n,

Why not enlarg'd to all the Sons of Heav'n?

But sure, since you your radiant Course began,

And round your Orb thro' circling Ages ran,

A thousand Changes, at my pow'ful Call,

Have shed their Influence on your varied Ball ;

Nay, ev'ry Moment, as it swiftly flies,

Wastes the huge Frame, yet all the Waste supplies ;

So ev'n dread Jove the same no more remains,

But stoops to me, thro' my Indulgence Reigns.

Thus all the Pow'rs that hold the Realms on high,

And all the starry Glories of the Sky,

Must own the Influence of my wide Command,

And feel the Weight of my controuling Hand :

Then what remains to crown my juster Cause,

But that both Heav'n, and Earth, confess my Sovereign
 Laws ?

To thee, great Goddess! I submit my Claim,

And trust the future Honours of my Name ;

From

From thee I hope to rule the Realms above,
In all the Glory, all the Strength of JovE,
And, rais'd supream to all th' adoring Gods,
Lead the long Triumph thro' the blest Abodes.

She said, and, inly wedded to her Reign,
A Murmur of Applause the Croud began;
But, pensive, silent, and in Thought profound,
The Goddess fix'd her Eyes upon the Ground;
At last, resolv'd, she rear'd her Sun-bright Head,
And thus aloud the dread Decision made:

Confid'ring well the Strength of either Claim,
And what's the Homage due to either Name,
The starry Worlds, and Heav'n's eternal Throne,
Great JovE must rule unbounded, and alone;
For he, the first of Gods, can best controul
The Sons of Light, and bid the Thunder roll,
And tho' 'tis urg'd that all Things fade below,
Or ev'n the upper Worlds their Changes know;
'Tis not by thee they change; 'tis my Command
Controuls the Air, the Ocean, and the Land;
And, when from wastful Deeps, I form'd the Skies,
And bid these Orbs in all their Glory rise,

Beneath the Pow'r of Jove, and far from Heav'n,
 For thee to rule this lower World was giv'n;
 But not to dare the Thund'rer's Strength in Arms,
 Or fright OLYMPUS with unjust Alarms:
 Cease, Daughter, then to boast thy vain Descent,
 Or hope to rule the azure Firmament.
 For such dire Aims include thine own Decay,
 And when I give thy restless Fury way,
 This earthly Globe, and ev'ry starry World,
 Shook from their Orbs, shall be in huge Destruction
 hurl'd.

Thus Jove was fix'd in his imperial Throne,
 And *Change* her Claim laid ignominious down;
 From *Arlo-Hill* the parting Crouds return'd,
 And, while, in pensive Guise, the Usurper mourn'd,
 Th' exulting Gods with Songs of Triumph rise,
 And in a Blaze of Glory reach'd the Skies.



To



TO SAPPHO.

NO, no, in vain is all my Art,
I find I can't secure my Heart,

Long have I scorn'd the armed Boy,
Laugh'd at his Grief, despis'd his Joy?

But he unheeded strikes the Blow,

And is most fatal when he's slow.

Beauty, 'tis true, I did admire,

A Sigh would quickly raise the Fire,

But with a Sigh it did expire.

Beauty alone may wound the Heart,

But faint the Arrow, weak the Dart,

The lovely SAPPHO scorns to prize

A Heart, the Conquest of her Eyes:

No, tho' her Eyes so pointed are,

Her Eyes, the Envy of the Fair,

Wit she knows can only bind,

'Tis Wit secures the worthy Mind;

Her Wit and Voice at once conspire

To melt the Heart and wake Desire;

Her sprightly Wit the Heart alarms,
 Her tuneful Voice the Heart disarms;
 High soars her Wit, on airy Wings,
 Soars like the Lark, and like him Sings;
 Musick before was never join'd,
 With Sense and Language so refin'd,
 Nor Eloquence did ever meet,
 With Melody so soft, so sweet.
 How must we shun then CUPID'S Snare?
 Why we must shun this fatal Fair,
 Viewing her Eyes, we find him there;
 While Graces hanging on her Tongue,
 Form in her Speech the sweetest Song.

Thus various Ways our Fate is found,
 Each Look's a Dart, each Word's a Wound.





On a SPIDER.

ARTIST, who underneath the Table,
Thy curious Feature hast display'd,
Who, if we may believe the Fable,
Wast once a blooming lovely Maid :

Insidious, restless, watchful *Spider*,
Fear no officious Damsel's Broom,
Extend thy artful Building wider,
And spread thy Banners round my Room.

While I thy wond'rous Fabrick stare at,
And think on hapless Poet's Fate,
Like thee confin'd to lonely Garret,
And proudly banish'd Rooms of State.

And as from out thy tortur'd Body,
Thou draw'st thy slender Wit with Pain;
So does he labour, like a Noddy,
To spin Materials from his Brain.

He for some gaudy flutt'ring Creature,
 That spreads her Charms before his Eye,
 And that's a Conquest little better,
 Than thine o'er captive Butter-fly.

Thus far, 'tis plain, you both agree,
 Your Death perhaps may better show it ;
 'Tis ten to one but Penury
 Ends both the *Spider* and the *Poss*.



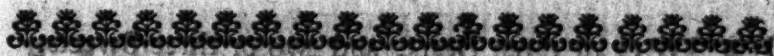
To a LADY in a Fever.

AROUND your Couch while sighing Lovers view,
 Wit, Beauty, Goodness suffering all in you,
 So mournful is the Scene, 'tis hard to tell
 Which Face betrays the Sick, and which the Well :
 They feel not their own Pains while your's they share ;
 Worse tortur'd now, than lately by despair.
 For bleeding Veins, a late Relief is found,
 When Ir'n red hot, by burning stops the Wound.

Their

Their former Anguish now they wish t' endure,
And would, on any Terms, obtain your Cure.
Grant Heaven! they cry, this Moment our Desire
To see her well, tho' we the next expire.

Receipt to make LOVE



Supplement to MILTON'S *Il Penseroso*,
after these Lines,

“TILL old Experience do attain,
“ To something like prophetick Strain,

There let Time's creeping *Winter* shed,
His hoary Snow around my Head;
And while I feel by fast Degrees,
My sluggish Blood wax chill and freeze,
Let Thought unveil to my fixt Eye
The Scenes of deep Eternity,
'Till, Life dissolving at the View,
I wake, and find those Visions true.



Receipt to make LOVE.

TWO or three Dears, and two or three Sweets,
 Two or three Balls, and two or three Treats;
 Two or three Serenades giv'n at the Door,
 Two or three Vows how much you adore;
 Two or three Messages sent in a Day,
 Two or three Times leading out to the Play,
 Two or three soft Things said by the Way;
 Two or three Tickets sent two or three Times,
 Tho or three Billet-doux all writ in Rhymes;
 Two or three Months keeping strict to these Rules,
 Can never fail making two or three Fools.



The

The Mock HEROES.

HARK! hark! what Sounds tremendous from afar
 Rend the blue Arch, and ring the Alarms of War!
 Shrill Trumpets, thund'ring Drums, in Concert join'd,
 Fill with stern Horror ev'ry breathing Wind;
 The martial Din, assails my soft Retreat,
 Stranger to Noise! the *Muses* silent Seat!
 --- But see! all gay, the mimick Host appears,
 In Laughter loud, to dissipate my Fears,
 Tho' arm'd with Fau'chions, Buff and Bandileers:
 Eating, not Arms, to Day is all their Trade,
 Real the Feast, the fighting Masquerade.
 --- So the dull Ass, when cloath'd in Lion's Skin,
 Shows terrible without, tho' calm within,
 Pretends to reign the Monarch of the Wood,
 And loudly brays to make his Title good;
 But vain is the Pretence, the Bray as vain,
 His Ears betray the Cheat, and he's an Ass again.

Verses

Verſes occaſion'd by the General Hiſto-
ry of PRINTING.

LONG had Mankind with Darkneſs been oppreſs'd,
And ſcarce one PETRARCH nine whole Centuries
bleſs'd;

The conquer'd World, and e'en imperial *Rome*,
O'erwhelm'd in Ignorance, ſhar'd an equal Doom:

Vandals, and *Monks* enflam'd with impious Rage,
Drove, like a Torrent, Learning off the Stage;

To native Skies Religion ſlighted fled,
And heav'nly Science veil'd her bliſſful Head;

Myſterious Jargon then Devotion ſeem'd,
Greek, pious Ideots *Hereſy* eſteem'd;

Yet *Latin*, oft was read, — not underſtood;

For none but Pray'rs in Sounds unknown were good.

When ſome kind Pow'r (who now propitious ſmiles
With ſweet Indulgence o'er BRITANNIA'S Iſles)

Expell'd around the gloomy Gothic Night,

And chear'd the World with dawning Rays of Light.

Inſpir'd

Inspir'd by him, first *Falutry*, sagacious Mind from
 The great Discovery open'd to Mankind;
 Rude Characters on wooden Tablets made,
 And of the *Printing-Art* the *Basis* laid:
 'Till fusile *Types*, invented by his Skills,
 With numerous *Tombs* th' admiring Nations fill.
 Vast his Attempts, immortal is his Fame,
 While *Mentz* preserves the great auspicious Name,
 In spite of *Harlem's*, or of *Strasburgh's* Claim.

Thence was the Art transplanted to our Coast,
 (Whose generous Sons ingenious *Caxton* boast,
 Improv'd by various Hands in ev'ry Stage,

'Till *ALDUS* rose, the Genius of the Age!
 First, by his Care, behold learn'd *Greece* arise,
 And the thick Mists remove from mortal Eyes!

See her fam'd Works in native Lustre shine!
 See *Athens* once again the World refine!

While pleasing Scenes o'er *Europe's* Realms appear,
 And Joys, uncommon, ev'ry Mortal cheer.

No more, Transcribers Negligence is blam'd
 For Faulty *Iliads*, or a *TULLY* maim'd.

No more did *HORACE*, Bard of sprightly Fire!

Mourn ruder Hands, or *BENTLEY's* Wit require:

No

No more the Scholar, press'd by adverse Fate, and bright
 Procures a Library with his whole Estate.
 Swift, o'er the World, learn'd Volumes were diffus'd,
 And thousand Bibles for one Missal us'd:
 Divine *Aeneids* each Museum grace,
 While *Petrarch's* Works assume a *Sacrosanct* Place:
 Each needy Student shews his *Classic* Store,
 And boasts such Treasures, Kings scarce knew before.

Hail, *Printing!* hail, thou thrice illustrious *Art!*
 Which clear'd the Head, and which reform'd the Heart,
 Bless'd with new Light, a superstitious Age,
 And purg'd the Relicks of *Barbaric* Rage;
 From thee, celestial Streams of Learning flow,
 And to thy Pow'r we pure Religion owe.
 By thee assisted, *LUTHER* lash'd the Crimes
 Of *Rome's* vile Clergy, and reform'd the Times;
 While off their rev'rend Mask *ERASMUS* drew,
 And ev'ry pious Fraud expos'd to View;
 The Labour finish'd, by thy friendly Aid,
 Which *HUS* and *WICKLIFF* long in vain essay'd.

But see, ye learn'd! from far a genial Ray
 Dawn in the East, and promise rising Day!

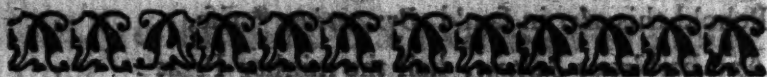
See,

See, distant Climes, in this auspicious Hour,
 Receive with transport, Learning's sov'reign Pow'r!
 Behold this *Art* in fam'd *Byzantium* * rise,
 And barb'rous *Solomon*, hail the mighty Prize:
 High it advances, o'er the *Musli's* Rage,
 Tho' Priests the Ruin of their Craft preface.
 O! would indulgent Heav'n by this restore
 To *Eastern* Lands the Arts, they lost before:
 By this make *Turk* their native Rage forego,
 And the vile Frauds of *Mosco's* Prophet show:
 While *Asia's* Realms enjoy a milder Doom,
 While *Greece* its *Athens* boasts, and *Thrace* a second
 Rome, †
 O'er distant Worlds, while Truth and Freedom shine,
 And conscious Nations bless the *Art* Divine.

* Constantinople,
 called New Rome.

† Constantinople was anciently





TO CLIO.

WHILE adverse Fate, on distant Plains
 Fair CLIO, gentlest Nymph! detains;
 CLIO! by every Swain carest,
 But STREPHON'S Hopes alone confest:
 Pensive and sad the Shepherd lay,
 Each watchful Night, each tedious Day;
 And sang, beside the murmur'ing Stream,
 The absent Nymph, his constant Theme.
 Kind Zephyr, waft his Sighs in Air;
 The Stream receives each falling Tear;
 The rural Pow'rs attend his Song;
 And Eccho bears his Complaints along.
 Ye Streams! with swifter Current flow,
 And let my lovely CLIO know,
 Her Swain his absent Charmer mourns,
 Nor e'er shall joy, 'till she returns.
 Ye Winds! your balmy Wings display,
 To CLIO swift these Sounds convey;

STREPHON,

STREPHON, a Name for ever dear
 Lives not, but while his CLIO'S here;
 Ye Birds! whose Breasts with genial Fires
 Are urg'd to melting soft Desires,
 When vernal Suns renew the Force
 Of Love, great Nature's fruitful Source;
 Ye Warblers! round my CLIO move,
 And tune your Strains to Notes of Love;
 Touch'd with your Songs, the Nymph again
 Shall sigh, shall pant, invoke her Swain,
 With mutual Warmth impatient glow,
 And ev'ry Pang of Absence know.

But see! there dawns a genial Ray,
 The sure Prefage of rising Day!
 Far o'er yon Hill, in all her Charms,
 Mild as AURORA, to my Arms
 She comes! ye arduous Hills! subside,
 Ye Floods! restrain your foaming Tide;
 Her Path let Flow'rs luxuriant strow,
 And a whole Spring of Roses blow.
 She comes! O hail her to your Plains,
 Ye lovely Nymphs, and faithful Swains!
 Her Praise your tuneful Reeds employ,
 Pride of this Sex, of that the Joy!

What

What Softness smiles o'er all her Face,
 Benevolence, and winning Grace!
 Her Soul, with native Candour blest,
 With Truth in purest Light confest,
 Boasts all Attractions of the Mind,
 The Charms of Art, and Nature join'd!
 Rise, STREPHON! cease each gloomy Fear;
 The rosy Hours, that roll the Year,
 Bring on the Day, with downy Feet,
 Your Hands to join, your Bliss compleat,
 With Love to crown your future Life,
 A happy Swain, a happy Wife!
 'Till cloy'd with mortal Joys, you rise
 To brighter Day, and purer Skies;
 Where rais'd to wond'rous Raptures, Love
 Refin'd, exalts the Bliss above.

Thus STREPHON sung, nor sigh'd he long;
 The Nymph returns, applauds his Song;
 And pleas'd an equal Flame to own,
 She vows to be her Swain's alone.
 Their mutual Faith kind Heaven approves,
 Joy fills their Days, their Nights are Love.

TIMON

XX

TIMON and FLAVIA; or the Fruit-
less Repentance. A Tale.

NOW frowning Winter from the gladſom World
With all his Train of Horrors, roll'd away,
And jocund Spring led on the youthful Year;
The golden Sun with mildeſt Beam ſtam'd high,
The azure Vault was deck'd with fleecy Clouds,
The wild Winds gently whiſper'd thro' the Trees,
All rob'd with tender Green, and, in the Flow'rs,
Perfum'd their balmy Wings: on ev'ry Bough
Above, below, around the Sylvan Choirs
Attun'd their ſweeteſt Songs, and ſportive trill'd
The Lays of Love: A Steam of Fragrance roſe
To Heav'n, the brighteſt Verdure green'd the Fields,
The Earth was all abloom, the Air, the Sea
All calm, Nature in Smiles, and ſecret Joy,
With ſoſteſt Influence, brooded all around.

So

--- So bright the Scene, so lovely look'd the *Spring*,
 And all its Charms, when luckless *FLAVIA*, grown
 In Love with Sorrow, roam'd thro' every dark,
 Unknown Recess, where, lost to all the World,
 She might in Secret mourn. Sometimes the Grot,
 All gloomy, shaded from the Face of Day,
 Became her sad Retreat, where, sighing soft,
 She list'ned to the murm'ring Stream, that, from the
 Rock,
 Fell gently, and, in wider Space, roll'd thro'
 The Greens away: Anon the thickest Shade,
 That trampled in the breathing Gale, allur'd
 Her pensive Step, and, on the mossy Green,
 She spent the lonely Hours: No Joy e'er reach'd
 Her Heart, no Prospect cheer'd her Eye, in vain
 The Season bloom'd, in vain the Flowrets smil'd;
 Not Flowers, or Season, Waves, or Trees could give
 One Pause of Comfort to her plaintive Soul.
 When Night's brown Shades came on, her own Abode
 Was made the Seat of Melancholy; Silence reign'd
 Around, and Sables blackend all within;
 One midnight Taper only burn'd, by which,
 Full gazing on its Beams, she musing fate,

With Hair loose flowing, and disorder'd Dress,
Revolving all her Woes, while frequent Tears,
Thick-falling, trickled down her rosy Cheek,
And inward Torment labour'd for a Vent.

With fruitless Love a Train of noble Youths
Attended on her morning Hours, and sigh'd
The Passion of their Souls; the op'ning Bloom
Of rosy Life, the Blush of Beauty spread
Their silken Snares in vain, in vain ev'n Wealth,
And gawdy Titles vied with splendid Charms
To slide into her Heart, and snare her Thoughts
With flatt'ring Prospects of magnifick Joys:
With bashful Mein she shunn'd the nuptial Band,
And modestly declin'd its doubtful Blifs;
Avow'd a bleeding Heart, and Grief too strong
For ought but Death to cure; rehears'd the sad,
The melting Story of her tragick Woes,
And all the Length of Sorrow she was doom'd to know.
With Tears her Lovers list'ned to her Tale,
And mourn'd the Beauty they could ne'er enjoy;
Ev'n Sorrow in Excess improv'd her Charms,
And, while her Breast heav'd high with Pain, her Eyes
O'er-flow'd with Tears, each soften'd Soul grew more

Enamour'd

Enamour'd of her Form, and honour'd more
The matchless Virtue that adorn'd her Mind.

--- FLAVIA was fair, and rich, and vain, could boast

A noble Birth, was lov'd by half the World,
And envy'd by the Rest ; when *one*, unknown,
Friendless, distress'd, but virtuous, wise, and brave,
Became her Vot'ry, and with gallant Suit,
Preferr'd his honourable Vows ; with just,
And manly Boldness breath'd his love-sick Pain,
And told her all his Heart ; conscious of Worth
Inborn, and Virtue, nobler than a Crown,
Disclaim'd all abject Fawn, all slavish Dread,
And talk'd of reasonable Joy ; of Joy
In sweet Society, and kindred Souls,
The Joy that softens every Woe, disarms
The Stings of Life, and leads on cheerful Age,
As bless'd in Amity, as Youth in Love :
Piqu'd by her Pride to hear a Tale so new,
So free from *one* so far beneath her State,
She turn'd away averse, and with Disdain,
Expos'd his honest Flame, to all the gay,
Fantastick Flatterers round : Long time he mourn'd
His Fate, and by a thousand Deeds, all great

And

And

And noble, strove to win her wayward Heart,
And dignify his Love : At last Despair
Took place, clouded his gen'rous Soul, and hung
A Gloom on ev'ry Sense; weary of Life,
Desiring Death, he flew to Arms and War,
And in the Battle's Front, resolv'd to fall
For ever Glorious in his Country's Cause.

The Evening Star was rolling from the Skies,
And Night's returning Shadows gloom'd the World,
When, pale, and pensive, leaning on his Sword,
Th' unhappy Lover sought the Fair's Abode,
And press'd amid the rival Throng that gaz'd
Around, and vainly trifled Life away
'Twas nought but Joy, and Musick, Revelry,
And Mirth ; no Thought of Sorrow enter'd there
'Till TIMON came, and in the Circle stood
All sudden, and, a while, dumb as a Ghost,
That restless roams, unable to reveal
His Pain : at length on FLAVIA fixing full
His ghastly Eye, he sigh'd with inward Pain,
While, scalding Tears, unwilling forc'd their Way
Adown this Cheek, and all his Soul was rack'd
With Agony. Then thus ; Madam, no more

Shall

Shall now my hated Passion, reach your Ear,
 Or e'er intrude upon your Joys; may Peace,
 And Pleasure, Hand in Hand, for ever bless
 Your Days, and lead on ev'ry smiling Hour;
 May no unhappy Wretch, by long Despair,
 And hopeless Love, undone like me, molest
 The joyous Round. -- Tir'd with a Length of Woe,
 I quit the World, and, in the hostile Field,
 Prepare to labour in pursuit of Death;
 Death is the End of ev'ry human Ill,
 And Death alone can be the End of mine ---
 Farewell --- farewell for ever. Here a Groan,
 With sad Compulsion, forc'd its Way, and Tears,
 Anew stood trembling in his Eye; one last,
 One parting Glance he stole, and then forsook
 The scornful Beauty with unwilling Step,
 And heaving Heart, like the poor *Exile*, doom'd
 To wander helpless thro' remotest Climes,
 And view his dear, lov'd, native Land no more.
 FLAVIA, with some Compassion, heard his Moan,
 And sigh'd in Pity of his Fate; but soon
 Her busy, flatt'ring Train of silken Fools
 Banish'd her fleeting Sorrow, and renew'd
 The lov'd Idea of returning Joy.

Mean while brave TAMON rang'd the Battle's Front;
 In Search of Death: with'd ev'ry Morn his last,
 And envy'd ev'ry Coarse that press'd the Grass,
 And slumber'd on the Field; with Warmth of Soul,
 He courted Toil and Danger, and alone
 Was pleas'd amid the loudest Din of War:
 Once, in the midmost Hurry of the Day,
 The Standard of his Troop, became the Prize
 Of hostile Hands, and, bleeding on the Earth,
 The luckless Bearer lay; far in the Throng
 Of fighting Legions, high in Air it wav'd
 In Triumph, and the boldest Chief, Heart-fir'd
 With Terror, shunn'd the dang'rous Fray; when he,
 Intrepid, flew like Light'ning thro' the Ranks,
 Redeem'd the bloody Prey, and, thro' a Lane
 Of Slaughter, bore it, from his wond'ring Foes:
 Loud Acclamations rung along the Host,
 And Honour, dearly earn'd, confess'd his Fame.

---- But vain the Honour, fruitless the Applause,
 For, in his Breast, one fatal Wound yawn'd wide,
 And Death, so long implor'd, at last approach'd
 To end his Woes. ---- Yet, longing to indulge

D

His

His latest Breath, in speaking FLAVIA's Name,
 He journey'd Homewards, tedious, painful, slow;
 The Lamp of Life just lifting, 'till he view'd
 Her long lov'd Charms, then ending in a Blaze.

--- FLAVIA, I dye, with melancholy Voice

He cries, for you, I dye; the Hand of Fate
 Is on me, Love; and Sorrow were my Bane;
 My rig'rous Stars decreed my Heart to burn
 With hopeless Passion, for your peerless Charms,
 And yours, with icy Chillness froze your Breast,
 Rigidly cold, immoveably severe:
 Pardon, what Sorrow forces from my Soul,
 And let the agonizing Pangs of Death,
 Atonc the Errors of my Tongue. ---- But why
 Should I complain! why murmur at my Doom!
 I leave the Storms of Life for Happiness,
 And Peace, laid in the silent Grave, no more
 The Voice of Scorn shall vex me, or the Sting
 Of disappointed Love, corrode my Heart.,

--- Adieu, relentless Fair! I haste away

To other Worlds, and dream of this no more;
 But may some friendly Angel deign to crown
 Your Days with Pleasure, and your End with Peace.

--- This

--- This said, he groan'd, and dy'd, where FLAVIA,
who

Before was lost in vain Amusements, gay,
And full of Mirth, now turn'd a serious Thought
On the pale Youth, expiring at her Feet.
At first, 'twas mute Surprise, then Sorrow seiz'd
Her Heart, and Tears impearl'd her Eyes; at last,
Ev'n Love approach'd, and imagin'd to her View
His Beauty, Virtues, and respectful Flame,
In such a lovely; such a mournful Light,
That Passion kindles her repenting Soul,
And, with untimely, fruitless Pity, melts
Her stubborn Heart; with frantick Glance she eyes
The wretched Coarse, and on each Feature dwells
With sad Attention: 'Till, ev'n lost in Pain,
And racking Agony, she prints one dear,
One tender Kiss, on his insensate Cheek,
And takes her last Farewel. Farewel, she cries,
Thou dearest, best of Men! too late confess'd
The Honour of thy Sex, too late belov'd
For thee, and me, Farewel. --- Yet shall thy Name,
Thy Love, thy Memory, be ever first,
And nearest to my Heart: one Grave shall hold

Our mutual Dust, and, 'till the Hour of Death,
I'll ne'er indulge one Thought of Pleasure more.

--- Now, o'er his Grave, with artful Sculpture grac'd,
Leans his lov'd Statue, graceful as in Life,
But gloom'd with Melancholy, stung with Grief,
And fainting with his Wounds, as when he fell
At FLAVIA'S Feet, and bled from ev'ry Vein anew.



The Cause of INCONSTANCY.

HOW have I heard the Fair lament
Men's Falldoom, and their wretched Fate?
How few are with their Spouse content?
Or constant to their sighing Mate?
How seldom Souls below are join'd
For one another form'd above?
How seldom Pairs of Hearts we find,
By Heav'n ordain'd for mutual Love?

Thus

Thus Man's inconstant Soul we blame,
 (For want of Knowledge, or of Thought)
 When all the while, 'tis in the Frame
 Of both their Bodies lies the Fault.

When Jove had made this little Ball,
 For four-legg'd Beasts, and creeping Things,
 At length he form'd, to govern all,
 A two-legg'd Creature without Wings.

Millions of these he made at once,
 To save himself all further Trouble,
 And Men and Women for the nonce,
 By Pairs, like Tallies, he made double.

Then from *Olympus* dreadful Top,
 Well shaken in a Bag together,
 He tofs'd them down, and let them drop,
 Just as it pleas'd the Wind and Weather.

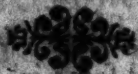
Some fell in *Asia*, some in *Greece*,
 In *England* some, and some in *Spain*,
 But seldom two of the same Piece,
 In the same Climate met again.

Hence Men, who grown to riper Years,
 Remembring this, their former making,
 Hunt up and down to find their Peers,
 And Women too in the same taking.

Some prove too short, and some to tall,
 This is too big, and that too little,
 A Fault they're sure to find in all,
 Few ever tally to a Tittle.

By chance a Pair may meet and Love,
 And spend their Lives in Blifs together,
 But when they tumbled from above,
 It must be mighty temp'rate Weather.

From hence the murm'ring Fair may see,
 Men's Hearts are not to blame one bit,
 Our Souls would never disagree,
 If once our Bodies did but fit.



A True and Lamentable BALLAD;
call'd, The EARL's Defeat.

[To the Tune of Chevy-Chase.]

On both Sides, Slaughter and gigantic Deeds.

Milton.

GOD prosper long from being broke,
The * Luck of Eden-Hall,

A doleful Drinking-bout I sing.

There lately did befall

To chase the Spleen with Cup and Cann,

Duke PHILIP took his way,

Babes yet-unborn shall never see

The like of such a Day.

The Stout, and ever thirsty Duke;

A Vow to God did make,

His Pleasure within Cumberland,

Three live-long Nights to take.

* A Pint Bumper at Sir Christopher Musgrave's.

Sir MUSGRAVE too, of *Martin-dale*,
 A true and worthy Knight,
 'Eftsoon with him a Bargain made,
 In drinking to delight.

The Bumpers swiftly pafs about,
 Six in a Hand went round;
 And with their calling for more Wine,
 They made the *Hall* refound.

Now when thefe merry Tidings reach'd
 The Earl of HAROLD's Ears,
 And am I (quoth he, with an Oath)
 Thus flighted by my Peers?

Saddle my Steed, bring forth my Boots,
 I'll be with them right quick,
 And Mafter Sheriff come you too;
 We'll know this fcurvy Trick.

Lo, yonder, doth Earl HAROLD come,
 (Did one at Table fay)
 'Tis well, reply'd the mettled Duke,
 How will he get away

When

When thus the Earl began, Great Duke,
 I'll know how this did chance
 Without Inviting me, sure this
 You did not learn in *France*.

One of us two, for this Offence,
 Under the Board shall lie,
 I know thee well, a Duke thou art,
 So some Years hence shall I.

But trust me, WHARTON, pity 'twere,
 So much good Wine to spill,
 As these Companions here may drink
 E're they have had their fill.

Let thou and I, in Bumpers full,
 This grand Affair decide;
 Accurst be he, Duke WHARTON said,
 By whom it is deny'd.

To *Andrews* and to *Hotham* fair,
 Many a Pint went round,
 And many a gallant Gentleman
 Lay Sick upon the Ground.

When, at the last, the Duke espy'd,
 He had the Earl secure;
 He ply'd him with a full pint-Glass,
 Which laid him on the Floor.

Who never spoke more Words than these,
 After he downwards sunk,
 My worthy Friends revenge my Fall
 Duke WHARTON sees me Drunk.

Then, with a Groan, Duke PHILIP held
 The sick Man by the Joint,
 And said, Earl HAROLD, steed of thee,
 Would I had drunk this Pint.

Alack, my very Heart doth bleed,
 And doth within me sink;
 For surely a more sober Earl,
 Did never swallow Drink.

With that the Sheriff, in a Rage,
 To see the Earl so smit,
 Vow'd to revenge the dead-drunk Peer,
 Upon renown'd Sir KITT.

Then

Then step'd a gallant Squire forth,
Of Visage thin and pale,
LLOYD was his Name, and of *Gang-Hall*,
Fast by the *River Twale*.

Who said he would not have it told,
Where *Eden-River* ran,
That unconcern'd he should sit by
So, Sheriff, I'm your Man.

Now when these Tidings reach'd the Room,
Where the Duke lay in Bed,
How that the 'Squire suddenly
Upon the Floor was laid.

O heavy Tidings (quoth the Duke)
CUMBERLAND, witness be,
I have not any Captain more,
Of such Account as he.

Like Tidings to Earl THANE came,
Within as short a Space,
How that the Under-Sheriff too,
Was fallen from his Place.

Now God be with him, (said the Earl)
 Sith 'twill no better be,
 I trust I have within my Town,
 As drunken Knights as he.

Of all the Number that were there,
 Sir BAINS he scorn'd to yield;
 But with a Bumper in his Hand
 He stagger'd o'er the Field.

Thus did this dirt Contention end,
 And each Man of the Slain,
 Were quickly carried off to Bed,
 Their Senses to regain.

God bless the KING, the Duchess fat,
 And keep the Land in Peace,
 And grant that Drunkenness henceforth,
 'Mongst Noblemen may cease.

And bless likewise our Royal PRINCE,
 The Kingdom's other Hope,
 And grant us Grace for to defy
 The Devil and the Pope.

LOVE

LOVE and KNOWLEDGE.

TO ORINDA.

ORINDA, blooming, fair, and young,
Kindly accept my humble Song;
Tho' rude the Verse, and void of Art,
It flows from no dishonest Heart.
The *Muse* would soar a greater Height,
Did not your Absence damp her Flight;
That pleasing Converse is no more,
In which she so much joyed before;
Then, act the kind good-natur'd Friend,
Nor disregard th' Advice I send,
Freely approve these artless Lays,
Sung by a *Muse*, you've deign'd to praise.
A Medley doth this Life compose,
Of transient Joys, and pungent Woes;

Things

Things here, have an uncertain Stay,

Awhile they flourish, then decay :

All Beings must submit to Death,

And Kings and Peasants yield their Breath :

One Grave shall level Rich and Poor,

The Rich shall leave their idle Store,

Which can't prolong Life's Date an Hour.

CRESUS, and IRUS, are the same,

For either's but an empty Name.

Proud *Blunderbuss*'s Pile shall kiss the Ground,

And all its Pomp no more be found ;

Ev'n Brass and Stone shall wear away,

And your fair Form too soon decay :

Then greatly covet Wisdom's Lore,

And nobly scorn the glitt'ring Ore ;

The Dolt, with all his shining Mals,

Is but, at best, a golden Als.

Let Love and Books divide your Thought,

Learn all that *Greece* and *Rome* have taught ;

In these immortal Works you'll find,

Good Sense, with Wit, and Judgment join'd,

Rich Entertainment for the Mind.

Revolve

Revolve 'em o'er and o'er again,
 Their noble Sentiments retain;
 Nor think your Labour will be vain;
 Regard what Precepts thence arise,
 Then shall you happy be, and wise.

Let Love inspire your gentle Mind,
 But pure and chaste, and all refin'd;
 Free from each base, and sordid View,
 Such Love as ancient Poets drew;
 Smile kindly on some blooming Youth,
 Endow'd with Learning, Wit and Truth:
 To Merit yield, and honest Arts,
 Nor make a Merchandize of Hearts;
 Pity the Nymphs, whose Charms are sold,
 Who barter Happiness for Gold,
 Condemn'd to waste a tedious Life,
 In endless Discontent, and Strife:
 But happier Moments, you shall prove,
 Blest with Content, and mutual Love;
 From these, eternal Pleasures flow,
 Nor is there more of Heav'n below.

May

May you be bless'd with Joys like these,
 And pass your Hours in letter'd Ease;
 Thus, ever may you be,
 And kindly still, remember me.

The DREAM; to a LADY.

NOW Night in fable Vest array'd,
 O'er Earth and Heav'n, diffus'd her Shade;
 While Silence sooth'd the Cares of Men,
 Nor Envy murmur'd in her Den;
 While CYNTHIA rising o'er the Sea,
 Shed her faint Beams; and Paul's struck Three;
 Young STREPHON, Swain of gentlest Kind!
 Lay sunk in Sleep, unbent his Mind;
 Soft Visions all his Soul employ,
 And Dreams of Love, and Dreams of Joy.
 When lo! (for Morning Dreams are true)
 HYMEN, all charming, rose to View,

TM

Blooming

Blooming and young; enchanting Grace,
 And conscious Joys, smil'd o'er his Face;
 His Robes adorn'd with Flames and Darts,
 With coupled Hands, united Hearts,
 And all the gay, and pleasing Things,
 The Lover feigns, or Poet sings.
 Slow he approach'd the raptur'd Swain,
 And smiling, led across the Plain,
 Fair CLIO, sweetest of the Fair,
 His joyous Hope, his only Care.
 Soft she trip'd on by H Y M E N's Side,
 Beauteous and blushing, like a Bride;
 In native Charms, in Robes all white,
 White as her Soul, or Noon-day Light.
 See, STREPHON! Heav'n your Faith approves,
 Success shall crown such generous Loves:
 Thy Soul, by Wealth unmov'd, shall know,
 What Joys from real Merit flow.
 This Nymph (nay blush not now) confess
 A secret Flame, that warm'd her Breast:
 Then take her, STREPHON, to thy Arms,
 A Fund of Bliss, a Heav'n of Charms!
 Your future Life my Pow'r shall prove,
 In Days of Pleasure, Nights of Love.

Thus

Thus spoke the God; their Hands he joyn'd,
 The Pair embrace: He, swift as Wind,
 Dissolves the Vision, flies to Heav'n,
 And STREPHON wakes; --- the Clock struck Sev'n.
 At Nine, he dress'd, his Nymph to see,
 To talk of Love, --- and drink *Bened.*
 Last Night, -- such Dreams! -- Heav'n grant Success, --
 --- You dream't! --- but Dreams you must confess,
 Are airy, phantom Scenes of Joys,
 This Moment raises, that destroys. ---
 --- But HYMEN joyn'd our Hands! --- Obey,
 Nor dare dispute great HYMEN'S Sway.
 Nymphs, curst by him, shall waste in Tears,
 A barren lonely Length of Years;
 Unblest, unlovely, die such Dames;
 No blooming Race preserve their Names!
 Then meet the Bliss, that waits the Bride;
 Nor dread the Path, where Nature's Guide;
 To mutual Love, she points the Way,
 The nuptial Hour, the blissful Day!
 She heard, she sigh'd, and soon confess
 The soft Desires, she long suppress:
 With

With plighted Vows confirm'd her Love;
The Youth exults, nor envies Joy, nor
Blest in his Choice, he thanks his Fate,
And scorns the Idiot in her Coach of State.



On VALENTINE'S Day.

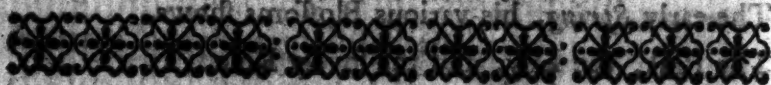
COME, my Delight, let's fly unto the Grove,
The Grove that's sacred to Delight and Love;
To love a thousand blooming Charms invite,
A thousand more will spring up at thy Sight.
The early Spring, his various Blossoms shows,
The Pink, the Lily, and the lovely Rose.
Lovely they look, but for a Day they're made,
Our Love like them shall bloom, but never fade.
*Come, my Delight, then fly unto the Grove,
The Grove that's sacred to Delight and Love.*

So lovely Nature looks, so bright, so gay,
The Sun with Lover's Joy prolongs the Day;
Earlier he rises to behold her Charms,
He looks, he loves, her Breast with Gladness warms,
Like

Like him our Love shall rise, like him shall blaze,
 But know no setting, know no Ev'ning Rays.
Come, my Delight, then fly unto the Grove,
The Grove that's sacred to delight and Love.

So gay the Spring, the Sun so warm, so bright,
 The tuneful Birds salute with Joy the Sight,
 Each picks his *Valentine* to bill and play,
 They play, they sing, and love the live-long Day;
 Like them, my *Valentine*, we'll play and sing,
 Each Year they change, our Love shall ever spring.

Come, my Delight, then fly unto the Grove,
The Grove that's sacred to Delight and Love.



ECCLESIASTICUS XXXVIII.

15 *Verfes.*

NO more expect th' immediate Aid of Heav'n,
 As Ages since, to our Forefathers giv'n;
 Dispers'd and exil'd from our native Home,
 We roam distress'd, and sicken as we roam.
 When

When God in anger, shook the Jewish Throne;
 And hurl'd in Ruins, our proud Empire down;
 Such Wonders ceas'd, and now in vain we mourn
 The vanish'd Blessing never to return:
 Then hear my Son, when Sickness stings thy Heart,
 Consult the Learned in the healing Art;
 For Man's Relief, the healing Art was giv'n,
 A wise Physician is the Boon of Heav'n!
 For Man's Relief, the Favour was bestow'd,
 And who contemns the gracious Gifts of God?
 His Kings respect him, for his Care can save
 Their flitt'ring Glories, and elude the Grave.

--- Look o'er the World's wide Face, what various
 Plants

Grow all around us, to relieve our Wants;

'Tis not in vain, such num'rous Virtues rise,
 One Species blooming, as another dies:
 By God's Command, a Branch of healing Wood,
 Sweet'ned the brackish Stream, and made the Waters
 good.

Hence understand, that ev'ry Herb contains
 Some latent Virtue, in its juicy Veins;

Down

Down the green Vale, or on the Mountain's Brow,
 From Year to Year, from Age to Age they grow;
 The curious Artist, with experienc'd Hand,
 Gathers the Plenty, and disrobes the Land;
 While from the Heav'n of Heav'ns, the Eye of God
 Surveys his Labours, and directs his Road;
 Bow down, ye Sons of Men, before his Throne,
 Adore his Name, and make his Goodness known.

--- Again, the Sage assumes another Toil,
 The Limbeck's sweat, the fuming Cauldrons boil,
 From the whole Mass, the Burthen of the Plains,
 With secret Joy, a Flood of Med'cine drains;
 With various Art, corrects the wholesome Tide,
 Health all his Aim, and Wisdom all his Guide.

Now, pining Sicknels, or distracting Pain,
 Sinks the sad Heart, or racks the tortur'd Brain;
 The ghastly Patient rolls his swimming Eyes,
 Groans for Relief, and for the Doctor cries:
 The Doctor comes, removes the vexing Pain,
 And his Heart beats with new-born Joy again.

---- But

— But oh, my Son, when weak and faint, and wan,
Thy Pangs return, trust not alone in Man:
To the great God of Heav'n thy Pray'r address,
He'll hear thy Pray'r, and pity thy Distress,
Remove thy Sickness, soften all thy Pain,
When human Help, and human Arts are vain.

— Yet dare not, dare not, trust a Bed-rid Pray'r,
Or Vows extorted from extream Despair:
In Health alone, the Voice of Heav'n cries loud,
Correct thy Crimes, nor trifle with thy God,
Alike thy Days in Virtue's lore employ,
And Life or Death will be alike thy Joy.

When Health's restor'd, be grateful to the Skies,
And let thy Thanks like Morning Incense rise,
Confess the Pow'r divine, whose Arm could save
Thy forfeit Life, and snatch thee from the Grave;
On Angel's Wings, thy Off'ring all sincere,
Shall then ascend, and please the Almighty's Ear.

Now let the Artift, by whose timely Aid,
Thy Soul was skreen'd from Death's surrounding Shade:

Let him, next Heav'n, a due Regard receive,
 To him, live grateful, by whose Aid you live;
 Nor barren of Return forget your Moans;
 And scorn the Doctor when the Cure is done.

There is a Period in the Fever's Reign,
 The Faint of Sickness, and the Rage of Pain;
 When Nature, struggling with the dire Disease,
 Pants for Relief, and labour after Ease;
 'Tis then the Sage, collecting all his Skill,
 From the vex'd Patient drives the latent Ill;
 But first with Pray'r implores the Pow'r divine,
 And begs of gracious Heav'n to prosper thine.

Who e'er Ingrate, assumes a scornful Brow,
 His Pain forgot, forgot his former Vow;
 Who drove by Passion, gives his Crimes the Rein,
 And runs thro' ev'ry Round of Vice again;
 Who dares disclaim, his Virtue and his GOD,
 Again shall smart beneath the chast'ning Rod;
 Again, shall groan, with all the Wrath of Heav'n,
 And never, never, know his Sins forgiv'n.

The COURTIER.

WHEN I was wanton'd in the Pride of Youth,
And Health, and Vigour, bless'd his blooming

Days,

In love with Life, and all its flatt'ring Joys,
He labour'd to be Great: Frequent at Courts,
And where the haughty *Statesman's* gilded Roof
Dazled the vulgar Eye; with constant Toil,
And long Attendance, he assiduous watch'd
The happy Moment, that should crown his Hopes,
And recompence his Cares: So fondly broods
The frantick *Chimist* o'er the melting Mine,
And hourly images the dawning Gold,
Just redd'ning to the Light, where not a Spark
Should ever twinkle, nor a Grain refund
His real Treasures, wasted all in vain.

--- From Day to Day, from Year to Year, a Round
Of Disappointment, Vanity, and Pain,

E

He

He kept his Hopes alive, and fancy'd still,
 Some lucky Minute, would at length arrive
 To ease his Woes, and lead on Fortune, gay
 With softest Smiles, and rob'd in Happiness,
 And Peace, and Joy; but fruitless was the Hope. ---
 DAN SPENCER hymns a diff'rent Song, a Song
 To warn the cred'lous Soul, and gently rouse
 The thoughtless Dreamer from his golden Trance.

“ Most miserable Man! whom wicked Fate
 “ Has Shipwreck'd on a Court, to sue for what
 “ So few have found, so many never could;
 “ How little thinks he, what a Hall of Pain,
 “ Attends the tedious Search; to lose good Days
 “ That might be better spent, to waste long Nights
 “ In melancholy Thought; this time he loath'd,
 “ Another scorn'd; to feed on Hope, to pine
 “ With anxious Fear; blest in his Prince's Grace,
 “ To want the Statesman's too; granted his Wish,
 “ To wait a Length of Years; to fret his Soul
 “ With agonizing Care, and feel Despair,
 “ With all her Terrors, gnawing at his Heart;
 “ To fawn, to crouch, to wait, to ride, to run,
 “ To spend, to give, to want, to be undone.

--- This

--- This I a u : read, and, finding in his Soul,
 The like Ideas of resembling Woes,
 Grew sick of Splendour, even in his Eye,
 But never yet enjoy'd : with Horror saw
 His Ruin lurking underneath the Veil
 Of Titles, Honours, Wealth, and Power : He saw,
 And trembled at the View too late reveal'd
 With Penitence sincere, bewail'd his fond
 Belief, and curs'd the glittering Bane : So when
 The little *Darling* of the Mother's Breast,
 Sportive and gay, pursues, with eager Haste,
 An airy Bubble, floating on the Wind ;
 He runs, he flies, to grasp the fleeting Toy,
 All heedless of the Pit that yawns below,
 'Till, just within his Reach, it flits in Air
 Away, while sudden Downfall ends at once
 His Pleasure, and his Days. --- Now I r u s, wak'd
 To sad Reflection of succeeding Woes,
 Looks round for Succour, but looks round in vain ;
 No Friend, no Patron, deign'd a pitying Eye,
 A friendly Heart, an helping Hand ; aloof,
 They gaze on his Undoing ; ruthless, stern,
 Embitter'd Scoffers, at so hard a Fate.

His Virtues were forgot, his Wit despis'd,
His Person shunn'd, affronted, scorn'd, his Tears
Neglected, jeer'd his Wants, and unreliev'd
His Woes: Those whom his sympathizing Soul,
With softest Tenderneſs, redeem'd from Care,
From Error, Wretchedneſs, and ev'ry Ill,
Ev'n thoſe, Ingrate! forſook him in his laſt,
Extream Diſtreſs, and ſought a firmer Root,
A ſurer Shade. At laſt, hopeleſs of Aid,
Or ev'n Compaſſion from ſo dire a Race,
From Courts, and Cities he retir'd: ſought out
The wildeſt Heath, moſt unfrequented Woods,
Where Poverty reſides, to be his Haunt;
There wander'd long, amid the thickeſt Gloom,
Avoiding Man's deceitful Face, oppreſs'd
With ev'ry Want, and ſtung with ev'ry Woe;
Deſpair his ſole Companion, *Death* the Theme
Of all his melancholy Thoughts: a Cave,
Rude, rocky, dark as Night, his ſad Abode;
His Food what Nature furniſh'd, and his Drink
The falling Stream: Oft from the rocky Clift
His Sorrows urg'd him to precipitate
His Fall, and often, tempted by the Flood,
That roll'd beneath: he ponder'd on the Brink,

How

How sharp his Woes were, yet how light the Cure.
 When e'er a human Form appear'd, he fled
 Away, thro' the obscurest Shade, and shunn'd
 The smiling Villany; with harmless Brutes,
 Alone maintain'd a dumb Society,
 With soft Attractives, lur'd them to his Hand,
 And taught them to alleviate his Woes.
 --- At Length, the Grief, that rankled in his Heart,
 Assail'd the Springs of Life, and, by Degrees,
 Wasted the brittle Frame away; with Joy
 He ey'd th' Approach of Death, with open Arms,
 Receiv'd him to his Breast, call'd him his Friend,
 His Dear, his only Friend, and, in a Sigh,
 Serenely breath'd his Soul to Heav'n. --- Stretch'd on
 His parent Earth, his ghastly Reliques lay,
 To rot, and moulder in the open Air;
 No pitying Hand to break the grassy Turf,
 And deign with fun'ral Rite, a decent Grave;
 No weeping Eye to wail his hapless End,
 No tuneful Tongue to sing his genuin Praise;
 Lone, in the dreary Cave, his Guardian Dog
 Howl'd mournful thro' the Gloom, sad PHILOMEL,
 And ev'ry warbling Bird, that us'd, with Joy,
 To flutter round him, and assuage his Grief

With awful Melody; sad PRISONERS
 And ev'ry warbling Bird, in fullest Choir,
 Bewail'd him with a Note of Woe; the Clouds
 Afforded Tears, and ev'ry Wind a Groan

— It chanc'd a *Peasant*, wand'ring thro' the Wild,
 In after Time, beheld the darksome Den,
 And, with a curious Eye, approach'd to explore
 The lone Recess; when, by the twilight Glance
 That pierc'd the awful Dusk, aghast he saw
 The meagre *Skeleton's* extended Bones,
 An hideous Spectacle! all grim and bare,
 Unburied, and unmourn'd! Struck at the Sight,
 With Pity, and Amazement; long he stood
 In Tears, revolving what a Round of Ill
 That luckless Wretch must know (for Tenderness,
 And soft Humanity had smooth'd his Soul,
 And made him apt to mourn) then to the Light,
 Restoring the deserted Coarse, beneath
 Th' impending Rock, with pious Toil, upturn'd
 The restive Marl, and dug an homely Grave;
 When, lo! amid the reeking Soil, appear'd
 An Hoard of Treasures, that, for Ages, lay
 Conceal'd below; with grateful Eye, he view'd

The

The canker'd Mass: then, gazing on the Skies,
Exclaim'd, Good Heav'n! thy Providence is just:
Who feels Compassion for another's Woe,
Shall have his own reliev'd, --- a nobler Urn,
Lamented Shade! shall now inshrine thy Bones,
And all thy Virtues live upon thy Tomb.



EPITHALAMIUM.

SOME Time is past, since sprightly Passion charm'd,
And Life's gay Scenes my panting Bosom warm'd;
But now kind Stars on faithful Lovers shine,
And kindred Souls in happy Wedlock join:
Now early Virtue meets a just Reward,
And virtuous Love demands the tuneful Bard.
My Soul's awaken'd by so bright a View,
And its admiring Eyes are fix'd on you;
While Friendship's social Joys enlarge my Breast,
I feel, with Gladness, how my Friend is blest;
The artless Muse, ambitious to repeat
So lov'd a Tale, must her own Joy relate:

To humble Lays attunes her lowly Song,

And Pleasure wings the easy Notes along.

Mysterious Love has chosen but a few,

To whom he grants his Joys, as now to you ;

For Love, the Soul of this harmonious Frame,

Brings Ills more various, than our Tongues can name ;

'Tis healing Balm, which gives our Cares relief,

And mortal Bane, which kills the Joys of Life ;

In some ill-fated Passion Men engage,

And feel the Wound, from Youth to latest Age.

TIMON, it seems, has lost his proper Mate,

To feed his Grief, and make his Woes compleat,

In pensive Solitude, he does complain,

That Life's a Cheat, and all its Friendships vain ;

Fatigu'd with Scenes of Vanity, he chose

EMILIA's Bosom, for a soft Repose ;

His Thoughts, his Heart, were fix'd on her alone,

The World's Variety was found in one.

But luckless Stars, against his Love combin'd,

And TIMON is to other Beauties blind ;

The Moon beholds him as a wand'ring Ghost

That roams disturb'd, and mourns a Treasure lost.

CELIA,

CELIA, by Love, and Vows was DAMON'S own,
But treach'rous Hopes, and flatt'ring Joys are flown,
Her cruel Friends, a wealthy Marriage find,
And her forc'd Hands in golden Fetters bind;
They jeer'd the Love-sick Tale, and Gold prevail'd,
While weeping Love, the sad Divorce bewail'd.

--- Wealth, like a proper Light, may worth reveal,
But Want, like Shades, will Excellence conceal:

STREPHON is poor, and must his Love suppress;

Had his Estate been more, or her's been less,

In melting Vows, he would his Heart explain,

Nor could CLARISSA hear with cold disdain;

His Passion burns, conceal'd from human Eyes,

In secret Flames, consum'd, he daily dies;

His Mind is lost, his Senses all decay,

And, stung with inward Woe, he pines away.

--- So a young Plant, secur'd from outward Harms,

May flourish in the midst of Blasts and Storms;

But, when a Worm within its Heart is bred,

As if with Age, it droops its wither'd Head,

The Root is dying, and the Leaves are shed.

--- Beside, those Crowds of dull, and vulgar Mold,
 Unblest by Love, who court full Bags of Gold;
 Fond, am'rous Fools, with human Freedom born,
 Ignobly, doat on Pride, and meet with Scorn;
 Or thoughtless Youths, to hasty Marriage run,
 And by some beauteous Idiot are undone.

--- Some love like thee, but not like thee are blest,
 Thy Heart's at Ease, but they can find no Rest;
 How blest art thou? Love, crown'd with Plenty smiles,
 And chaste Delight, each flowing Hour beguiles;
 The chosen Maid thy favour'd Vow approves,
 And shews superiour Reason, while she loves:
 No fordid Views debas'd thy noble Mind,
 No Heaps of Gold could make thy Judgment blind;
 Careless, you saw bright Circles of the Pair,
 'Till, fix'd by wond'rous Sympathy on her;
 Resistless Love admits of no controul,
 But strikes the Eye, and charms the willing Soul.
 Blest Union! when two Friends, with Vice unstain'd,
 And form'd for Love, yield to its kind Command.

--- So was the Match, in *Eden's* Garden made,
When guiltless Souls soft Sympathy obey'd.
While *Adam* liv'd in solitary Bliss,
He scarce enjoy'd himself in Paradise;
His *Maker* then produc'd a Creature fair
As Morning Light, and mild as *Eden's* Air:
His conscious Heart sprung forth to meet her Charms,
And more than *Eden*, found within her Arms;
The nuptial Hymn, to heav'nly Harps was sung,
And the glad Earth, with tuneful Echoes rung.

--- A wav'ring Passion for a while may blaze;
On *Chloe's* Bloom the wond'ring Eye may gaze;
The ravish'd Ear may listen to her Voice,
And short-liv'd Transports make the Heart rejoice;
But, each fond Youth, by growing Years, shall find
There's no immortal Bloom, but in the Mind;
When, on external Form, our Hearts we place,
Time kills the Passion, when he spoils the Face;
But inward Beauty can defy its Rage,
Grows still more Fair, and flourishes in Age:
Friendship refin'd, will then more brightly burn,
Even when our Ashes rest within their Urn;

For

For blissful Seats will perfect Souls receive,
And virtuous Friendship triumph o'er the Grave.

May promis'd Blessings crown the happy Pair!
And Angels deem you their peculiar Care!
May circling Years long tread their joyful Round,
And hail your Lives, with ev'ry Pleasure crown'd!
May future Pledges of your mutual Love,
Blest by their Parents, full as happy prove!
May Goodness, in the Offspring, ne'er decline,
But, in Succession, with new Lustre shine!
To Children's Children, may your Names be dear,
Lasting as Time, and as your Virtue fair!
When Poets strive to beautify their Verse,
And future Times shall Tales of Love rehearse,
May your bright Names be always read and heard,
And all auspicious Loves to yours compar'd!
May it be said, of the most happy Pair,
He loves like thee, and she rewards like her.



An

An ESSAY, in Praise of GOLD.

Written at SEA.

HAIL mighty Gold! hail potent Clay!
 To thee, all Mortals Homage pay,
 To thee, all other Earth resigns the Sovereign Sway.
 Not many to dispute thy Reign pretend;
 The most ambitious he,
 Low, reverently low, bows down to thee,
 And courts thee for his Friend.
 Those, who the Rage of Poverty sustain,
 Who by their constant Labour scarce can live,
 Undaunted, midst a Croud of Wants remain,
 Still cherish Hope in thee, and still survive:
 Thou art the Good we chiefly prize,
 To thee our Thoughts we bend, our Wishes turn;
 The Gay, the Grave, the Foolish, and the Wise,
 Thy Presence covet, and thy Absence mourn.

As thou by almost ev'ry Voice art chose,
 And voted the grand Umpire of Mankind,
 Reason, in Complaisance to thee, is blind,
 Nor will thy dazzling Arguments oppose.

At first Opinion made thee great,
 And Value to thy Beauty did unite,
 Since which, that ancient Test no more

Retains her once undoubted Right,
 But passively designs her noble Seat,

To thy superiour Pow'r.

Thus, is thy boundless Rule confest;
 Why has thy Godlike Influence then so long
 Unheeded been, by all the tuneful Throng?

By those who seldom fail to raise,
 In lofty Lines, their flatter'd Monarch's Praise;
 Since, as the greatest Monarchs, and the best,
 Submit themselves to thee, like other Men,
 Thou sure hast far more Right to claim the Poet's Pen.

Thou hast, — and now my daring *Muse* aspires,
 Prompted by soaring Hopes, and high Desires,
 In lasting Verse, to assert thy bright Renown,
 And, should the bold *Essay* deserve Regard,

She wishes not a more compleat Reward:

Than that thy mighty Self, the pleasing Labour crown.

Some

Some few, who long have toil'd for thee,
And still thy Joys would gladly taste,
After an Age of fruitless Pain,
Finding their best Endeavours vain,
By Virtue of profound Philosophy,
Gravely declare, thou'rt but a Plague at best:
From thee, they say, whole Streams of Mischief flow,
That all thy boasted Good's no more than empty Show:
Let them rant on, dull Sots, that never knew
The various Sweets thy fav'rite Friends possess;
Let them exert their senseless Spite,
Be still debarr'd thy ev'ry gay Delight,
And, to perpetual Wretchedness,
Remain devoutly true:
While I, tho' only from a distant View,
Thy each inviting Charm confess,
And, with desir'd Success,
The glorious Theme pursue.
All bright Enjoyments on thee wait,
Fame flies before, and loudly speaks thee great;
Honour supports thy Train of State,
Friendship

Friendship attends thy awful Nod,
 And Love, that mighty Deity,
 'Owns thee, the much more potent God,
 Is always at thy Beck, and holds his Pow'r from thee:
 Pleasures of ev'ry Sort and Size,
 That Nature can produce, or Art devise,
 Thy splendid Equipage compose;
 And, should we search the Globe around,
 Are only to be found
 Where thy unrival'd Influence goes;
 Meer, servile Slaves to thy imperial Sway,
 On thee, they still depend, and thy Commands obey.

Who would, in glitt'ring Pomp, be seen,
 Distinguish'd from the Herd of common Men,
 First makes his humble Suit to thee;
 For well he knows, all other Helps beside
 Can never gratify his soaring Pride,
 Unless, O Gold! thy Self assistant be,
 And if he gains but thee to his Embrace,
 Swift flies the whisper'd News from Place to Place,
 Discoveries in his Favour soon are made,
 And Merits long conceal'd, appear display'd:

Neighbours,

Neighbours, to distant Crouds, his Worth proclaim,
And much his Character improves, and far extends his
Fame.

At length he graces some exalted Seat,
And, qualify'd by thee, becomes both Good and Great.

Obsequious Crouds, from gloomy Grief, defend
The happy Man whom thou dost kindly bless;

When Loads of Thought his Soul depress,
A num'rous Train of Comforters appear,
With cordial Words his drooping Spirits cheer,
Jointly beneath his anxious Burthen bend,
And far away, from him all Melancholy bear.

Nor fail they, at serene Hours,

Whilst easy Quiet smoothes his Brow,
And silent Joys around him gently flow,

To raise the Pleasures higher yet,

With sprightly Mirth, or sparkling Wit,

Or Musick's softer Pow'rs.

When pointed Beams of Beauty pierce our Eyes,
And warm Desires the ravish'd Soul surprize,
Thou, the lov'd Object of th' ambitious Maid,
For whose dear Sake her Charms are all display'd,

Thou

Thou only art sufficient found,
 To penetrate the most obdurate Heart,
 To ease the pensive Lover's Care, and dart
 Deep in the Virgin's Breast, a sympathick Wound,
 Ah me! had I thy great Assistance known,
 When my complaining reach'd E L I Z A's Ear,
 What Joys had then been mine? The heav'nly Fair
 Had listen'd to my Love, had soon been all my own;
 But now, whilst I, the Mark of her Disdain,
 No longer fruitless Wishes entertain,
 Perhaps some he, more fortunately blest,
 Largely of thy inviting Heap possess,
 Is reaping all his am'rous Toils,
 In soft Discourse, kind Looks, and yielding Smiles.
 But can it ever be, should sweetest Joys
 That fair E L I Z A, influenc'd by thee,
 Should yield up all her Store of Charms,
 A Prey to some unpollish'd, thoughtless Lover's Arms?
 Alas! too sure it may,
 Since thou, the Want of Thought, can'st well supply,
 Since thou alone can'st give the Female joy,
 And render any Wretch compleat, polite, and gay:
 Ev'n

Ev'n now, methinks I see, propitious Sight,
 The graceful Nymph, divinely Bright, or dost
 Consenting, with Desire, to be embraced and kiss'd
 By an unhandy, stupid Wight, who dost
 Who snatches at the Bliss with awkward Haste,
 And revels in the Joy, he fears he's sent to waste;
 Rather, much rather may he be
 Some Youth, agreeable, and fit, and good,
 Of easy Complaisance, of piercing Will,
 And finish'd to her Wish, bright Girl, by thee.

The purling Stream, the verdant Shade,
 And all those Scenes of rural Happiness,
 Which seem so pleasing in the Poet's Dress,
 Thro' thy Assistance, are substantial made,
 And he, that can thy Pow'r employ,
 May the Realities enjoy;
 May, at his Leisure, to those Walks repair,
 Where various Flow'rs perfume the wholsom Air,
 And beautify the Ground;
 Where laden Trees submissively invite,
 With choicest Fruits, the curious Appetite,
 And with gay, warbling Notes resound,

And

And where a thousand Things conspire
 Both to increase, and gratify Desire
 Or if his Inclinations more prefer
 The Court, the Town, the Theatre,
 Thy self can largely there Dispend
 Pleasures to entertain his ev'ry Sense.

When such I saw thy Virtues were,
 Eager I left my native Home,
 And now expos'd to Danger, void of Fear,
 O'er liquid Mountains boldly roam,
 To distant *India's*, warmer Air,
 If possible to find thee there;
 And should I know the Happiness
 Of being favour'd with Success,
 And safe once more, across the Waves be borne
 To that dear Spot of Earth,
 The Place which gave me Birth,
 Methinks I'd hope some gen'rous she,
 May there again revive in me,
 The Passion which so late a Victim was to Scorn;
 For sure no Joys may be preferr'd above
 Those which proceed from mutual Love,
 But yet they, by thy Presence, very much improve.

If

Remove our anxious Doubts, while yet we live;
 If to be Rich, be still within my Fate,
 And thou should'st e'er reverse my present State,
 What now I've written then may please,
 For thou can'st make it Wit with ease;
 The most observing *Critic* scarce will see
 A Fault, or, if he does, will silent be,
 And quit his dear Delight, in Complaisance to me;
 To me! O Royal Gold, excuse
 An Error of my too presumptuous Muse,
 Since only to thyself the Pow'r belongs
 To dim their Envious Eyes, and still their snarling
 Tongues.



On DEATH.

WHAT art thou, *Death*! a silent, empty Shade,
 By Ignorance alone, a Tyrant made,
 The blest, benevolent, and friendly Pow'r
 That speaks the healing Word, and all our Cares are o'er:
 If so, array'd in pleasing Smiles, appear,
 Dispel our Anguish, and correct our Fear,

Remove

Remove our anxious Doubts, while yet we live,
Or give the dreaded Blow thou wert ordain'd to give.

What various Notions have been form'd of thee?
The Brave exulting, count thee Liberty,
And should not Cowards too, from Fears set free?
Lone, in the Night's still Gloom; the hoary Sage,
By the faint glim'ring Lamp, toils o'er the Page;
With Dread, examining what 'tis to dye,
And by his Fears, those Fears he would defy,
And swim on Bladders of Philosophy;
While the rude Indian, lavish of his Breath,
Precipitate in Danger, faces Death,
Knows no such Care to rack his quiet Breast,
Lies down in Peace, and dreams of nought but Rest.

— Sublimely was it sung, by *Heathens* wise,
That the ethereal Spirit never dies;
They saw the Soul, the Breath of Heav'n, was flown,
But where, 'twas all uncertain, and unknown:
O'er the dark Urn, the Mansions of the Dead,
Pensive they mus'd with superstitious Dread,
Labour'd in Thought, but could not pierce the Shade.

If *Death's* the Barrier to new Worlds of Light,
Why should it mock our searching Reason's Flight,
And veil the Prospect with eternal Night?

O! Pow'r suprem, o'er all created Things!
Eternal Source, from whence all Being springs!
Give us to trace the Wonders of thy Ways!
Remove the Gloom that feeble Sense may gaze:
What is this dread Recess, we shudd'ring view,
This hideous Gulph, that swallows all below?
Lost in the Cloud, what Path shall we explore?
What Star shall guide us, to what happy Shore?
What Beings greet us? What new Scenes surprize?
What Joys transport us? Or what Terrors rise?
Are there Reprisals made beyond the Grave?

Shall Justice doom us? Or shall Mercy save?

Is Life the Branch of Soul, or Nature's Womb,

Thro' which we pass in other Worlds to bloom?

Shall none abortive prove, whose low Desire
Ne'er felt celestial Warmth, nor glow'd with sacred Fire?

Huddled in *Death*, all human Nature lies,

Alike the Brave, the Base, the Fool, the Wise;

But shall they all with equal Glories rise?

High Youths, in never-fading Light array'd,

And from Advice, and a wretched Maid.

No

— No, sure in Heav'n that Soul shall never rove,
Whom nothing Good, or Great, on Earth could move,
Who scorn'd all Virtue, disobey'd its GOD,
And chose, with jocund Heel, the downward Road,

— But, let the anxious *Muse* enquire no more;
Let *Death* once strike, and all our Doubts are o'er;
The busy Passions, Source of ev'ry Ill;
And all the Pain we fear, and all we feel,
The Weariness of Toil, the Sting of Strife,
And all the Woes that wait on human Life,
In *Death*, suspended shall for ever cease,
The World is Trouble, but the Grave is Peace.



Verfes, by an Unfortunate LADY.

IF in those Plains, where all is bright and clear,
Terrestrial Woes invade your prying Ear,
Blest Youths, in never-fading Light array'd,
With your Advice, assist a wretched Maid.

'Twas

'Twas when the Moon, advancing to her Height,
Thro' thick'ning Clouds gleam'd forth unwilling Light,
That underneath the Covert of a Grove,
I met the charming Object of my Love:
The ravish'd Youth, with eager Fury flew
To my fond Arms, those Pleasures to renew,
Those harmless Joys, which modest Virgins give,
And modest Virgins guiltless may receive.

'Till now, from loose Desire, our Loves were free,
And all his Wishes seem'd to doat on me:
But now, alas! a different Flame arose—
My Joys he ruin'd—and began my Woes.
Awhile, my feeble Virtue, dying, strove
To keep the Field against invading Love;
But he, too strong, my yielding Soul oppress'd,
And, in soft Murmurs, wand'ring thro' my Breast:
'Till lost, and vanquish'd by too many Charms,
I sunk an easy Victim in his Arms.

O Innocence! bright Guardian of the Fair,
Lovely as Light, and sweet as upper Air,
Fare thee well, my Darling

Darling of Angels, who, thy Absence mourn,
To my desiring Soul, O, when wilt thou return!

And now the dear, deluding Charming flies,
These slighted Arms, regardless of my Sighs
No longer to retain my Love, aspires,
His Eyes grow dim, with pale, decaying Fires,
Neglected Vows are vanish'd into Air,
And leave my soft, my tender Bosom, where
Sweet Rapture revel'd once, a Mansion of Despair.
I haunt the Groves, tormented with his Scorn,
The conscious Groves, that my Dishonour mourn,
In dewy Tears: yet vainly do I strive
To gain that Peace, which none but he can give,
O! should his Breast some gen'rous Pity move,
For once he felt the Pangs of slighted Love,
Oh! may the lovely Wand'rer yet return,
My Peace will be restor'd, and I forget to mourn.

By the Same.

YOU Powers, from whom, in vain, I seek Repose,
To you the mournful Story of my Woes

I did unfold; my DAMON's dying Flame,
 My loss of Honour, Innocence, and Fame;
 The Virgin joys, that I no more shall see,
 Yet you remain as pitiless as he.
 Wretch that I am; to aid me, Earth denies,
 And the no longer charitable Skies,
 Behold my Grief, with unrelenting Eyes.
 Whither, alas! for Refuge shall I run,
 Oh! whither, lost, forsaken, and undone?
 Yet Heav'n, at last, compassionate may prove,
 May pity blooming Youth, and hapless Love.
 Sighs from a Soul, bath'd in repentant Tears,
 Shall climb the Stars, and reach th' Almighty's Ears.
 But Man, obdurate Man, while we implore,
 Flies from th' intreating Maid he did adore.
 Then farewell trifling Life, a long adieu,
 To Bliss, to Joy, to Happiness, and you.

The lonely Vault of some capacious Tomb
 Shall hide me from the Injuries to come.
 Securely there, my weary Head reclin'd,
 Tranquility and Peace shall ever find.

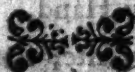
No more, dear perjur'd Youth, whom still I love,
 Shall your Idea my cold Bosom move.
 Tho' now the Fantom shines and glitters there,
 'Twill vanish then, depart and disappear.
 The bleeding Ghost of murder'd Innocence
 Shall fright my Soul no more. That Residence
 Of peaceful Rest, no wakeful Terror knows:
 Eternal Silence dwells with sweet Repose.
 Lamenting Loves shall weep around my Grave
 The Loss of her, they knew not how to save.

Here, gen'rous Youths! my streaming Tears deny
 More Words to Grief. My dim and dazzled Eye
 Can see no more, but with decaying Light,
 Shuts out the Day, and sinks to endless Night.
 --- Yet sure my penfive Soul at last shall know
 More Bliss above, than what it weakly lost below.



To the L A D Y, Author of the two
preceding P O E M S.

THE warbling Lark, thus warbles as she flies,
To gild her Pinions in the Morning Skies.
So mourns the dying Swan, in Notes that please
To think she's sinking to eternal Ease.
But, O EUTHALIA! e'er thou tak'st thy Flight,
Prepare thee for those Mansions of Delight.
Let penitential Sighs, and flowing Tears,
Secure thy Passage, and discharge thy Fears;
Let these, thy sullied Innocence repair,
For nothing criminal must enter there.
Then with Contempt, the barb'rous Man you'll view,
Who with delusive Arts could thus pursue
Your Ruin : hideous will his Aspect seem,
And all your Fondness vanish like a Dream.



To a LADY, upon our being chosen
King and Queen upon Twelfth Day.

THIS now a Year, the Solar Ray
Has wak'd in th' East; and light up Day
Thence hastening to the Western Side,
Has rested with his Sea-green Bride,
Since first, my Princess, in my Arms
I held the Treasure of thy Charms.

Oft I recal the blissful Day,
Which gave the lovely Maid away;
Not e'en that Lot could bless me more,
That vested me with regal Pow'r,
In Raptures by my Courtiers seen,
Not for my Crown, but for my Queen.

Now by the Royal Maid I stand,
The Bridal Present in my Hand,
Glaz'd with Perfume so white, so sweet!
Only her Breast could rival it.

Now

Now kneeling her Acceptance crave
Of that, and of a Prince her Slave,
What Grace, what Sweetness in her Eyes,
Gave the Command? My Prince arise.

But now, O hateful Haste of Time,
Soon as the Sun, the *East* shall climb,
My beauteous *Queen*, and scepter'd Pow'r,
I must to fickle Chance restore.

Where shall I wander, whither flee!
Ah! could I run away from me!
Yet, with my Love, had Fate comply'd,
All other Loss I had defy'd,
Nor mourn'd the abdicated Throne,
Might I still call the *Queen* my own.





On Playing with a LADY at SHUTTLECOCK on *Valentine's-Day*.

T WAS on that Morn, whose genial Ray
 Invites the feather'd Race to play,
 When each sweet Warbler of the Air,
 Takes out his Partner for the Year;
 To Groves, in faithful Pairs, they wing,
 And wake, with Melody, the Spring.
 Auspicious Day, said I, inspire
 My fair One with an equal Fire.
 Then dress'd, and to PULCHERIA flew
 As swift, as blithe, ye Birds, as you;
 We sat and laugh'd, and sip'd *Bobea*,
 For what's a Morn without its Tea?
 Then took the Battledores and play'd,
 CUPID and I, against the Maid;
 I snatch'd the feather'd Cork, and threw,
 Now CUPID, now if ever, do,

Turn

Turn me this Cork into a Dart,
I cry'd, and aim'd it at her Heart.
The Archer smil'd to find that she,
Return'd the Cork as fast as we;
Five hundred Times enrag'd we try'd
To fix the Arrow in her Side;
Five hundred Times the Dart repel'd,
Declar'd how hard to win the Field.
O, is it so! the God replies,
But what if we should blind her Eyes!
'Twill do, he cry'd, and strait he threw
▲ hazy Mist before her View:
Upon her Neck the Arrow fell,
I saw her lovely Bosom swell;
I saw the Dart a Passage found,
But slight the Dart, and slight the Wound.





The Morning APPARITION.

ALL Things were hush'd, as Noise it self were
dead;

No mid-night Mice stir'd round my silent Bed,
Not ev'n a Gnat disturb'd the Peace profound,
Dumb, o'er my Pillow hung my Watch unwound;
No ticking Death-Worm told a fancy'd Doom,
Nor hidden Cricket chirrup in the Room;
No Breeze the Casement shook, or fann'd the Leaves,
Nor Drops of Rain fell soft from off the Eaves;
No noisy Splinter made the Candle weep,
But the dim Watch-light seem'd it self asleep:
When tir'd, I clos'd my Eyes—how long I lay
In Slumber wrapp'd, I list not now to say,
When hark, a sudden Noise! see! open flies
The yielding Door---I, starting, rubb'd my Eyes,
Fast clos'd awhile, and, as their Lids I rear'd,
Full at my Feet, a tall, thin Form appear'd.

Whilst

While thro' my parted Curtains rushing broke
A Light like Day, e'er yet the Figure spoke.
Cold Sweats bedew'd my Limbs—nor did I dream
(Hear, Mortals, hear! for real Truth's my Theme)
And now more bold, I rais'd my Trembling Bones,
To look—when lo! 'twas honest Master Jones a,
Who wav'd his Hand, to banish Fears and Sorrows,
Well charg'd with Toast and Sack, and cry'd Good
Morrow.



A POEM, occasion'd by the Death of
Mr. JOHN HUGHES.

Written by a LADY.

ROUND HUGHES's humble, tho' distinguish'd Urn,
The *Muses*, wreath'd with baleful *Cypress*, mourn;
In ev'ry Face a deep Distress appears,
Each Eye o'erflows with tributary Tears.
Such was the Scene, when, by the Gods requir'd,
Majestick HOMER from the World retir'd;

Such

Such Grief, the *Nine*, on *MARO*'s Tomb bestow'd;
And Tears like these, for *ADDISON* late flow'd.
Snatch'd from the Earth, above its trifling Praise,
Thee, *HUGHES*, to happier Climes thy Fate conveys:
Eas'd of its Load, thy gentle Spirit roves
Thro' Realms refulgent, and celestial Groves:
The Toils of Life, the Pangs of Death are o'er,
And Care, and Pain, and Sicknefs are no more.
O! may that Spot which holds thy blest Remains,
(The noblest Spoil, Earth's spacious Breast contains)
Its Tribute pay: May richest Flowers around
Spring lightly forth, and mark the sacred Ground;
Here may the Bay its shady Honours spread,
And o'er thy Urn eternal Odours shed;
Immortal, as thy Fame and Verse, still grow,
'Till those shall cease to live, and *Thames* to flow.
Nature subdu'd, foretold the great Decline,
And ev'ry Heart was plung'd in Grief but thine:
Thy Soul serene, the Conflict did maintain,
And trac'd the phantom Death thro' Years of Pain:
Not Years of Pain thy steady Mind alarm'd,
By Judgment strengthen'd, and by Virtue arm'd;
Still like thy self, when sinking Life ebb'd low,
Nor rashly dar'd, nor meanly fear'd the Blow:

Loose to the World, by ev'ry Grace posses'd,
Greatly resign'd; thou sought'st the Stranger Rest,
Firm as his Fate, so thy own PHOCRAS dy'd,
While the barb'd Arrow trembled in his Side.
Drawn by thy Pen, the Theory we see,
The Practick Part too soon we learn from thee.
Who, now, shall strike the Lyre with Skill divine?
Who, to harmonious Sounds, harmonious Numbers
join?
Who, the rapacious Tide of Vice controul,
And while they charm the Sense, reform the Soul?
In whom the lovely Sister-Arts unite,
With Virtue, solid Sense, and boundless Wit?
Such was the Turn of thy exalted Mind,
Sparkling as polish'd Gems, as purest Gold refin'd.
Great Ruler of our Passions! who with Art
Sabb'd the Fierce, and warm'd the frozen Heart,
Bid Glory in our Breast with Temper beat,
And Valour separate from feverish Heat;
Love, in its true, its genuin Lustre, rise,
And in EUDOCIA, bid it charm our Eyes;
Virtue distress'd, thy happy Lines disclose,
With more of Triumph, than a Conqueror knows.

Touch'd

Touch'd by thy Hand, our stubborn Tempers bend,
 And flowing Tears, the well-wrought Scene attend;
 That silent Eloquence thy Pow'r approv'd,
 The Cause so great, 'twas generous to be mov'd.
 What Pleasure can the bursting Heart possess,
 In the last Parting, and severe Distress!
 "Can Fame, Wealth, Honour, Titles, Joy bestow,
 And make the lab'ring Breast with Transport glow.
 These gaudy Trifles gild our Morning bright,
 But oh! how weak their Influence on our Night!
 Then Fame, Wealth, Honour, Titles, vainly bloom,
 Nor dart one Gleam of Comfort on the Gloom.
 But if the struggling Soul a Joy receives,
 'Tis in th' Applause, that conscious Virtue gives;
 This blameless Pride the dying HUGGERS possess,
 Soften'd his Pain, fate lightly on his Breast,
 And looth'd his unoffending Soul to rest.
 Free from the Bigot's Fears, or Stoick's Pride,
 Calm as our Christian Hero liv'd, he dy'd.
 As on th' utmost Verge of Life he stood,
 Ready to plunge and seize th' immortal Good,

Opera of **TELEMACHUS.**

Collecting

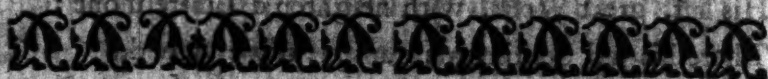
Miscellaneous POEMS. III

Collecting all his Rays diffus'd, in one,
His last, great Work, with heighten'd Lustre shone;
There his just Sentiments transfer'd we view'd,
But while our Eyes the shining Path pursu'd,
And steep Ascent his steady Judgment gain'd,
The shining Path, alas! alone remain'd.

So when the Sun to Worlds unknown retires,
How strong, how boldly shoot his parting Fires!
Larger his setting Orb our Eyes confess,
Eager we gaze, and the full Glory bless;
As o'er the Heav'n sublime his Course extends
With equal State the radiant Globe descends,
Sinks in a Cloud of Gold and Azure bright,
And leaves behind, gay Tracts of beamy Light.

Reaptur'd, still I view thy Face,
Stock'd with every Virgin Grace,
Lively Sweetness! temper'd Fire!
Lulling Spring of chaste Desire!
In thine Eyes the very
Roses of thy Cheek the same!

Gentle Majesty thy Brow
Thy Chin the unclouded Snow
First the Tress! and then the Hair!
Lies the lovely I want they were!



To a LADY in Tears, for the Decay
of her Beauty. *By her Husband.*

LIFE of Loveliness ! forbear,
Sighs and Complaints I cannot hear.
Tell me not thou'rt past thy Prime----
Tax not Nature, Fate, or Time----
Beauties, that did first subdue,
Hold my Heart for ever true.
In thee, still I find the Charms,
That allur'd me to thy Arms.
Raptur'd, still I view thy Face,
Stock'd with ev'ry Virgin Grace.
Lively Sweetness ! temper'd Fire !
Lasting Spring of chaste Desire !
In thine Eyes the very Flame !
Roses on thy Cheek the same !
Gentle Majesty thy Brow !
On thy Chin th' unsullied Snow !
Fresh the Teeth ! and fine the Hair !
Lips the lovely Twins they were !

Voice

Voice with heav'nly Musick fraught!
 Shape and Air, without a Fault!
 Ev'ry Limb, and ev'ry Feature!
 Perfect as thy Sense and Nature!
 Charming Person! noble Mind!
 Modest, innocent, and kind!
 Sprightly, generous and free!
 Just to all! and true to me!
 All my Wealth and Paradise I'd give,
 Cheer thy Heart, and dry thy Eyes.

TO SLEEP.

COME gentle Sleep! and as I lye,
 Oh! bid the Hours tread softly by;
 While in thy still Pavilion laid,
 I think upon the charming Maid;
 Some mimick Dream on Fancy's Wing,
 Light-pois'd, command such Joys to bring,
 (Obedient to thy milder Sway)
 As Tyrant Love denies by Day.

Come

Come sweet Seducers, who restore
Sad Exiles to their native Shore;
To his proud Hopes the Courtier raise,
And crown the youthful Bard with Bays,
O come, and lavish all your Art,
To paint the Mistress of my Heart;
But make the lovely Phantom kind,
And bless while you deceive my Mind.

Like Egypt's Queen, her Charms display,
And let me give the World away;
Or Juno like, let her be seen,
(If Juno's be so bright a Mien)
When smiling Soft with languid Eyes,
Within the Chambers of the Skies,
She fondly tempts to nuptial Love,
The mighty Majesty of Jove.

In the warm Blush of Virgin Bloom,
Conduct her to the bridal Room!
Ye Graces, there, undress the Fair,
Ye Graces, loose her gather'd Hair!

O come ! and while my ravish'd View,
This pleasing Shadow shall pursue;
Let my Resemblance be convey'd,
Indulgent to the sleeping Maid,
That both our Visions may agree,
And the dear Charmer think on me.

The LUNATICK. A Tale.

WHERE proud AUGUSTA rears her hundred
Spire.

Among surrounding Clouds, ZELINDA liv'd,
O'er-shaded with the Wing of Heav'n, the Pride,
The Glory of her Sex ! with Innocence,
And Ease, and Virtue crown'd : Love had in vain
Assail'd her Heart, tho' daily at her Feet,
Her fond Admirers kneel'd, and breath'd their Vows
With all the Warmth of Passion, all the Zeal
That Constancy could boast ; with tim'rous Eye
She view'd the gilded Snare, and underneath,
Beheld the latent Woe ; yet, gently thunn'd
Th' enamour'd Crowd, ev'n with a pitying Glance

Dismiss'd

Dismiss'd the fanguin Lover from his Hopes,
 And griev'd for all the Pain she gave. --- Her Soul
 Was form'd all sweet, and tender, free from Pride,
 Superiour to her Sex's little Arts,
 A Ray of Heav'n, untainted, all refin'd
 From Vanity, or Vice: An Angel knew
 No purer Thoughts, and all Humanity
 Breath'd in her Voice, and languish'd in her Eye:
 At ev'ry stranger Woe she mourn'd, when, sad,
 Dejected, lost in melancholy Thoughts,
 Pale *Sorrow* imag'd its distracting Pangs,
 And told its tragick Tale; to ev'ry Tear,
 She weeping sympathiz'd, to ev'ry Groan,
 She ~~gave~~ ^{new} ~~anew~~; lovely in Grief, she lean'd
 Attentive to its miserable Moan,
 And, like the Voice of Heav'n, asswag'd its Pain:
 Where e'er she went, a Murmur of Applause
 Was heard around her, and a thousand Tongues
 Were raptur'd in her Praise; for Lenity,
 And Virgin Softness, dimpled all her Smiles,
 Youth glow'd upon her Cheek, with rosy Red
 Embloom'd, the Graces waited on her Step,
 And ev'ry Beauty heighten'd ev'ry Charm.

Rear'd on superb Atrium's ruin'd Wall,
A spacious Structure stands, the dread Retreat
Of Phrenzy, where the Demon's midnight Howl
Is heard tremendous, and unhappy Souls
Beneath her Influence groan: The pompous Gate
Proclaims her dire Abode, on either Side
Appears a dumb Resemblance of her Pow'r,
In all its Energy of Woe: On this
Terriffick Madness, with distorted Face,
And rolling Eye, raves furious, shakes his Chain,
Swells ev'ry Muscle, churns his Foam, and roars
Beneath his Pangs: On this, with silent Thought,
And inward Anguish, leans the pensive Wretch
With Melancholy gloom'd, and secret Pain;
Languid his Limbs lye careless, fix'd his Eye,
Immoveable his Form. --- Within, are seen
The living, sad Originals, to Cells,
All dark, forlorn, and horrible, confin'd;
Wedded to Pain, incapable of Joy,
Debar'd from sweet Society, condemn'd
To Want, and Misery: to pine with Fear,
Converse with Groans, yell in the Rack
Of vehement Despair, or dye away

With



With the Excess of Grief; Calamities

That render Life a Burthen to the Soul;

And loudly invoke the Grave for Ease.

--- Here once ZELINDA, wandering to indulge

A melancholy Start of Temper, found

A beauteous Youth, reclining on his Hand

His drooping Head, involv'd in deepest Thought,

And agonizing Muse; Sorrow had pal'd

His Cheek, eclips'd his Eye, and grav'd the Marks

Of Anguish on his Brow; yet something sweet

Still smil'd upon his Lip, and spok'd his Soul,

As noble as his Form: ZELINDA, sigh'd

With Pity, and Concern, and gradual felt

A Stream of Tears o'erflowing as the gaz'd;

When starting from his Trance, th' unhappy Wretch

Beheld the trickling Woe, the Angel Face,

And with a curious Gaze survey'd her Form;

Encourag'd by his gentle Mood, the Fair

Inquir'd the Series of his Pain, and sooth'd

His Agony. Wak'd, by so sweet a Voice,

He deign'd to speak, but wept as he began.

'Twas such a flattering Face, such faithless Tears ---
 Were my Undoings. Oh! what heavenly Charms
 Adorn'd her! smiling Mischief! dear Deceiver!
 With soft Endearments, honey'd Eloquence,
 She held my Heart a Captive to her Will,
 And stamp'd her flattering Image on my Soul;
 But are not you the lovely Ruin? Sure
 You are, the sweet Undoer of my Joys!
 O turn away those bright deluding Eyes,
 Those perjur'd Lips, so frequently forsworn;
 Oh, do not, do not tempt me to thy Arms,
 Anew, for there I found my Bane: Alas!
 She weeps, the beauteous Falshood weeps, to hear
 The Misery she made? --- But 'tis not her,
 CLORA cannot weep --- O Heav'ns, how glad
 I hail'd the dawning Light, the rising Morn,
 Long doom'd to lead on all my future Joys;
 When she, Ingrate, forgot her sacred Vow;
 And to my Rival gave my Hopes away.

--- Perdition blast that luckless Morn, thro' each
 Returning Year; may not one cheerful Ray
 E'er gild its melancholy Hours; 'twas Death,
 'Twas Death to me --- 'twas Happiness to him.
 --- But

--- But haply now her ever-changing Heart,
 Has roam'd from him --- 'tis so --- and now, like me,
 He mourns in vain. Hark ! how he groans ! Poor Wretch !
 His Pains are strong upon him, now, too late,
 He curses his believing Soul, and begs
 Of wrathful Heav'n, the Ruin of her Charms.

--- Still, still she weeps, how well the flatt'ring Drops
 Become so fair a Face ? Dear Syren ! lov'd
 Enchantress ! are those Tears thy own ? Or hast
 Thou stol'n the glitt'ring Sorrow from an Eye
 Like mine ? --- Fast as my Tears distil, my Heart
 Weeps Blood : Can thine do so ? Hark ! how the Stream
 Runs down ! Amain it runs, and when 'tis o'er,
 I shall be happy. --- Prithce, gentle Maid !
 When Death approaches, Death's my dearest Friend,
 Like a fond Bride, conduct him to my Bed,
 His chilling Touch shall freeze this vital Warmth,
 And never, never let me think of Woman more. ---

--- Touch'd, to the Soul, with such extream Distress,
 Such helpless Evil, such a Youth undone,
 ZELINDA listen'd to his broken Tale ;

Oft interrupted with Heart-piercing Moan,
 And in the midst of falling-Tears renew'd;
 Her tender Heart was rack'd with secret Pain,
 And more than shar'd in all his plaintive Woe:
 With wat'ry Eye she view'd him o'er and o'er,
 Observ'd his graceful Form, his lovely Face;
 Again discours'd him of his cruel Fate,
 Admir'd his Tenderness of Soul, the Starts,
 The Sallies of excelling Wit, his Love
 Unshaken, and his Faith unchang'd. — Retir'd,
 And all encompass'd with the Shades of Night,
 She courted Sleep in vain, the stubborn God
 Deny'd his usual Aid, and left her Eyes
 Unclos'd, her Brain confus'd, and ev'ry Sense
 In strange Disorder, unexperienc'd Pain:
 Back to the lovely, raving Youth her Thoughts
 Continual roam'd, for him she sigh'd, for him
 She mourn'd, but call'd it Pity for his Fate:
 If a kind Slumber weigh'd her Lye-lids down,
 And ev'ry Care was for a Moment lost,
 His mournful Image wander'd thro' the Gloom;
 O'ercome with Anguish, pining with Despair,
 Close at her Side he seem'd to make his Moan,
 And pour his Wailings in her tender Ear:

G

Starting

Starting in Tears, from her distemper'd Dream,
She fought the Phantom with a curious Eye,
But fought in vain --- Such was the Hour of Rest :
And, when the Morn return'd, radiant in Gold,
And blooming with Delight, a Cloud of Care
Hung penfive on her Brow, a frequent Sigh
Rose sullen from her Heart, and ev'ry Hour,
With Melancholy shaded, roll'd away.

--- Led by a secret Pow'r, as yet unknown,
She often visited the gloomy Cell,
Where the rack'd Lover languish'd out his Days,
And weeping o'er him, heard his tragick Tale
Anew ; 'twas here alone she wish'd to dwell,
And, to attend his Groans, forsook the World :
With him was all her Pleasure, Absence all
Her Woe ; with tend'rest Smiles, and sweetest Voice,
She reason'd on his Pain, and toil'd for Hours
To sooth him into Peace ; with Show'rs of Tears,
And softest Blandishments, forsook the dark,
Uncomfortable Haunt, when Night came on,
And wish'd him Rest, and Happiness, 'till Morn.

--- Thus

--- Thus long she liv'd, and fed a hopeless Flame,
A darling Woe, unknowing of the Cause:
At last, observant of her kind Concern,
Her Pity of his Woes, the frantick Youth,
With gentlest Glance, would gaze upon her Charms,
And, in distracted Phrase, at her Approach,
Express a Dawn of Joy; with gladd'ning Heart
She hail'd the melting Softness of his Eyes,
And ev'ry Glimpse of Reason to his Soul
Restor'd; blest the kind Moments as they flew,
With downy Wings, away, and only griev'd
When *Phrenzy* repossest his Brain, and rack'd,
With all its Train of Horrors, ev'ry Sense.

--- Once, as with pitying Soul she heard his Groans,
And with her Sighs kept Time to his Complaint,
Unwonted Calmness sudden smoothes his Brow,
His Eye its rolling Wildness lost, his Tongue
Its raving Tone; a Smile of Pleasure dawn'd
Upon his Lip, and Sorrows seem'd to leave
His Heart; *ZELINDA*, raptur'd with the Change,
With Tears of Joy acclaim'd the happy Hour,
And blest the Earnest of succeeding Joy.

O Heav'ns ! exclaim'd the Youth, how long my
Soul
Has wildly wander'd, frantick, and forlorn
Round the perplexing Maze that *Pleury* leads ?
How long my Heart experienc'd all the Pangs
Of racking Grief, and disappointed Love ?
Again my reasonable Thoughts return
To bless the charming Guide, whose friendly Hand
Restor'd my erring Senses to their Road.

--- Kind beauteous Healer of my wounded Mind !
Thou softest Innocence ! thou dearest Friend !
O ! tell a grateful Soul what Thanks are due,
What long Returns of everlasting Love ?
Would'st thou accept a Heart so frail as mine,
So long, so much a faithless Woman's Slave,
So stung with Passion, and so rack'd with Pain ?
Would'st thou not dread that Madness should again
Usurp her Rule, and cloud my sick'ning Soul ?
O ! could'st thou bear my Groans, or deign,
With me, to lengthen out a Life of Woe ?

--- Still

-- Still blushing, thoughtful, silent --- Oh! my dear,
 Lov'd, charming Constance! my fondest Hope!
 My tend'rest Wish! can'st thou descend to bear
 All this for me? May I indulge my Heart
 In such a tempting Prospect of Delight,
 Such a long View of never-ending Joy?
 Of never-ending Joy, for, bless'd with thee,
 With such a Heav'n of Charms, I ne'er shall know
 One Thought of Anguish more. --- Farewel ye dark,
 Ye terrible Retreats! the Madman's Curse!
 The Wretch's Horror! black Ideas! all
 Farewel. ZELINDA's mine, Virtue, and Love
 Combine to make me Happy, in her Arms
 Eternal Pleasures bloom, for me they bloom,
 Love, Beauty, Virtue, all are ever mine.





To Lady CARTERET;

A Riddle.

OF all Inhabitants on Earth,
 To Man alone I owe my Birth,
 And yet the Cow, the Sheep, the Bee,
 Are all my Parents more than he:
 I, a Virtue, strange and rare,
 Make the fairest look more fair;
 And my self, which yet is rarer,
 Growing old, grow still the fairer.
 Like Sots, alone I'm dull enough,
 When dos'd with Smoak, and smear'd with Snuff:
 But in the midst of Mirth, and Wine,
 I with double Lustre shine.
 Emblem of the Fair am I,
 Polish'd Neck, and radiant Eye;
 In my Eye my greatest Grace,
 Emblem of the Cyclops Race;

Metals,

Metals, I like them subdued,
 Slave like them, to VULCAN too.
 Emblem of a Monarch old,
 Wife, and Glorious to behold;
 Wasted he appears, and pale,
 Watching for the publick Weal;
 Emblem of the bashful Dame,
 That in secret feeds her Flame,
 Often aiding to impart,
 All the Secrets of her Heart;
 Various is my Bulk and Hue,
 Big like BESS, and small like SU;
 Now brown and burnish'd like a Nut,
 At other Times a very Slut;
 Often fair, and soft, and tender,
 Taper, tall, and smooth, and slender;
 Like FLORA deck'd with fairest Flowers,
 Like PHEBUS, Guardian of the Hours:
 But, whatever be my Dress,
 Greater be my Size or less,
 Swelling be my Shape or small,
 Like thy self I shine in all:
 Clouded, if my Face is seen,
 My Complexion wan and green.

Languid like a love-sick Maid,
 Steel affords me present Aid.
 Soon or late, my Date is done,
 As my Thread of Life is spun;
 Yet to cut the fatal Thread,
 Oft, revives my drooping Head:
 Yet I perish in my Prime,
 Seldom by the Death of Time;
 Die like Lovers as they gaze,
 Die for those I live to please;
 Pine unpitied to my Urn,
 Nor warm the Fair for whom I burn:
 Unpitied, unlamented too,
 Die like all that look on you.



Another.



Another.

BY something form'd, I nothing am,
 Yet ev'ry Thing that you can name ;
 In no Place have I ever been,
 Yet ev'ry where I may be seen ;
 In all Things false, yet always true,
 I'm still the same --- but ever new.
 Lifeless, Life's perfect Form I wear,
 Can shew a Nose, Eye, Tongue, or Ear,
 Yet neither Smell, See, Taste, or Hear.
 All Shapes and Features I can boast,
 No Flesh, no Bones, no Blood --- no Ghost :
 All Colours, without Paint, put on,
 And change like the *Cameleon*.
 Swiftly I come, and enter there,
 Where not a Chink let's in the Air ;
 Like Thought I'm in a Moment gone,
 Nor can I ever be alone ;
 All Things on Earth I imitate,
 Faster than Nature can create ;

Sometimes imperial Robes I wear,
 Anon in Beggar's Rags appear;
 A Giant now, and strait an Elf,
 I'm ev'ry one, but ne'er my self;
 Ne'er sad I mourn, ne'er glad rejoice,
 I move my Lips, but want a Voice;
 I ne'er was born, nor e'er can die,
 Then prythee tell me what am I.



A SONG, sung at the *Opera-House*,
 by Mrs. —, on her leaving the
English-Stage, and Return to *Italy*.

GENEROUS, gay, and gallant Nation,
 Bold in Arms, and bright in Arts,
 Land secure from all Invasion,
 All but CUPID's gentle Darts:
 From your Charms, oh who would run?
 Who would leave you for the Sun?

Happy

Happy Soil, adieu, adieu :
 Let old Charmers yield to new.
 In Arms, in Arts be still more shining,
 All your Joys be still increasing,
 All your Tastes be still refining,
 All your Jars for ever ceasing :
 But let old Charmers yield to new,
 Happy Soil, adieu, adieu.



Imitated by the D___ of W___.

PUPPIES ! whom I now am leaving,
 Sometimes Merry, always Mad,
 Who lavish most, when Debts are craving,
 On Fool, and Farce, and Masquerade.
 O ! who would from such Bubbles run ?
 Or leave such Blessings for the Sun ?

Happy Soil ! and simple Crew !
 Let old Sharpers yield to new.
 All your Tastes be still refining,
 All your Nonsense still more shining ;

Bless

Blest in a *BERENSTADT* or *BOSKID*
 One more awkward, one more husky;
 And never want, (when these are lost us)
 Another *HEIDEGGER* and *FAUSTUS*.
 Happy Soil! and simple Crew!
 Let old Sharpers yield to new,
 Cullies all! adieu! adieu!

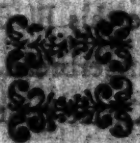


On the DEATH of a YOUTH.

WITH Joy, blest Youth! we saw thee reach
 thy Goal,
 Fair was thy Frame, and delicate thy Soul,
 Where, join'd at once, the softest Manners met,
 Truth, Judgment, Sweetness, Innocence, and Wit;
 The *Graces*, and the *Muses*, came combin'd,
 Those to adorn thy Body, these thy Mind:
 So form'd, he flew his Race, 'twas quickly won,
 'Twas but a Step, and finish'd when begun:
 Nature, her self, surpriz'd, wou'd add no more,
 His Life compleat in all its Parts more;

But

But his few Years, with pleasing Wonder, told
By Virtues, not by Days, and thought him old,
So far beyond his Age, those Virtues ran,
That in a Boy, she found him more than Man :
For Years, let Wretches importune the Skies,
'Till, at the long Expence of Anguish wise,
They live to count their Days by Miseries :
Those win the Prize, who soonest run the Race,
And Life burns brightest in the shortest Space,
So in the Convex-Glass, embody'd run,
Drawn to a Point, the Glories of the Sun ;
At once the gathering Beams intensely glow,
And fiercely thro' the straiten'd Circle flow,
In one strong Flame, conspire the blended Rays,
Run to a Fire, and croud into a Blaze.



On



On Half a CROWN.

IF you have Sense, at least of Feeling,
 A Theme like mine will surely win ye,
 This Parent of a Splendid Shilling,
 And younger Brother of a Guinea.

In Fobs, and Pockets, handled much,
 I first wou'd raise it to sublime ;
 But yet you're for the solid Touch,
 Rather than hear it chink in Rhime.

There's no forbidden Fruit to Boys,
 Whose Mothers have this Blessing sent ;
 Pyes, Sweetmeats, Gingerbread, and Toys,
 Are in this magick Circle pent.

'Tis the sure Tickè that conveys
 The well-grown 'Squire to Drolls and Farces,
 Assemblies, Puppet-shows, and Plays ;
 This will inspire, or purchase Verses.

When

When it appears, the Drawer lies,
The Fiddles speak, and CALIA's kind,
Had HELEN been content with this,
HOMER had been both Dumb, and Blind.

Hence Parties change, and cool, or fire?
And Libels swarm, on Man and Woman,
Hence Hackneys of both Kinds are tir'd:
But I'll not meddle with what's Common.

For want of a few Friends like these,
What Boys are lash'd? What Beauties slighted?
What States, and Empires in Distress?
What Fops unmarried, Fools unknighted?

The Slave, that doth in Caverns sweat,
Pick'd the Earth's Pocket of this Ore,
And then found other Slaves as great,
This little Idol to adore.

Full many Evils, many a Time,
It keeps on Churchmen, and on Laymen,
Tho' Dei Gratia's round the rim,
'Tis edg'd with *Dum* and *Tutamen*.

It sends great Wretches to the Tower,
 From whence its own first Lustre shone;
 A Handful raises up the Poor,
 A Million brings Directors down.

Did *South-Sea* Schemes, and Bubbles hold,
 All Ills without their Root supported,
 This for an antique Coin had sold,
 When all the Species was transported.

Fanaticks, tho' they hate the Thing,
 And curse the Name they're bound to dread,
 Yet love the Picture of the King,
 And still delight to have his Head.

No modern Saint, this Sign refuses,
 These silver Crosses e'er rejected;
 Tho' they are Tools, the Tempter uses,
 And *Popes* themselves are thus elected.

For once let *Sterling* Paper pass,
 As *Poets* wish, tho' *Statesmen* dread it,
 What need of Cash, when he who pays,
 Ruins the publick Blessing, Credit?

Take

Take you the Lines, the Theme's my own,
 Let Cares the Rich and Great incurber,
 I'll be content with Half a Crown,
 Since whole ones are such wretched Lumber.



ABELARD to PHILINTUS.

YOUR Grief, PHILINTUS, all your pungent
 Care,
 Touch'd as a Man, and as a Friend I share,
 In vain the Pow'rs of Reason I oppose,
 To sooth your Breast, or mitigate your Woes
 Too deep the Wound, too fierce the Pangs you feel,
 For Eloquence and all its Charms to heal:
 Yet one short Moment to my Lays attend,
 And pitying view your lov'd, unhappy Friend!
 My Tale a Scene, all gloomy, shall disclose,
 A Scene of Pains intense, superiour Woes!
 Unfelt, your Woes shall sleep, while mine are shown,
 Then read, and in my Grief forget your own.

Born

Born of a Sire, of no ignoble Name,
Renown'd for War, nor less in Arts his Fame !
My youthful Soul bright Science all inspir'd ;
Arms, Pomp, and Wealth, unfought and unadmir'd !
From School to School I rang'd, Applause to gain,
Warm in Dispute, and of my Conquest vain.
Vanquish'd, enrag'd Divines their Laurels see
Torn from their aged Brows, and plac'd on me.
Purs'd by their Malice, envied, yet admir'd,
To Paris' friendly Walls I soon retir'd :
Where 'mongst her Sons, the brightest Wit confess,
Smooth flow'd my Days, and ev'ry Night was blest :
With Joy I travers'd Learning's Mazes o'er,
And much I knew, ambitious still of more.
My learn'd Pursuits, Fame, Riches, Friendship crown'd,
And me the Youth, their great Director own'd.
No Pangs my Soul, no anxious Passion knows ;
'Till Love, fond Love ! destroys its calm Repose.
In vain Fame, Friendship, Wealth, and Arts conspire
To guard from Love, or damp his genial Fire ;
The Brave, the Wise, once know the melting Hour,
Slaves to his Will, and Vassals to his Pow'r.

This

This Breast, presuming on its Strength, with Pride
 Once scorn'd his Charms, and all his Darts defy'd:
 Vain Breast! soon doom'd to own his mighty Reign,
 Tast all its Sweets, and glow with ev'ry Pain.
 'Tis true, I thought the Sex vain, thoughtless, gay,
 Inconstant Things, the Charmers of a Day!
 Unable these to raise a nobler Flame,
 Bright, mutual, pure, each rolling Year the same.
 Alas! my Soul did soon its Weakness prove,
 And own'd its Error, all dissolv'd in Love:
 Love to my Eyes, presents a Virgin Dame,
 Fairest of Nymphs, and HELOISE her Name:
 Youth, Beauty, Fortune, every Charm combin'd
 To grace her Form; but far more fair her Mind:
 In Books well skill'd, and vers'd in ev'ry Art,
 Her Wit, her Converse fir'd the coldest Heart,
 I saw, I lov'd, and rush'd to be undone,
 Lost ev'ry Aim, each Passion sunk in one:
 The Thirst of Fame no more inspir'd my Soul,
 But HELOISE's Charms possess'd it whole:
 Her Image rose all lovely to my Sight,
 My constant Thoughts by Day, my Dreams by Night:
 Each circling Hour my ardent Passion grew,
 And ev'ry Sight encreas'd the Flame anew:

Damp'd

Damp'd were my Prospects with corroding Care,
 Now vain of Hopes, now sunk in black Despair.
 -- Pam'd as I was -- could she disdain to hear

Vows from the Man, whom all Mankind revere?

Young, gallant, witty -- these at once conspire

To urge my Cause, and raise a mutual Fire. --

By missive Letters first I touch'd the Maid,

Smooth flow'd the Words, while Love my Hand
 obey'd:

But soon a near Access my Wilhes gain'd,

One Table join'd us, and one House contain'd:

Consult your Breast; a Breast all soft like thine,

Has felt the Pow'r of Love; then judge of mine.

What Joys my Soul, what blissful Raptures prov'd,

To see, to hear the charming Nymph I lov'd!

Sooth'd with her Talk, the live-long Day I pass,

Whilst each new Sun rose brighter than the last:

Deep in my Breast, thus sunk the fatal Dart,

Each Look, each Action, spoke the enamour'd Heart.

Mild seem'd her Soul, and of the tend'rest Frame;

Yet long I fear'd to own my secret Flame:

At length, resolv'd to ease my troubled Breast,

All blushing, trembling, I my Pangs express.

Disdain.

Disdain not thus, fair HELOISE! to hear
 A Lover's Plaints, to all his Hopes severe.
 Is Love my Fault? Your self the Cause, accuse:
 'Tis you that wound; do you the Balm infuse.
 Wealth, Honour, Pomp, and State, -- I scorn'd them all,
 A Victim doom'd by Beauty's Charms to fall:
 Yet blest, thrice blest, would that dear lovely Fair,
 Who rais'd this Passion, kindly ease my Care!
 Read once these Eyes, and view my Heart sincere,
 A Love like mine, removes all Cause of Fear:
 Then trust my Faith; tho' Men inconstant prove,
 Less fair their Objects, and less warm's their Love.

She hears, she sighs, while conscious Blushes rise,
 Quick heaves her Breast, and languid roll her Eyes:
 Her Eyes the Movements of her Soul betray'd;
 With Pray'rs, with Vows, I press'd the yielding Maid.
 Oft as we met, each Moment we improve,
 Books our Pretence, but all our Business Love;
 Fearless, abandon'd, all our Nights employ,
 New Thefts of Bliss, new Scenes of boundless Joy.
 No more my Soul the Charms of Science knew,
 Revers'd my Studies, Learning tasteless grew:

Scorn'd

Scorn'd was the STRAKEYRITE with all his Train,
 His Maxims left for OVID's am'rous Strain.
 Loose Songs I writ, all fill'd with warm Desires;
 (He wants no Muse, whom Love's soft Influence fires;
 My Verse gay, glowing, ev'ry Lover sung,
 While each kind Nymph dwelt ravish'd on his Tongue.

No longer now our soft Amour's conceal'd:
 Fame saw our Loves, and ev'ry Theft reveal'd:
 Yet scarce on FULBERT could her Pow'r prevail,
 To doubt our Virtue, or believe the Tale:
 'Till one curs'd Hour, his too too fatal Care,
 Seiz'd in my Arms, the panting, trembling Fair.
 What Youth so cold, but would with Scorn despise,
 For such a Joy as mine, a like Surprise!
 He saw, --- with Wrath suppress'd, his Eye-balls roll,
 And dire Revenge sunk deep within his Soul:
 Silent we part; but Force and Absence join'd,
 In vain would drive the Passion from the Mind,
 In vain ev'n Spies, and adverse Walls oppose,
 Love dares the Toil, and conquers as he goes.

Lodg'd near her House, I long explor'd in vain,
 Each various Art, to ease our mutual Pain:

One Way still left, tho' specious, yet untry'd,
 By Bribes to fix her Servant on my Side:
 Young, sprightly, skill'd in each intriguing Art,
 With Charms enough to fire a vacant Heart;
 Pleas'd, and obsequious to my Will she stands,
 But for Reward, the Wretch my Love demands.
 With Scorn I turn'd; to FULBERT quick she flies,
 Told each Design, and mix'd her Tale with Lies.
 Ye Lovers! dread, by my Example warn'd,
 A Woman's Hate, whence once her Beauty's scorn'd!
 But, oh! how slow the envious Moments roll'd,
 'Till one kind Hand, induc'd by shining Gold,
 To HELOISA did my Lines convey,
 And for her wish'd Escape secur'd a Way.
 Dark o'er the Wall my beauteous Prize I bore,
 And urg'd her Flight, to *Bretagne's* distant Shore:
 There sprung to Light, the Pledge of future Joy,
 The Fruits of am'rous Theft, a lovely Boy!
 The Mother view'd, while Raptures swell'd her Breast,
 Bright in his infant Charms the Sire confest.

Mean time old FULBERT, ev'ry Passion lost,
 Fled was his Niece, and all his Joys were lost:

Frantick,

Frantick, enrag'd he curs'd my hated Name,
 And vow'd stern Vengeance for the ravish'd Dame;
 I begg'd, I swore by each blest Saint above,
 To wed the Fair, and sanctify our Love.
 His Anger seem'd abated by my Vows;
 He seiz'd my Hand, and blest my future Spouse;
 Firm Friendship sworn, appear'd were all my Cares,
 Henceforth believe not when a Bigot swears.
 He swore! --- His Vows, ye conscious Heav'ns attest!
 While curs'd Revenge still brooded in his Breast;
 Flush'd with Success, o'er *Bretagne's* Fields I roam,
 To bring my Bride, my lovely Charmer home;
 Entranc'd we met; our Souls, our Bodies join,
 With Joy I told my present blest Design:
 The blest Design, relentless heard the Fair,
 My Wish oppos'd, and slighted all my Pray'r.

--- Ill suits that Thought, a philosophick Life,
 A Scholar you, and *HELOISE* a Wife!
 Reflect what various Cares on Marriage wait,
 How far from calm Repose the nuptial State:
 Far other Scenes your studious Mind requires,
 Since ev'ry *Muse* to Seats of Ease retires.

Reflect

Reflect that Marriage soon may damp our Fire,
 Pall ev'ry Sweet, and sink each soft Desire,
 Sprightly and free, thro' Worlds of Joy we rove,
 Slaves to no Laws, but those impos'd by Love,
 Vain are all human Ties, Restraints are vain;
 'Tis Love unites the Soul, Love forms the lasting Chain,
 Then cease, O! cease to urge your fond Request,
 Love be our Guide, what Love prescribes is best. —

Thus, all in vain, the beauteous SOPHIST pleads:
 I press, entreat; at last my Wish succeeds.
 At Paris, soon the nuptial Knot was ty'd,
 A Convent's Walls conceal'd the blooming Bride:
 Blest thus, I liv'd, all free from ev'ry Care,
 Indulg'd the Bliss, nor thought of Ruin near;
 When one curst Night, a Slave by FULBERT sent,
 With cruel Hands, perform'd his fell Intent;
 Of ev'ry Pow'r of Love, I lay bereft;
 Tho', lost the Pow'r, yet still the Will was left.
 Confusion, Rage my tortur'd Breast assail;
 Dire was the Loss, but Shame forbids the Tale:
 Resolv'd from Man to hide my conscious Face,
 And in a Convent shroud the black Disgrace;

H

Yet

Yet jealous, least some happier Youth should prove,
 The second Object of my Charmer's Love,
 With each soft Word, I press'd the gen'rous Fair,
 To take the sacred Veil, and ease my Care:
 Youth, Beauty, Friends, to check her Purpose fail;
 Lost to the World, she takes the sacred Veil.
 O HELOISE! a Soul so soft as thine,
 Sure felt uncommon Grace, some Ray divine,
 To exalt its Pow'rs from ev'ry Wile below,
 Unheeding Pleasure, and disdaining Woe:
 Sure round thee, then a Cloud of Scraps flew,
 And open'd all Heav'n's Glories to thy View;
 To sacred Gloom the willing Victim led,
 Dead, ev'n to ABELARD, to each fond Passion dead!
 — This bright Example fills my Soul with Shame;
 I blush, and vow to quench the fruitless Flame:
 I pray, I fast, each painful Penance prove,
 For Ease enervate, fans the Fire of Love:
 — From mortal View, I made a cool retreat,
 And in the lonely Desert chose my Seat;
 Yet there, ev'n there, a num'rous Audience came,
 My Learning great, but greater far my Fame:
 Built from their Gifts, here *Paraclete* was rear'd,
 And blest Religion in the Wild appear'd.

My

My Eldest, my continual Care,
 My dearest, mourning, melancholy Fair;
 With Sorrow gloom'd, with Passion blushing red;
 All Grief, and Love, was made the Convent's Head;
 I saw the lov'd, the sad, neglected Dame,
 Felt all the Fury of my former Flame;
 Felt all the Fury, but the Joy no more;
 All Joy was vanish'd, and all Transport o'er:
 With mutual Tears we mourn'd our mutual Pain,
 Our Tears all fruitless, and our Mournings vain:
 --- To other Desarts, yet more wild, I roam,
 And make a rougher, ruder Clime my home;
 My Convent's founded on the sea-beat Shore,
 Beneath, enrag'd, the surging Billows roar;
 Loud raves the Tempest on the rugged Coast,
 And, in the Tempest, many a Ship is lost:
 Above a Ridge of broken Rocks appears,
 And Nature its whole Drefs of Terror wears:
 The awful Prospect seems *Devotion's* Seat,
 Its darling Haunt, its fav'rite, fond Retreat,
 Where ev'ry Cell excludes all worldly Care,
 And ev'ry Echo doubles ev'ry Pray'r.
 Yet, ah! Devotion flies the dreadful Place,
 With Horror flies the impious, savage Race!

Thoughtless of Heav'n my Monks disdain to pray,
 And waste in hunting all the live-long Day.
 I weep, intreat, reprove; --- but all in vain;
 Reproofs, nor Pray'rs, their flagrant Crimes restrain:
 Slaves to their Lusts, my ghostly Pow'r they scorn:
 New Fears bring on my Nights, new Woes the Morn.

--- Sunk in these Griefs, the tedious Minutes roll,
 While *Paraclete* still rises to my Soul;
 Fair *Paraclete*! whose friendly Cells contain
 The dear, blest Pledge, I ne'er shall view again:
 Still in my Heart, the latent Passion burns,
 Still with her Charms my Heart returns,
 Close in my Soul still dwells the lovely Guest,
 Nor Time, nor Woe can tear her from my Breast:
 Torn from the World, I nourish still the Flame,
 I pine, I sigh, and call the charming Name:
 And yet my Soul, that Heav'n's severe, complains;
 Heav'n's still severe, for still my Guilt remains.
 Love still from GOD my Soul rebellious draws,
 The Sin too pleasing, and too dear the Cause:
 No pious Sigh, no penitential Tear,
 From conscious Guilt, declares my Heart sincere.

Just

Just is Heav'n's Wrath, and just th' avenging Rod,
To check my Crimes, and force my Soul to GOD:
Then, cease with me, to charge the Pow'rs above,
And learn, my Friend, each Sorrow to improve;
Warm from our Breass, let sad Repentance flow,
Wipe out our Stains, and soften ev'ry Woe.
While to his Will resign'd the Sinners stand,
Heav'n views with Joy, and stops its vengful Hand.
--- Thus lull'd in Calms, thy ev'ry Pain shall cease,
And ev'ry anxious Thought subside in Peace:
A Peace! that flies my unrepenting Heart,
Doom'd still to fruitless Love, and stung with endless
Smart.

An O D E.

STRONGLY, dear Friend, paint in thy Mind
A Wretch, the Remnant of a Wreck,
In sight of Land, yet, Fate unkind
By cruel Waves still driven back.

So, in his Schemes, the *Post* eris'd,

When Chance, or Envy, blasts the *Days*,

He, to his niggard Patron lost,

Despairs of Profit, or of Praise.

What mighty Plans thy Friend has lay'd,

What golden *Indias* had in view,

Thou know'st, and how his Toils are pay'd;

Yet still he dares his Flight renew.

While thus the *Muse* is held in Scorn,

No Suns of Joy to me are known;

But few observe the Bard forlorn:

My Grief I only make my own.

Amid the various Pangs of Life,

The Torments Disappointments give;

The plaintive *Muse*, the weeping Wife;

Fain would I seem at least to live.

Hard Fate of Souls! who greatly dare,

By adverse Fortune when oppress'd,

To force a Smile, and stifle Care:

Foes to themselves the more distress'd.

Does

Does Heav'n no joyous Minutes send?
 No Balm to all thy Sorrows give?
 Yes, there are Hours of Bliss, my Friend,
 In which I more than learn to live.

When WELSTED, envy'd Bard divine,
 And HAMMOND, glad'ning as the Day,
 Pride of our Souls, thy Friends and mine,
 Combine to chase the Clouds away.

The Hours to Friendship set apart,
 In which the Wretch his Comfort finds,
 Relieve the Burthen of the Heart:
 True Source of Joy to noble Minds.

But, like the golden Dreams of Love,
 Too swift those happy Moments flow:
 Then, in my Round, again I rove
 Thro' a long Interval of Woe.

While thus I grapple with my Fate,
 These tender Thoughts of Friendship please:
 Methinks I view thee in a State,
 Where nothing interrupts thine Ease.

Or wand'ring in the Woodland Glade,
 Or by the painted Meadow's Stream,
 Or lay'd beneath the cooling Shade,
 You make the tender Nymph your Theme.

Indulge, my Friend, thy modest Vein,
 While all the Joys of *May* inspire;
 Prospects, gay smiling, aid the Strain,
 Scenes all propitious to the Lyre.

Enjoy, my Friend, thy happy Lot,
 The Monarch of a peaceful Mind;
 And I am blest'd, my Cares forgot,
 While thou art true, and N & N kind.



While thus I grapple with my Fate,
 These tender Thoughts of Friendship please
 Where nothing interrupts this State,
 I view thee in a State.

Two



Two SATIRES on OLD AGE.

SATIRE I.

NO more, MELISSA, 'tis too much to see,
 What, not a Blush, and this Reproof from me?
 Oh! where is all our ancient Virtue fled?
 What, at it still? Not mind a Word I've said?
 These wanton Airs shall not uncensur'd pass;
 Bear hence the Idol, or I'll break the Glass.

Thus rav'd CANIDIA, as the lovely Fair
 Made the Position of a Patch her Care.
 No sooner had the Nymph just stepp'd aside,
 But from the Box, her Magazine of Pride,
 A thousand Implements the Table spread:
 Teeth, Eyes, the Perfume, and the liquid Red.
 With paralytick Hands she pulls the Caul
 From Head, as naked as the Billiard Ball.
 But see the Metamorphose of an Hour;
 Her Forehead rises in a Nut-brown Tow'r:

H 5

Her

Her Cheeks are flush'd with a Vermillion Die ;
And her Teeth shine of polish'd Ivory.

To whom, or what, is this Devotion paid,
All to the Lust of Youth, and Masquerade.

There see CANIDIA with MELISSA strive
To trip it, in the Bloom of Eighty-five.

Some unexperienc'd Fool her Eyes explore,
Just come to practise what he heard before ;

Raw to the Town, and weary of his Wife,
He seeks the Pleasures of a rakish Life :

Him, by a forc'd Coquetry, she decoys,

To be the Partner of her private Joys ;

And the next Day, the virtuous Maid reproves,

For reading ACOON's and LAVINIA's Loves.

Pleas'd GALLUS smil'd to hear the Story told,

GALLUS himself, both impotent and old,

In ev'ry Sphere he shin'd in former Days.

Knew well to live, and knew to merit Praise :

The Depths of Senate, and Intrigues could scan :

And him the Women call'd, a *Woman's Man* :

But why will GALLUS against Nature strive,

To keep the Flame, without the Pow'r, alive ?

Have

Have you not seen, upon a burning Plain,
Some glowing Embers of a Fire remain,
Which, without Matter, must inactive be?

Believe me, GALLIARD, 'tis the same with thee.
No longer, therefore, jeer the wanton Dame;
As feeble is thy Pow'r, alike thy Flame.



SATIRE II.

WHEN youthful Passion first assumes its Reign,
And grows predominant in ev'ry Vein,

Our daily Fancies, and our nightly Dreams,
Are full of shady Groves, and purling Streams;
Various Ideas all our Thoughts employ,
And first we revel in romantic Joy.

Nature grows fiercer as the Blood boils high,
Then on to more substantial Bliss we fly:
From Fair to Fair, in search of Prey, we range,
Constant to nothing but the Lust of Change.

Thus on we rove, while our Desires are strong,
Till sad Experience tells us we are wrong:

How

How weak the Efforts of our Reason prove,
When all the Soul is but a Flame of Love slowly come,
Which, without Love, must inactive be!

But what Allurements can the Soul betray,
When the Blood only serves to warm the Clay?
Why will, in vain, the hoary Matron strive,
To vie in Dress with *Belles* of Twenty-five?

When eighty Years have furrow'd o'er her Face,
With all the Symptoms of a finish'd Race.

In vain, with White, she would confound the Grey;

Death will not be deceiv'd, nor give a Day.

Why all these Pains the wrinkled Brow to hide;

We, thro' the Mask, can see the needless Pride.

No more frequent the *Mall*, the *Box*, the *Ball*, W

Thou art *Memento mori* to them all.

Our daily Fancies, and our nightly Dreams,
Are full of shady Groves, and painting Scenes;

Various Ideas all our Thoughts employ,

And first we revel in romantic Joy.

Nature grows better as a poet's high;

Then on to more sublime we fly.

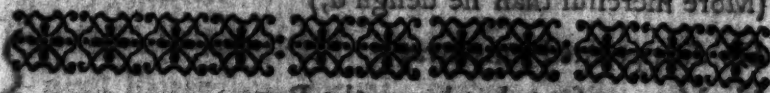
From this to that, in search of Love, we range.

Constant to nothing but the Fall of Change.

On we love, while our Destinies strong,

The ill-lad Experience tells us we are wrong;

Should once the yielding Nymph grow kind,
(More merciful than he deserves.)



No new partner, but leaves the Fair

The DANGLER.

THE Dangler is of neither Sex,
A Creature born to teize and vex,

A Thing made only to admire,

Without a Wish or warm Desire.

His Love is fed by Intuition,

And satisfy'd without Fruition.

The fawning Slave gives no Offence,

Contented with small Recompence.

A Whisper in a publick Place,

A Secret from a smiling Face;

A Pinch of Snuff, a Glance o'er-plays

Th' officious Service of his Days

Dangling, content with such Regard,

Like Virtue, is its own Reward.

He glories in a civil Chain,

In fruitless Sighs, un pity'd Pain,

His bliss depends on Mens Good-Will,

Most Happy when Maids use him ill.

Should

Should once the yielding Nymph grow kind,

(More merciful than he design'd,)

He disappointed runs away.

No Mew pursues, but leaves the Prey

That does before him prostrate lay.

Would you, fair Nymph, the Danger shun,

Stay not, pursue him, and he'll run :

Complying brings him in a Scrape ;

Yield you, and he'll cry out a Rape.

To a Learned LADY.

IN Beauty or Wit,

No Mortal as yet,

To Question the Empire has dar'd shun

But Men of discerning,

Have thought that in Learning,

To yield to a Lady was hard.

Impertinent Schools,

With musty dull Rules,

Have Reading to Ladies deny'd;
 So *Papists* refuse
 The *Bible* to be,
 Least Flocks should be wise as their Guide.

'Twas a Woman at first
 (Indeed she was curs'd,)
 In Knowledge that tasted Delight;
 And Sages agree,
 The Law should decree,
 To the first of Possessors the Right.
 Then bravely, fair Dame,
 Renew the old Claim,
 That to the whole Sex does belong,
 And let Men receive
 From a second bright Eye,
 The Knowledge of Right and of Wrong.
 But as the first Eye,
 Hard Doom did receive,
 When only one Apple had she,
 What a Punishment now,
 Must be found out for you,
 Who have tasted, and robb'd the whole Tree.

To

To a MAN of QUALITY;
on his Marriage.

THE Men who deal in Clink and Metre,
On these Occasions search above;
And think 'twill make the Verse run sweeter,
To summon MERCURY or Jove;
Down conjur'd by poetick Spell,
Drop VENUS, JUNO, PALLAS, PHEBE;
And ten to one if Thought runs well,
But in comes HERCULES and HEBE.

Our Criticks sure are stingless grown,
That for those Boys provide no Rods;
Who, where themselves are hardly known,
Invite so freely Heathen Gods.
My

My simple Verse, devoid of State,
Would not your Moments misemploy:
But begs it may at Distance wait,
In humble Gaiety to wish you Joy. On Mile no

Much Happiness and Length of Years,
Kind Heav'n, bestow this noble Pair,
In Pleasures unallay'd by Fears,
And Transports undisturb'd by Care.

Deign then to accept his homely Strains,
Whose awkward Phrase and Verse uncouth
Ev'ry Embellishment disdains,
But eager Joy and ardent Truth
Have jointly thus decore above

Sincerity adorns my Scheme;
She draws the Lines, she frames the Piece;
She better decks the Poet's Theme
Than all the Gods of Rome and Greece.
However *Classick* Tale allures,
Compar'd to Truth it low subsides;
As *Roman* Wit submits to yours,
Or *Grecian* Virtue to your Bride's.

On

On Miss E. E's landing
at Bristol.

BRITANNIA! Goddess, heavenly Fair,
The Muses and the Graces Care!
Thy FANES and MORDAUNTS boast no more,
Propitious Gales have wafted o'er,
A Nymph, from bleak *Jerne's* Coast,
Who shall, unrival'd, be the Toast.
The God of Wit, and Queen of Love,
Have jointly thus decreed above.

As *Phaëux* to the Ocean prest,
Panting on *Tethys* Lapto Rest:
No more, said he, my Car shall sift
With useless Light, to deck the Skies;
No more shall cherish *Albion's* Isle;
Nor on her Fruits and Pastures smile;
No more my genial Warmth shall move
Her Nymphs and Swains to Mirth and Love.

Adieu!

Adieu ! my Zodiac's darken'd Way :
 Adieu ! my once, distinguish'd Day :
 Eclips'd is ev'ry Beam of mine,
 Where bright E u s t a c i a deigns to shine.

The VIIth Chap. of Job Paraphrased.

HAS not kind Heav'n, regarding human Woe,
 Set a fix'd Period to our Race below ?
 Known by th' Omniscient surely is our Day ;
 And we, like Hircings, toil but by the Day.
 Then when the busy tedious Dream is o'er,
 We sink in Death's soft Arms, and are no more.
 And is then Death our Slumber, our Repose ?
 Oh ! when shall Death Job's weary'd Eye-lids close ?
 As with desiring Eyes, the harass'd Swain,
 Expects the Evening Shade, to quit the Plain :
 So, with impatience, to the Grave I bend,
 And beg to see my hum'rous Sorrow's end.
 Not more solicitous, the lab'ring Hind
 Is, that his Cares their Recompence may find ;

Nor

Nor waits more anxious the prolific Rain,
Or promis'd Harvests in the swelling Grain;
Than I to see my grim Deliverer rise,
And Death's cold Hand in Mercy close my Eyes!
For crush'd, O Lord, beneath thy mighty Arm,
What Balm can cure my Grief, what Musick charm?
Thy Terrors in a thousand Shapes I know,
And feel the whole Variety of Woe.

When will my long-protracted Suffering cease,
And the poor harass'd Sufferer be at Peace?
Each ling'ring Night in Agonies I lie,
And oft I wish, but wish in vain, to die.
In silent Grief I lengthen out the Night,
Then curse the Shade, and watch the dawning Light.
The dawning Light returns — but not to me,
And all, but I, its kindly Aspect see.
To Job no friendly Seasons e'er return:
Nor gives the Ev'ning Ease, or Joy the Morn;
Grief fills his Soul, and Pain, and gloomy Care,
Amazement wild Affright, and black Despair.
Oh! hold at Length thy Hand, and leave me free!
For what is Job, O GOD, to strive with thee?
Vile

Vile Matter is my Substance, Dust, and Clay;
 All cover'd too with Sores more vile than they;
 Swifter than Thought, my fleeting Moments pass;
 Consum'd, I wither, as the fading Grass.
 My transient Being, like the passing Wind,
 Blows off unseen, nor leaves a Trace behind,
 Short as it is, why is it then oppress'd,
 Curs'd by the Hand, that once had made it blest?
 Oh! close the Scene:—and let my Sorrows cease;
 Dissolve the Chain, and drown me into Peace.
 Each Ev'ning yields the Sun to sable Night;
 But e'ry Morn returns again as bright.
 Within Earth's Lap the yearly Seed is thrown,
 And Nature's bounteous Hand repays the Loan:
 But Man within the Grave for Ages lies;
 'Till Nature's Death permitted not to rise;
 'Till then forbid the faintest Glimpse of Day,
 Or re-ascend the long-forgotten Way;
 No more indulg'd to see the cheerful Light,
 Or sweet Vicissitudes of Day and Night.
 His Mem'ry too shall die, and in the Grave,
 In length of Time its thin Existence leave.
 Here

Here look, vain Man; and human Greatness see;
Dust once ye were, and Dust again must be.

Oh! why should tortur'd Jo's his Sighs restrain?
Or thus oppress, how shall he not complain?
Allow him prostrate then to ask his GOD,
Why thus thou break'st this animated Clod?
Why watchest thou my Steps, severely just,
And, while I bend me groaning to the Dust,
Forbid'st me one short Interval of Rest,
And emptiest all thy Quiver in my Breast?
In vain for Rest I to the Couch repair,
And hope in Sleep to dissipate my Care.
For there in awful Visions I behold
My Terrors heighten'd, and my Hopes controul'd.
How can I then this wretched Life sustain,
When Sleep, Death's Image, but augments my Pain?

Oft, when alone, and in the Evening Shade,
I call on Death, but call in vain for Aid,
For thou, unmov'd, still lengthen'st out my Pains,
And while thy Wrath torments, thy Pow'r sustains.
Oh! finish, Lord, the vast unequal Strife,
And I to buy my Peace will quit my Life.

What

What did I say of Life?—That galling Chain!

By thee afflicted, what is Life but Pain?

I would not live—nor bear the dreadful Load:

I sink, I faint beneath thy chaf'ning Rod.

Oh! cease to urge what Nature cannot bear;

Nor fill me thus with Anguish and Despair.

Withdraw thy cruel all-supporting Pow'r:

And, lo! I perish in that gracious Hour.

Then humbly in thy Sight I lay me down,

At once thy Justice, and my Crimes I own.

To thee for Mercy and Relief I come:

Oh! take this Rebel, since repenting, home:

Oh! let thy Pity kill, and set me free;

And give me in Destruction Rest to see:

So shall the Voice of my Complaining cease;

And my last Breath shall bless thee for my Peace.



Then boast, fair FAVIA, boast thy Peace:

Thy Beauty's only Store;

Each Day gives STELLA

Each Day gives STELLA

STELLA and FLAVIA.

STELLA and FLAVIA ev'ry Hour,
 Do various Hearts surprize,
 In STELLA's Soul lies all her Pow'r,
 And FLAVIA's in her Eyes,
 More boundless FLAVIA's Conquests are,
 And STELLA's more confin'd,
 All can discern a Face that's fair;
 But few a lovely Mind.
 STELLA, like *Britain's* Monarch reigns
 O'er cultivated Lands,
 FLAVIA, like *Eastern* Tyrants, deigns
 To rule o'er barren Sands.
 Then boast, fair FLAVIA, boast thy Face,
 Thy Beauty's only Store;
 Thine will ev'ry Day decrease,
 Each Day gives STELLA more.

To

To a LADY at her GLASS.

WHAT faithful Hand, with wond'rous Art,
Can thus pourtray the lovely Dame?
Her Eyes! the pointed Lightnings see!
Another face, and yet the same.

What, was that Face too guiltless then,
Unless you arm'd your Shadow too?
The Beams that warm'd us so before,
What will they, when reflected do?
In vain your native Charms to shun,
The heedless Lover backward flies,
For should those spare him, still the Wretch,
Caught by the fair Delusion, dies.

Those Eyes, so dang'rous of themselves,
So multiply'd, who may endure?
Give, barb'rous fair One, fewer Wounds,
Or find, for ev'ry one, a Cure.

I

But

But think not that your Charms can Life,
 Or Death, in equal Measures give:
 Your Shadow may, alas! destroy,
 Your self can only make us live.



ANACREONTIQUE

AS it happen'd on a Night,
 Full of Rain, and void of Light,
 Dismal Night, when not a Star
 Shone in all the Hemisphere,
 And on Earth, by Sleep oppress'd,
 Ev'ry Soul was gone to Rest;
 Love, unknown to me before,
 Love stood knocking at my Door.
 Whence, and who, so late at Night,
 (Said I, waking in a Fright)
 Dare so rude a Knocking keep,
 To disturb my downy Sleep,
 Sleep from ev'ry Sorrow free,
 Sleep so rare a Guest to me?

Little

Miscellaneous POEMS.

171

Little Cause have you to fear,
 Whence we come, or who we are,
 Love, the subtle Rogue, replies,
 Gentle Stranger, pray thee, rise;
 And some tender Care imploy
 On a little harmless Boy,
 Who long wand'ring up and down,
 Unacquainted with the Town,
 Trembling, cold, and wet all o'er,
 Here have lit upon a Door.
 Mov'd at what the Urchin said,
 Simple Fool, I rose from Bed;
 Struck a Light, and op'd the Door,
 Where a little Boy I spy'd,
 Wings that on his Shoulders wore,
 Bow and Arrows by his Side.
 Ent'ring, I his Name enquire,
 Lead me, Master, to the Fire,
 For my Name, he made reply,
 You shall know it by-and-by.
 I lead him to't, all seeming mild,
 And as he said, a harmless Child.
 His little Hands, so chill with cold,
 In mine to warm I fondly hold;

Above

His

His little Locks, so wet with Rain,
 I gently wring, and dry again:
 When strait reviving by my Care,
 When warm'd his Hands, and dry'd his Hain;
 Landlord, said he, I fain wou'd know,
 How fares my Dart, how fares my Bow?
 If Proof against the Wet or no,
 Landlord! how fares my Dart and Bow?
 He bent his Bow, he fixt his Dart,
 And shot me full into the Heart,
 Stung with unsufferable Pain,
 I drew the Dart with Might and Main:
 With Might and Main, I drew the Dart,
 But left th' Impression on my Heart,
 Of her, whose Image it did bear,
 CLOE, the Gods peculiar Care,
 All this he saw, and seeing smil'd,
 No more a little harmless Child,
 But little Imp, devoid of Shame;
 Then, said he, Would you know my Name?
 CUPID, I'm call'd, by Gods above,
 By Men below, the Pow'r of Love.
 The Pow'r in Men and Gods inspires,
 All tender Thoughts, and am'rous Fires.

Above

Above, when minded to be great,
 In VENUS Court I keep my State,
 VENUS, my Mother, Queen of Love,
 Whom, yet, I no more fear than Jove;
 Jove often turn'd, to shew my Pow'r,
 To Bull, or Swan, to Flame, or Show'r.
 Below, when weary of the Skies,
 I keep incog in CLOE's Eyes,
 Whence all my private Pranks I play,
 And wound a thousand Hearts a Day.
 A thousand—ay! as many Hearts,
 As she has Looks, or I have Darts.
 But fare you well, for now I know,
 Safe is my Dart, safe is my Bow;
 Happy for you, could you but say,
 Your Heart was half as safe as they.



To

TO HENRY POWNEY, *Esq.*

TH O' plagu'd with Algebraick Lectures,
 And Astronomical Conjectures;
 Wean'd from the Sweets of Poetry,
 To Scraps of dry Philosophy:
 You see, dear HAL, I've found a Time,
 To express my Thoughts to you in Rhyme;
 For why, you'll say, should distant Parts,
 Or Time disjoin, united Hearts:
 Since, tho', by intervening Space,
 Depriv'd of speaking Face to Face,
 By faithful emissary Letter,
 We may converse, as well, or better:
 And not to stretch my narrow Fancy,
 To shew what pretty Things I can say;
 As some will strain at Similes,
 First work it fine, and then apply,
 Add BUTLER'S Rhymes, to PRIOR'S Thoughts,
 And chuse to mimick others Faults:

By

By Head and Shoulders, bring in a Stick,
To shew their Knack at *HUMAN ASTROLOGY*;
I'll tell you, as a Friend and Crony,
How here I spent my Time and Money.
No more, majestick *VIRGINIA'S* Heights,
Nor *MILTON'S* tow'ring lofty Flights;
Nor courtly *HORACE'S* Rebukes,
Who banters Vice, with friendly Jokes;
Nor *CONGREVE'S* Life, nor *COWLEY'S* Fire; I'll
Nor all the Beauties that conspire,
To fix the greenest Bays upon our Laurels;
Th' immortal Brews of *AMERICAN*;
PRIOR'S inimitable Lays, could I attempt;
Nor *POPE'S* harmonious Numbers please;
How can poetick Flow'rs abound?
How spring, in philosophick Ground?
HOMER, indeed, if I would shew it,
Was both *Philosopher* and *Poet*;
But tedious philosophick Chapters,
Quite stifle my poetick Raptures;
And I to *PHYSICS* bid adieu,
When first I took my leave of you.
Now Algebra, and Geometry,
Arithmetick, Astronomy,

and T

Opticks, Chronology, and Staticks;
 All tireſome Parts of Mathematicks,
 With twenty harder Names than theſe,
 Diſturb my Reſt, and break my Peace;
 All ſeeming Inconſiſtencies,
 Are nicely ſolv'd by A's and B's;
 Our Senſes are diſprov'd, by Priſms,
 Our Arguments by Syllogiſms;
 If I ſhould confidently write,
 This Ink is black, this Paper's white,
 They'd contradict it, and perplex one,
 With Motion, Light, and its Reflection;
 And ſolve th' apparent Falſhood by,
 The curious Structure of the Eye;
 Should you the Poker want, and take it,
 When it looks red, as Fire can make it,
 And burn your Fingers, and your Coat;
 They'd flatly tell you, 'twas not hot;
 The Fire, they ſay, has in't, 'tis true,
 A Pow'r of cauſing Heat in you;
 But no more Heat, in Fire that heats you,
 Than there is Pain, in Stick that beats you;
 And thus *Philophers* expound
 The Names of Odour, Taſte, and Sound.

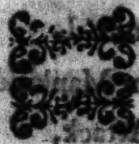
That

That Wine, and Verjuice, Grape, and Dung
Affect the Fibres of the Tongue.
Carnations, Violets, and Roses,
Raife a Sensation in our Noses:
But that there's none of us can tell,
That these have Taste, or those have Smell.
That when melodious MASON sings,
Or GAT'RING tunes the trembling Strings;
Or when the Trumpets brisk Alarms,
Call forth the cheerful Youth to Arms;
Convey'd thro' undulating Air,
The Musick's only in the Ear.
We're told how Planets roll on high,
How large their Orbits, and how high:
I hope in little Time to know,
Whether the Moon's a Cheese or no,
Whether the Man in't, as some tell you,
With Beef and Pudding stuffs his Belly,
Why like a Lunatick confin'd,
He lives at Distance from Mankind:
When, at one resolute Attack,
Might whirl his Prison off his Back;
Or like a Maggot in a Nut,
Full bravely, eat his Passage out.

But Feuds and Tumults in the Nation,
Distract such curious Speculation.

Cambridge, from furious Broils of late,
Foresees her near approaching Fate.
Her firmest Patriots are remov'd,
And her triumphant Foes approv'd.
No more : This Due from Friendship take,
Nor barely writ for writing Sake.

No longer doubt my true Respect,
Nor call this short Delay, Neglect :
For he that rhymes to make you easy,
And his Invention racks to please you ;
To shew his Friendship, cracks his Brains,
And is a Madman if he feigns.



Why like a Lutanick woe,
He lives at Distance from his Love :
When, at one resolute Attack,
Might whirl his Prison off his Back :
Or like a Maggot in a Nut,
Fall bravely, eat his Passage out.

TO FLAVIA.

WHY should your Eyes for Conquest move?
Why others tender Looks return?

In DAMON'S Heart you'll find more Love,
Than can in thousand others burn.

So tender is his Heart, so true,

Ev'n Love it self you triumph o'er;
Unless he dies your Pow'r to shew,
What would my FLAVIA seek for more?

Tyrants, who would new Kingdoms get,
Think ev'ry Joy in Pow'r alone;
The Monarch who is truly great,
Contented is to reign in order.

The Gay, the Young, to him alone,



No more my Charms with Transport own,

No more my Laws obey.

By

By the Same

WHEN GORDON from his Mother's side
 Forgetful of his Care, in vain
 With Tears she thus her Grief betray'd,
 With Sighs thus spake the Fair maid:

Why thus are all your Hours mispent,
 In Idleness and Play spent?
 Why does your Bow thus lie unbent,
 Your Arrows thrown away?

The God of Wealth too justly said,
 That I've my Conquest lost;
 Justly (since you deny your Aid)
 Superior Pow'r may boast.

The Gay, the Young, to him alone,
 Their blind Devotions pay:
 No more my Charms with Transport own,
 No more my Laws obey.

Peace,

Peace, dear Mamma, the Boy reply'd,
This needless Anger cease:

Do not your Son too rashly chide,

Nor thus neglect your Ease.

My Bow, indeed, unheeded lies,

Nor do I want it more:
Since to EUNESIA's conqu'ring Eyes,

I trusted have my Power;
(I laugh'd, I revel'd, all the Day)

I shoot at random, being blind, who

Doubtful my Arrow hits: and I

But sure, too sure! shall Mortals find

The Danger of her Eyes.
So unresponsive is my Mind.

PLUTUS, again, shall yield to Love,

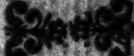
Again your Pow'r shall know a Slave

For as you reign the Queen above,

EUNESIA rules below.

Reproach'd thus, I'm forced -- but what?

SHAKESPEARE is like's MILTON



From Thought to Thought, for Comfort fly

But none I find, nothing can please

Books and Acquaintance only tease.

By the Same.

TELL me, EUNESIA, prytchen tell,
 (For thou, I fancy, know'st me well)
 Tell me, why I, who was so gay,
 (I laugh'd, I revel'd, all the Day)
 Who Life enjoy'd, who fear'd not Fate's robust,
 Why am I alter'd thus of late?
 Tasteless are grown my former Joys,
 Wit is but Folly, Musick Noise,
 So unattentive is my Mind,
 In Crowds a Solitude I find;
 While all my Friends are joyful Men,
 Musing I sit ---- Ha! what ails me then?
 One cries 'tis Pride, another Splendour,
 Reproach'd thus, I'll go read ---- but what?
 SHAKESPEAR is lifeless, MILTON flat.
 Successive Pleasures thus I try,
 From Thought to Thought, for Comfort fly;
 But none I find, nothing can please,
 Books and Acquaintance only tease.

So restless is my Soul, I own,
 Life is it self a Burthen grown.
 What means all this? Where can it end?
 Tell me, my Charmer, and my Friend:
 What? said EUNESSIA, what means this?
 Are you so dull, you cannot guess?
 Fly, my AMINTOR, to my Arms,
 (Where you've confess'd a thousand Charms)
 Fly to my Arms, you'll quickly find,
 'Tis Absence only stings your Mind:
 Fly to my Arms, a Kiss I'll give,
 That shall your Gaiety revive,
 And make you own, you wish to live.



By the Same.

YES, yes, I'll tell her that I love,
 Tho' I ne'er could before;
 Why should I thus in Silence prove
 Such Pangs as must her Pity move?
 I'll speak, or love no more.

No

No more! O vain! for were I blind
 To her bewitching Air,
 That easy Sweetness of her Mind,
 That Wit, that sprightly Humour join'd,
 Would still my Heart inhare.
 But yet I fear, fond Fool! to tell,
 Like Penitents, my Sin:
 Like them I would, I strive, but still
 Like them, alas! I can't reveal
 The Pains I feel within.

When on her Eyes I've panting hung,
 What have I thought to say?
 But Love has ev'ry Nerve unstrung,
 My Words have falter'd from my Tongue,
 And breath'd in Sighs away.

But Words are needless to proclaim
 A Passion that's sincere:
 And vain are Sighs; for when we aim
 To stifle and conceal the Flame,
 Then, then 'twill most appear.

By

By the Same.

JUNO and VENUS's other Day,
Went to high Words; Jove heard the Fray,
But did not care to interpose,
Unwilling----so much Time to lose.
Sad Names they call'd; indeed, such Names
As were not fit for modest Damsels, e.g.
Poor VENUS, could no longer hold,
(JUNO was much the better Soldier)
Away she flew to seek Relief;
Or else in Secret vent her Grief;
She cry'd, as sometimes Women will,
When Monkey, or----when Husband's ill,
CUPID, who saw Mamma distress,
Ask'd her the Cause, he begg'd, he press'd,
Did all a tender Son could do;
Around her Neck his Arms he threw,
And as she wept, he blubber'd too.
Tell me, Mamma, and give me ease,
What can deserve such Tears as these?

Your

Needles

Your Doves are safe ; what can it be ?

Are you at all displeas'd with me ?

No, cry'd the Goddess, no my Boy,

Thou art my best, my only Joy :

But unreveng'd, I can't be blest :

She chuck'd his Chin, and told the Rest.

Said Cupid then, No longer grieve,

Compleat Revenge I soon will give,

And such Revenge, that she shall rue

The Time she e'er affronted you,

She kiss'd her Son, again she kiss'd,

Then, starting cry'd, my Dear, what's this ?

The Goddess soon shall see he's

The anxious Pains of Jealousy ;

Jove soon again shall quit her Arms,

To seek his Heav'n in mortal Charms :

Not for a Day, an Hour, or two,

As when to meaner Loves he'd sue ;

But for an Age he'll woo this Prize,

Nor think of Jove and his Skies.

Where ? Said the Goddess, with a Smile,

Where is this Prize ? ---- In Britain's Isle.

In Britain's Isle the fairest are,

And she's amid'st ten thousand Fair.

Needles

Needless are there my Arrows found,
 Each careless Glance of her's can wound.
 A Shape so fair! Smile so sweet!
 What! dear Mamma! not guess her yet!
 Her Name? Said she -- but on he run
 Her Face! who sees it is undone;
 Ten thousand Graces there are seen,
 That draw the unwary Gazer in,
 Who, much transported, smiles to meet,
 Ruin so pleasing, Death so sweet;
 Her Neck! but let me measure you
 Just such another, 'tis I vow,
 So soft! so round! so white! so small!
 But then she's much the gentler Fall
 Down to her Breast, that lovely Breast!
 Where ev'ry God would wish to rest.
 Here, Venus stopp'd him with a Frown,
 Of Charms superior jealous grown.
 Who is't? said she -- I'll hear no more
 Bless me! Mamma! why his Mills



Where'er I move, the Goddess my Feet
 Attend me. When I draw my
 Stretch'd on my downy couch
 A sweet forgetfulness of all my Toils;
 The sovereign Presence guards my Sleep.

The 139th PSALM Paraphras'd.

O DREAD JEROBAH! thy all-piercing Eyes
 Explore the Motions of this mortal Frame,
 This Tenement of Dust: Thy stretching Sight
 Surveys th' harmonious Principles, that move
 In beauteous Rank and Order, to inform
 This Cask, and animated Mass of Clay,
 Nor are the Prospects of thy wond'rous Sight
 To this terrestrial Part of Man confin'd;
 But shoot into his Soul, and there discern
 The first Materials of unfashion'd Thought,
 Yet dim and undigested, till the Mind
 Big with the tender Images, expands,
 And swelling, labours with th' ideal Birth.

Where'er I move, thy Care pursue my Feet
 Attendant. When I drink the Dews of Sleep,
 Stretch'd on my downy Bed, and there enjoy
 A sweet Forgetfulness of all my Toils;
 Unseen, thy Sovereign Presence guards my Sleep,

Watts

Wafts all the Terrors of my Dreams away,
Sooths all my Soul, and softens my Repose;

Before Conception can employ the Tongue,
And mould the ductile Images to Sound,
Before Imagination stands display'd,

Thine Eye the future Eloquence can read,
Yet unarray'd with Speech. Thou, mighty Lord!
Hast moulded Man from his congenial Dust,
And spoke him into Being; while the Clay,
Beneath thy forming Hand, leap'd forth, inspir'd,
And started into Life: Thro' every Part
At thy Command, the Wheels of Motion play'd,

But such exalted Knowledge leaves below,
And drops poor Man from its superiour Sphere.
In vain, with Reason's Ballast, would he try
To stem th' unfathomable Depth; his Bark
O'er-sets, and founders in the vast Abyss.

Then whither shall the rapid Fancy run,
Tho' in its full Career, to speedy Flight
From thy unbounded Presence, which alone
Fills all the Regions and extended Space

End

Beyond

Beyond the Bounds of Nature's whither, Lord!
 Shall my unrein'd Imagination rove,
 To leave behind thy Spirit, and out-fly
 Its Influence, which, with brooding *Wings*,
 Hatch'd unfledg'd Nature from the dark Profound?

If, mounted on my towering Thoughts, I climb
 Into the Heav'n of Heav'ns; I there behold
 The Blaze of thy unclouded Majesty
 In the pure *Empyrean* thee I view
 High thro' d' alone all Heights thy radiant Shrine,
 Throng'd with the prostrate *Seraphs*, who receive
 Beatitude past Utterance! If I plunge
 Down to the Gloom of Tartarus profound,
 There, too, I find thee, in the lowest Bounds
 Of *Erebus*, and read thee in the Scenes
 Of complicated Wrath: I see thee clad
 In all the Majesty of *Darkness* there.

If, on the ruddy Morning's purple Wings
 Up-born, with indefatigable Course,
 I seek the glowing Borders of the East,
 Where the bright Sun, emergent from the Deep,
 With his first Glories gilds the sparkling Sea,
 Beyond

And

And trembles o'er the Waves; ev'n there, thy Hand
 Shall, thro' the wat'ry Desert, guide my Course,
 And o'er the broken Surges pave my Way,
 While on the dreadful Whirls I hang secure,
 And mock the warring Oceans. If with Hopes
 As fond as false, the Darkness I expect
 To hide, and wrap me in its mantling Shade;
 Vain were the Thought, for thy unbounded Ken
 Darts thro' the thick'ning Gloom, and pries thro' all
 The palpable Obscure. Before thy Eyes
 The vanquish'd Night throws off her dusky Shroud,
 And kindles into Day: The Shade, and Light
 To Man still various, but the same to thee.

On thee, is all the Structure of my Frame
 Dependant. Lock'd within the silent Womb,
 Sleeping I lay, and rip'ning to my Birth;
 Yet, Lord! thy out-stretch'd Arm preserv'd me there;
 Before I mov'd to Entity, and trod
 The Verge of Being: To thy hallow'd Name
 I'll pay due Honours: For thy mighty Hand
 Built this corporeal Fabrick, when it laid
 The Ground-work of Existence: Hence I read
 The Wonders of thy Art: This Frame I view
 With

With Terror and Delight; and wrapt in both,
 I startle at my self. My Bones, unform'd
 As yet, nor hardning from the viscous Parts,
 But blended with th' unanimated Mass,
 Thy Eye distinctly view'd; and, while I lay
 Within the Earth, imperfect, nor perceiv'd
 The first faint Dawn of Life, with Ease, survey'd
 The vital Glimm'ring rings of the active Seeds,
 Just kindling to Existence; and beheld
 My Substance scarce Material. In thy Book,
 Was the fair Model of this Structure drawn,
 Where every Part, in just Connexion join'd,
 Compos'd and perfected th' harmonious Piece,
 E'er the dim Speck of Being learn'd to stretch
 Its ductile Form, or Entity had known
 To range and wanton in an ample Space.

How dear, how rooted in my inmost Soul,
 Are all thy Counsels, and the various Ways
 Of thy eternal Providence! The Sun,
 So boundless and immense, it leaves behind
 The low Account of Numbers; and our flies
 All that Imagination e'er conceiv'd
 Less numerous are the Sands that croud the Shores,

The

The Barriers of the Ocean. When I rise
 From my soft Bed, and softer Joys of Sleep,
 I rise to thee. Yet, lo! the Impious slight
 Thy mighty Wonders. Shall the Sons of Vice
 Elude the Vengeance of thy wrathful Hand,
 And mock thy ling'ring Thunder, which with-holds
 Its fork'y Terrors from their guilty Heads?
 Thou great tremendous GOD! --- Avant, and fly
 All ye who thirst for Blood. --- For, sworn with Pride,
 Each haughty Wretch blasphemes thy sacred Name,
 And bellows his Reproaches to affront
 Thy glorious Majesty. Thy Foes I hate,
 Worse than my own. O Lord: Explore my Soul,
 See if a Flaw or Stain of Sin infects
 My guilty Thoughts. Then lead me in the Way
 That guides my Feet to thy own Heaven and thee.



MELAN

MELANCHOLY: An ODE

A Dieu vain Mirth, and noisy Joys,
 Ye gay Desires, deluding Toys;
 Thou thoughtful Melancholy deign,
 To hide me in thy pensive Train.
 If by the Fall of murmuring Floods,
 Where artful Shades embrown the Woods;
 Or if where Winds in Caverns groan,
 Thou wand'rest silent and alone.

Come blissful Mourner, wisely sad,
 In Sorrow's garb, in Sable clad;
 Henceforth, thou Care, thy Hours employ;
 Sorrow, be thou henceforth my Joy.

By Tombs, where sullen Spirits stalk,
 Familiar with the Dead I walk;
 While to my Sighs and Groans, by turns,
 From Graves the midnight Echoe mourns.

Open

Open thy marble Jaws, O Tomb!
Thou Earth conceal me in thy Womb;
And you the Worms, this Frame confound,
Ye Brother Reptiles of the Ground.

O Life! frail Offspring of a Day,
'Tis puff'd in one short Gasp away:
Swift as the short-liv'd Flower it flies,
It springs, it blooms, it fades, it dies.

With Cries we usher in our Birth,
With Groans resign our transient Breath;
While round, stern Ministers of Fate,
Pain, and Disease, and Sorrow wait.

While Childhood reigns, the sportive Boy
Learns only prettily to toy;
And while he roves from Play to Play,
The Wanton trifles Life away.

When to the Noon of Life we rise,
The Man grows elegant in Vice:
To glory then in Courts he climbs,
Wisely judicious in his Crimes.

When Youth and Strength in Age are lost,
 He seems already half a Ghost:
 Wither'd and wan to Earth he bows,
 A walking Hospital of Woes!

O Happiness, thou empty Name!
 Say, art thou bought by Gold or Fame?
 What art thou, Gold, but shining Earth?
 Thou common Fame, but common Breath!

If Virtue contradicts the Voice
 Of publick Fame, Applause is Noise:
 Ev'n Victors are by Conquest curst,
 The bravest Warriors are the worst.

Come then, O Friend, of virtuous Woe,
 With solemn Pace, demure and slow,
 Lo, sad and serious I pursue
 Thy Steps. ---- Adieu, vain World, Adieu.





The HERON: A Tale for the Old MAIDS.

A Her'n, erect, with stately Stride,
Was coasting by a River's Side;
Where gilded Carps in limpid Stream,
Sported before him, in the Gleam;
And lordly Pikes courted his Taste,
He needed only stoop to feast:
But hoping something Nice might offer,
Dainty, he flights, the present Proffer:
Not long but Appetite restor'd,
Draws him again down to a Ford;
Here the firm slimy Tench he found;
(But nothing better all around)
Such low Repast with Scorn refus'd,
Thus proudly with himself he mus'd----
What, Tench for me! such wretched stuff
Might serve an Otter well enough;

But Her'ns thus low to condescend,
 Like City-Monse, with Country Friend;
 Unmov'd, he views the homely Fare,
 Nor thinks it worth a single Care:
 The Tench swim off--- the Gudgeons next,
 Approach our Hero--- now perplex;
 But he who scorn'd their Betters so,
 Scorns them---- and lets the Gudgeons go;
 And now all gone, both good and bad;
 (A Finn on no Terms to be had)
 Poor Long-shanks seeing no great Choice,
 Knew 'twas a Folly to be nice;
 And so to make his Supper sure,
 Eat Snails like any Epicure.



To Sir JAMES THORNHILL,
on his Picture of JOHN SHEP-
PARD.

SHEPPARD is now secur'd at last:
THORNHILL has fix'd the Felon fast.

Off tho' he loos'd himself before,
The slippery Rogue escapes no more.

THORNHILL, 'tis thine to gild with Fame
Th' obscure, and raise the humble Name;
To make the Form elude the Grave,
And SHEPPARD from Oblivion save.

Tho' Life, in vain, the Wretch implores,
An Exile on the farthest Shores!
Thy Pencil brings a kind Reprieve,
And bids the dying Robber live.

This Piece to latest Times shall stand,
 And shew the Wonders of thy Hand,
 Thus former Masters grac'd their Name,
 And gave egregious Robbers Fame.

APELLES, ALEXANDER drew,
 CESAR is to ARELLIUS due,
 CROMWELL in LELY's Work doth shine,
 And SHEPPARD, THORNHILL, lives in thine.

Thou, that to Churches dost impart,
 And Hospitals, thy matchless Art;
 Let Prisons too thy Bounty share,
 And Newgate boast thy SHEPPARD there.

Still, to behold him, Crouds shall sue;
 But hide from Homicides the View,
 Left fired by his daring Soul,
 They loose their Chains, and break their Gail.

A SONG.

Another.

GOD of Sleep, for whom I languish,
 God of golden Dreams and Peace;
 Help to ease a Lover's Anguish,
 Help to make his Sorrows less:
 Spread thy sacred Pinions o'er me,
 Lull the busy Soul to Rest;
 Then bring her I love before me,
 She that's imag'd in my Breast;
 If kind as fair, my Prize I'll keep,
 And great as Jove the World forsake;
 Thus blest'd for ever let me sleep,
 And lie and Dream and never wake.

But should the Fair, divinely bright,
 Reject my Vows, and scorn my Flame;
 Then fly kind Sleep, restore the Light,
 Let STREPHON know, 'tis all a Dream.

K 5

Another,

A S O N G

Another.

IN vain my CHLOE you suggest,
 That I inconstant have possesst,
 Or lov'd a fairer she :
 Wou'd you with Ease at once be cur'd,
 Of all the Ills you've long endur'd,
 Consult your Glasse and me,
 If then you think that I can find,
 A Nymph more fair, or one more kind,
 You've Reason for your Tears :
 But if impartial you will prove,
 To your own Beauty, and my Love,
 How needless are your Tears :

If in my Way, I should by chance
 Receive, or give a wanton Glance ;

I like, but while I view :

How slight the Glance, how faint the Kiss,

To that much more substantial Bliss,

Which I receive from you.

Another

With wanton Flight the envious Bee,

Wanders from Flower to Flower free,

And where each Blossom blows ;

Extracts the Juice of all he meets,

But for his Quintessence of Sweets,

He ravishes the Rose.

So I my Passion to employ,

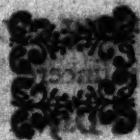
On each Variety of Joy,

From Nymph to Nymph do roam ;

Perhaps see fifty in a Day,

Those are but Visits which I pay,

My CHLOE is my home.



Another.

Another.

WHEN, *Dally* wife, the Grave disdain
 The pleasing Passion Love, and where
 All Sense out-grown of Joys and Pain,
 By thoughtless Spleen they move:
 Ill Nature sits in Judgment's Place,
 When Love like mine they blame,
 Who can the glowing Heart but praise,
 When Merit makes the Flame,
 Like them, but sway'd by Reason's Rule,
 Amaz'd, I view the Weak,
 Who Learning love in Folly's School,
 Mistake the Bliss they seek:
 Too oft, alas! the Face that's fair,
 With feign'd Good-humour gay,
 Conceals the Soul that's insincere,
 And clouds the promis'd Day.

To her my Heart its Homage owes;

On true Desert intent,

Whose Sense of Nature's Blessing goes

No further than Content: the Bard, looking

Such Beauty, Time it self shall pass

Or what that Loss supplies;

Virtue shall make her Reason's Care,

And charm the Lover's Eyes.

How fair all you Friends to Friendship

A Tale will raise your Wonder,

Her Face imperfect Conquest made,

And could but greatly charm

Her Mind, the subtle Fire convey'd

With which my Soul is warm:

Then guiltless, let me hope the Flame

May reach at last to his,

To catch the Cause from whence it came,

And bless a faithful Pair.

And badge he had of Honour.

Oh! had you seen our Heroine

No Knight could ever love

Unless his Size,

My song believ,

From M... of Tragedy.

On the Desert Island,

On Sir W^m M^r N, Knight of
the *Bath*, loosing his **BADGE** of
the **ORDER**

[To the Tune—*Of Noble Race was Shinken*.]

HEAR all you Friends to Knighthood,

A Tale will raise your Wonder,

How Caitif vile, Her Face imperfect Conquest made,

By basest wile, And could but greatly charm

An hardy Knight did plunder Her Mind, the subtle Fiend

With which my Soul is warm:

How from this *British* Worthy Then guileless, let me hear

This Knave, — a Pox light on his head, May reach at last to him

Did once purloin To catch the Cause from whence it came

The only Sign, And blest a faithful Paw

And Badge he had of Honour.

Oh! had you seen our Hero

No Knight could e'er look bigger;

Unless his Size,

My Song belies,

Than M^r N of *Tredegar*.

A Ribbon grac'd his Shoulder,
A Star shone on his Breast, Sir,
With smart *Toupee*,
Fort bien poudré,
And Cockade on his Crest, Sir.

This Ribbon held a Bauble,
Which his kind Stars decreed him;
With which he'd play,
Both Night and Day,
'Twould do you good to see him.

Tho' I a Bauble call it,
It must not thus be slighted;
'Twas one of the Toys,
Bon gave his Boys,
When first the Chits were knighted.

Hur was the Flower of Knighthood,
You never saw such a gay Thing;
But *English Rogue*,
Confound the Dog,
Who's rob him of his play Thing.

Rouse up, ye brave Knights Errant,
 Ne'er give this Caitif Quarter:
 Ye Knights of the Toast,
 Or Knights of the Post,
 Or Thistle, Bath, or Garter.

Learn hence, ye courtly Lordlings,
 Who hear this fatal Story:
 On how slight Strings,
 Depend those Things,
 Whereon ye hang your Glory.



Part of the Third Chapter of **JOB**
 Paraphras'd.

BLOT out the Day, blot out the Day,
 Raze it from out the Calendar of Fate:
 For ever, oh! for ever let it be
 Involv'd in Darkness, and the Horrid Shade.

Of Death, and let a frowning pitchy Cloud
 Blacken that Day and Night, — that luckless Day,
 That cursed Night, and let the rolling Year
 Glide chearful on; and ev'ry changing Month
 Be fill'd with happy Days, when that ill Day
 Is quite extinct, and banish'd from the Roll
 Of Time. — Let no bright Moon, nor twinkling Star,
 Nor Light-supplying Torch, nor Candle shine
 On that detested Night: — But only let
 The dull dim Glow-worm, shed its deathly Gleam
 Tremendous. — Let no chearful Voice nor Sounds
 Be heard on that sad Night: but doleful all,
 The boding Raven, and the lonely Bittern,
 The howling Dog, or Wolf, and screeching Owl,
 The Groans and Sighs of wand'ring, restless Ghosts,
 Be all the Musick of that hated Night.

Why had I not, — why had I not remain'd
 Buried in my first Tomb? Then had the Place
 Of Life, been unto me the happy Place
 Of Death and endless Darkness, — nor had I
 Seen this detested Light, which shows to me
 Such Scenes of Woe — or if I must have seen
 Such dreadful Scenes, — or if I must have seen

This

This World's false Light, methinks, one Moment's Time
 Had been enough, too much, --- then had I sunk
 To my primeval Darkness, as I wish, ---
 Without a Name. --- Why did thy officious Knees
 Cruelly fondle such a Wretch as I, ---
 Destin'd to Woe, to Pain, and wasting Grief:
 The Rack of Life, --- to see my Parents dye,
 My dearest Kindred too; to see my Friends
 Sink under Ground, or turn my Foes above; ---
 Bright Days are gone and fled, --- the darker they
 That yet remain, while wretched I am left
 Forlorn, defenceless, midst ten thousand Foes,
 Who mock the Ills they cause; O cruel Scorn
 Of faithless Men, more cruel and more false
 Than ravenous Crocodiles, who weep (they say)
 Over the Carcass they are just devouring, ---
 Insulting Wailings! --- such the Pity is,
 I find, among the inhuman Race of Man
 Detested, and detesting various Ways
 They show their Hatred, various as my Woes.
 Why was I born to Light, when that same Light
 To me is Darkness? Why brought forth to Life,
 When Life is worse than Death? Oh! had I dy'd
 Within the Womb, or just as I came from it,

In Death! and dear Oblivion!--- I had been
As happy as the Slave releas'd from Bondage.---
There sleeps the Slave, as easy as the Grass,
And hears no more the stern Oppressor's Voice,
Nor dreads the wounding Lash, nor meets the Frown,
Nor haughty Tyrant Look,--- the Wicked there
From troubling cease, and th' Weary are at Rest.

O long expected Hour! O wish'd-for Day!
When I shall end this weary Pilgrimage!
I, weary of the World, the World of me.---
We long to part.--- O! wretched, wretched Life,
The Curse of Being! Lord! send th' happy Hour,
Give it new Wings, and shorten the sad Scene.

Oh! shall eternal Glory recompence,
And make me quite forget the Ills of Life?

Oh! may the lovely Spring and blooming May
To no dull Chamber be confin'd;
May it then to no rich Top of Clowd be sold;
Nor better thy dear Liberty for Gold;
In the Church may it then ever stand,
All gay without, and sorrow'd all within.

My



TO SERENA ; on presenting her
The *Conscious Lovers*, Written by
Sir RICHARD STEELE.

IF e'er thou should'st the dang'rous Passion prove,
And thy soft Soul be melted into Love ;
May'st thou, my Friend, some worthy Partner find,
Well-ferm'd by Heav'n to suit thy gen'rous Mind ;
Your Taste, your Genius, and your Thoughts the same,
To raise, and to endear th' immortal Flame :
Still new your Love, and ardent your Desire,
While one bright Soul two Bodies should inspire,
Nor Death it self put out the heavenly Fire.

Oh! may the lovely bright, and blooming Maid,
To no dull *Cimberton* be ever betray'd :
May'st thou to no rich Fop or Clown be sold,
Nor barter thy dear Liberty for Gold ;
In no gilt Chariot may'st thou ever shine,
All gay without, and tortur'd all within.

May'st

May'st thou some *Bevil's* rising Passion move,
 And teach, at once, his generous Soul to Love;
 Like *INDIANA*, fix the unerring Dart,
 And make the first Impression on his Heart;
 Still may'st thou taste a Bliss without Alloy,
 None of her Grief, but all her tender Joy.

Verfes made at *CRAMBO*.

BE kind, my dear *CLOE*, let's Kiss and let's *Love*,
 Let our favourite Guide be the Sparrow and *Dove*;
 Tho' *ADAM* was dull, till *GOVE* gave him a *Pain*,
 Yet he quickly found out what to do with his *Fair*;
 He ne'er stood complaining and whining in *Rhyme*,
 But was wiser, and knew what to do with his *Time*;
 He quickly took ev'ry Thing by the right *Handle*,
 The Grass was his Bed, and the Sun was his *Candle*;
 Then I leave you to guess what he did with his *Dear*,
 When *EVE* had no Shame, and he had no *Fear*.
 The

The COMPARISON.

E'ER smoaky Towns shall vie with rural Plains,
 Or City Cockneys rival Country Swains,
 Let Nature all her Ornaments resign,
 And in her gaudy Robes no longer shine.
 First, let the feather'd Nation cease to sing,
 Nor from the sprouting Trees tune in the Spring;
 Nor round the Meadows chant alternate Odes,
 And into Being chime the opening Buds;
 Forget their Matrons at the Break of Day,
 Forget to fly, and mope, and pine away.
 Let pensive PHYLONIA sleep all the Night,
 Nor in her solitary Strains delight.
 No more the Zephyrs thro' the Censave rove,
 Curl ev'ry Stream, and sport with ev'ry Grove.
 Fountains shall cease to rise, Streams cease to flow,
 Or else forget to murmur as they go.
*Ex smoaky Towns shall vie with rural Plains,
 Or City Cockneys rival Country Swains.*

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No more let bright AURORA gild the Skies,

Nor Sol in Splendor from his Chambers rise,

O'er brilliant Blades of Grass extend his Beams,

Nor mark deep Shadows on the chrystal Streams,

Make all the Plains appear serenely bright,

And glad the darksome Vales with Gleams of Light;

Nor on the Brow of lucid Mountains shine,

And on the Western Skies in red decline

No more replenish with his monthly Boon,

In our dark Nights the solitary Moon:

While frisking Fairies wander from the Way,

Can't tread their Circles right, nor guide the Play,

And wonder at the Absence of their Day.

Let mossy Caves, and silent Grotto depart,

And Nature yield to the Disguise of Art;

The Earth no more in a green Garb appear,

Nor rich Pomona crown the falling Year;

Let Vistas, Lawns, Shades, Glades, and purling Streams,

Be all Chimeras, and poetick Dreams.

Let Trees compose no Shades, no cooling Bow'rs,

No Sweets arise from odoriferous Flow'rs.

Let the gay Meads put on a rugged Dress,

Retirement lose her Charms, and Solitude her Peace,

Err

E'er smoaky Towns shall vie with rural Plains,

And City Cockneys rival Country Swains.

Let dirty Streets be pay'd with flow'ry Green,
 And thro' the murky Fog that hangs between,
 Let an unclouded Sun, and azure Skies be seen.
 Where busy Crouds prels'd on, and throng'd the Way,
 Let Groves and Forests rise as thick as they;
 Let Cascades play, and Streams come murmur'ing down,
 Where noisy Coaches rattled o'er the Town;
 Let stinking Kennels be transform'd to Brooks,
 Coxcombs (an easy Change) to Jays and Rooks:
 Prating Coquets be turn'd to cackling Geese,
 And Mobs huzzaining, into buzzing Bees;
 Let Birds, in Concert, serenade each Street,
 Cows low at the Exchange, and Sheep at *Gate-Hill*
 bleat;
 Let Thrushes echo round from Square to Square,
 And Blackbirds whistle thro' each Thoroughfare:
 Let Cuckows *cuckoo* cry, and Oxen bellow,
 Where Mackrel new were cry'd, and Medlars mellow.
 Where Small-coal murmur'd in a hollow Note,
 Let Ravens croak, and mutter thro' their Throat.

Where

Where Chimney-sweep in shriller Accents rung,
 Let piping Shepherds tune their rural Song :
 Where Lamps, and Torches, ill supply'd the Night,
 Let CYNTHIA, and the heavenly Lamps give light ;
 Let Owls, and Bitterns, sound their midnight Ditty,
 Where Watchmen's Thumps resounded o'er the City,
E'er smoaky Towns shall vie with rural Plains,
Or City Cockneys rival Country Swains.

Let Cars, Sedans, and Chairs, and rolling Sledges,
 Transfix'd, sprout up in Shrubs, and Quick-set Hedges ;
 Let Towers be metamorphos'd into Trees,
 And Smoak salute them in a fragrant Breeze :
 In Groupes of lofty Rocks, let *Paul's* be rear'd,
 Such as to *Indian* Kings it once appear'd :
 And the wide Subterranean Vault below,
 Be chang'd to one, which Nature has made so ;
 Or in a Mountain, let the Fabrick end,
 In Trees its stately Pinacles ascend,
 The spacious Dome spread out in lofty green,
 And sportive Squirrels on the Fanes be seen,
 Let Riv'lets gently by the Sides stream down,
 And be a general Conduit for the Town ;

L

Thro'

Thro' every Street, descending Fountains glide,
 And form a murmuring Current in *Cheapside*.
 Let Noise, no more, disturb fair *Thames's* Shore,
 Nor Voices louder, than her Waters roar;
 Her crowded Banks, be dress'd with sportive Willows,
 Shading the Shore, and beck'ning to the Billows:
 Nor Oars, and Skullers, on her Banks resound,
 But Boats, to Plough-shares turn'd, divide the Ground;
 While all the noisy Croud that haunt the Strand,
 No longer plough the Waves, but plough the Land.
 Where Jobbers, with their airy Bubbles bawl,
 Let empty Echoes to each other call.
 In fine, let Stalls and Shops no longer stink;
 And *Beaus* (a painful Task!) begin to think;
 Let thy eternal Din, O London! cease,
 And all thy Streets and Palaces be Peace,
 E'er smoaky Towns shall live with rural Plains,
 And City Cockneys rival Country Swains.





An ODE; occasion'd by Lord BO-
LINGBROKE's presenting a
Butt of Wine to Mr. BARNES,
on his Dedicating a New Edition
of ANACREON to His Lord-
ship.

COME ANACREON, drunken Priest!
Drunken Poet! hither come,
Mirth prepares a social Feast;
Rosy Garlands deck the Room.

Musick strikes the trembling Strings,
Pleasure waits the sprightly Sound,
Pleasure smiles while CUPID sings,
Pleasure wafts the Notes around.

See the glad Companions meet,
Bright'ning Joy in ev'ry Eye,
Full of Humour, full of Wit;
Come ANACREON, come they cry!

CLEON weaves, with curious Care,
Wreaths of Roses for thy Brows;

GALLUS, to the *Muses* dear,

GALLUS, Floods of Wine bestows.

CLEON, gath'ring all thy Lays,
Threw the Heap at Gallus' Feet;

GALLUS gives a smiling Praise,
And rewards his Toil with Wit.

Take, he cries, this Tun of Wine,

Fit Reward of drunken Songs!

Wine and Mirth are justly thine,

Wine to such a Theme belongs.

Gen'rous Peer! the *Bard* replies,

Much I honour such a Boon,

Gen'rous Peer! thy Words are wise,

Glad I make the Wine my own.

Gay ANACREON sung of Wine,

Wine inspir'd the mirthful *Bard*;

BACCHUS' Joys henceforth be mine;

BACCHUS' Joys are my Reward.

BACCHUS

BACCHUS-like he strides the Tun,
Sparkling Pleasure in his Eyes,
Drinking down the setting Sun,
Drinking 'till his Glories rise.

Come ANACREON, drunken Priest!
Drunken Poet! hither come,
Mirth prepares a social Feast,
Rofy Garlands deck the Room.

Musick strikes the trembling Strings,
Pleasure waits the sprightly Sounds,
Pleasure smiles while CUPID fings,
Pleasure wafts the Notes around.



L 3

Written

Written Extempore, on a **LADY**,
 who (by some Mishap) fell in a
 Vault.

UPON a Time there was a Cat,
 By chance fell in a Brewer's Vate
 Of Wort, half full, --- in this sad trim,
 Poor Puss was fore'd for Life to swim,
 In hope to gain the distant Brim,
 From whence she fell, ---- but all in vain,
 Still round she swims, and round again :
 But now, quite tir'd, her Spirits fail, ----
 (Altho' supported by strong Ale)
 At length she made this mournful cry, ----
 What no Friend near ? No Succour nigh ?
 Oh ! woe is me ! I'm almost drown'd ;
 (The Vate reverberates the Sound)
 The Rats were marching to the Malt,
 Hearing a Cry, they made a Halt ;
 Still Puss cry'd out, I'm drown'd, I'm drown'd,
 Again they hear the plaintive Sound.

All

All seem'd affrighted at the Noise,
 Scarce one could guess, whence came the Voice;
 At length, thus spake a running Rat,
 I know the Voice, -- it is the Cat
 That's fall'n in the Vate of Wort;
 Let's go and see her, 'twill be Sport.
 Away they posted to the Place,
 And there beheld poor Pusse's Case;
 The Cat desir'd them in all Love,
 To help her out, and swore by Jove;
 That, if they'd ease her present Pain,
 She'd never worry Rats again.
 The Rats consent, so puff'd with Hopes,
 They hoist her up with little Ropes;
 When, ill for them, with glaring Eyes,
 Upon the wretched Throng she flies;
 The Speaker Rat, was first her Prey,
 And, as he in her Talons lay,
 Most humbly sued, for promis'd Grace,
 And prov'd the Treaty to her Face;
 Which so inrag'd and anger'd Pusse,
 She grip'd him close, and answer'd thus ---
 How now ye Vagrants, do you think,
 I'll keep a Promise made in drink:

Then, fiercely growling, laid him dead,
 And on the Rest with Fury fled;
 In Heaps they strew the bloody Ground,
 And Screams, and Groanings echo-round.

PRUDERY.

WHAT is Prudery? A Beldam,
 Found with Wit, and Beauty seldom;

'Tis a Fear that starts at Shadows,

'Tis---no, 'tis not like Miss MEADOWS;

'Tis an Enemy to Truth,

Friendship, Cheerfulness, and Youth;

'Tis a Virgin hard of Feature,

Old and void of all good Nature;

'Tis a cursed envious Shrew,

That rails at dear LE PELL and HOW.

Mater

Mater Sæva Cupidinum. Hor.

THE cruel Mother of Desire,
 With sprightly Wine and wanton Ease,
 Bids the extinguish'd Flames respire,
 And all my Soul with wonted Fury seize.

CELIA, I burn, my Heart obeys
 The Summons of so bright a Face,
 Thro' whose transparent Skin, the Veins
 Show finer than the polish'd Marble Stains:
 So sweetly coy Lov's eager Fire
 Repell'd, does with more Rage aspire,
 Enkindled at a Face so bright,
 It dazzles the enamour'd Sight.

She comes! she comes! she leaves her *Cyprian* Plains,
 And all the Goddess rushes in my Veins;
 No more of vanquish'd *Gauls* I sing,
 And hardy *Britons* fierce in fight;
 My Pen is pluck'd from *Cupid's* Wing,
 And Love and only Love will write.

Some Vervain bring, and Myrtle here,
 To VENUS I'll an Altar rear,
 Incense and Wine, my Boys, prepare,
 I'll sacrifice and get the Fair.

The MILK-MAID.

IN the sprightly Month of May,
 When all smells sweet, and looks so gay,
 There tripp'd along a buxom Lass,
 With a Milk-Pail o'er the Grass;
 On she went with nimble tread,
 The Pail stood steady on her Head;
 Hoping still to reach the Town,
 E'er that Evening Sun went down;
 And, for that Reason, to be freed
 From whatso'er delay'd her Speed,
 One single Petticoat she wore,
 Half way tuck'd up her Leg before;
 With low-heeld Shoes, to go the quicker,
 To trip the liss, and save her Liquor.

As thus she pass'd, within her Thought,
 She fancied all her Milk was bought;
 The Money her's, she seem'd intent,
 How to improve it *Cent per Cent*;
 She bought some Eggs, and set a Hen;
 The Chicks she hatch'd, and set again,
 Already in Imagination,
 Sh' had Chicks enow to stock the Nation:
 I can, said she, or sure 'tis hard,
 Bring up the Chicks about our Yard;
 And harder still if Fox and Dog,
 Don't leave enow to buy a Hog:
 The Hog will sure be fat with ease,
 With half a dozen Peck of Pease;
 And then I'm very much mistaken,
 If I'm a looser by my Bacon;
 But when that's sold, it shan't be said,
 I let my Money lie by dead;
 I'd better than do so by half,
 E'en buy me with't a Cow and Calf;
 And with small Cost I shall be able
 To feed them both in our own Stable:
 Besides, 'twill pass a rainy Day,
 To see the little Wanton play;

To see it run about and skip,
 With that, by Sympathy, she gave a Leap,
 Down comes the Milk, and with it fall,
 Cow, Calf, and Hog, and Eggs and all;
 She on the Ground, with mournful Eye,
 Sees all her Hopes of Riches lie;
 Her Fortune spilt, and all her Schemes
 Turn'd but into waking Dreams.
 --- In nothing so much Joy we take,
 As to sit and Dream awake.
 The flatt'ring Error sooths our Soul,
 And still it roves without controul:
 Thus he, whose harpy Finger itches,
 Still to be scraping up of Riches;
 Can ne'er express th' Excess of Pleasure,
 In brooding o'er a fancied Treasure:
 Another more inclin'd to Love,
 Forms in his Mind a shady Grove;
 And in that Grove, some Grotto where
 He may enjoy his charming Fair;
 Already in his Fancy traces,
 All her nameless Charms and Graces;
 The Fair indulges first a Kiss,
 And then at last a nobler Bliss.

Fancy,

Fancy, if thou, such Joys can give,
 Ever fancying, let me live;
 But 'tis not so well with me,
 For when I'm alone and free,
 Ambition, tyrant of my Days,
 In gaudy Shapes before me plays:
 Not many Days are vanish'd since
 I thought my self some mighty Prince:
 Methinks, said I, they chuse me King,
 The Streets with Acclamations ring;
 Whilst the Bells from ev'ry Steeple,
 Proclaim my Honours to the People,
 And to compleat this golden Dream,
 I thought me first in your Esteem;
 But whilst with justest Moderation,
 I was ruling thus my Nation;
 Some curst Noise, by accident,
 The present Turn of Thought unbent;
 And I remain'd when this was o'er,
 The self same Thing I was before.

VERSES



VERSES writ by a GENTLE-
MAN in his Sister's Table-Book.

IN this Repose the Secrets of your Mind,
This, the same constant, faithful Friend you'll find,
When Fortune smiles, or if she proves unkind:
And if some fav'rite Youth, your Heart shall move,
And your young Bosom pant with glowing Love:
Then when he runs his Tale of Fondness o'er,
Swears that he loves, and vows he does adore;
Take this and read, that when we most protest,
Our Vows are perjur'd, and our Sighs a Jest.



VERSES

To

To a LADY who ask'd, what is Love?

LOVE's no irregular Desire,

No sudden Start of raging Pain,

Which in a Moment grows a Fire,

And in a Moment cools again.

Not found in the sad Sonneteer,

Who sings of Darts, Despair, and Chains,

And by whose senseless Verse 'tis clear,

He wants not only Heart, but Brains.

Nor is it centred in the Brain,

Who fights by Rule, in Order dies,

Whose All consists in outward Show,

And want of Wit by Dress supplies.

No, Love is something so Divine,

Description would but make it less,

'Tis what I know, but can't define,

'Tis what I feel, but can't express.

To



To Lady HARVEY; on a Conversation concerning Names, by M I-
RANDA.

SOUL-moving HARVEY, in whose smiling Eyes
The azure Stamp of Heaven distinguish'd shines,
Strong as your Beauty, may my Fancy rise,
And your Flute's sweetness modulate my Lines.

While I, no Poet, yet presume to show,
In Poet's Numbers with unlicens'd Flames,
How our first Passions from Examples flow,
And borrow that Example from our Names.

The bleeding Bosom, and the pictur'd Fame,
Instruct each young LUCRETIA to be chaste,
While little CLEOPATRA's laugh at Shame,
And see no Fault in those whom Beauty grac'd.

MARC' RYS

MARG'RYE and JOANS may stray from Honour's Laws,
Nor are so distant TOM's and WILL's Address;
But PORTIA or COMESENIA Reverence draws,
And with the decent Pride of Caution blest.

DAPHNIS and CORYDON, attractive Swains,
Strike in Idea, and surprize in Sound,
While HODGE and TRISTRAM loose their am'rous Pains,
And fright the SYLVIA's they propose to wound.

Ask your lov'd Lord, so letter'd and polite,
Whether *Heers*, *Hop*, and *Rump* in Time to come,
Can, in the Blaze of Story, shine so bright,
As the smooth Legates of old *Greece* and *Rome*.

Had BUB been DODINGTON e'er known to Spain,
What barb'rous Censures had our Nation 'scap'd?
The soft-mouth'd Siegniors mim'd and fl'd in vain,
Those stubborn Consonants so Goth-like shap'd.

Who, that was christen'd JULIUS, dares be base,
When he reflects on his great Patron's Fame?
Or if some huge VAN TROMPE wants Air and Grace,
Who blames the Monster when he hears the Name?

Were I to choose what Title I would wear,
 Would I KNOCK-FERGUS, or KILL-PATRICK choose,
 When DORSET or ARGYLE had tun'd my Ear,
 Or HARVEY's softest Vowels charm'd my Muse?

Oh! what a tuneful Thunder shook the Tongue,
 When MALBOROUGH's conquering Sword alarm'd
 the Foe:
 Had GABLONOWSKI led our Armies on,
 The General Scarecrow's Name had foil'd each blow.

Epaminondas, does that sound like WILLS?
 Can e'er your Voice make rough CADOGAN fall
 With that soft Grandeur, which so smoothly trills,
 When we say CESAR, HECTOR, HANNIBAL.

Had HELENA been MOLL, or PARIS HOB,
 Troy had but heard, and 'scap'd the fatal Flame;
 Nay, had our W-----'s self, been simple BOB,
 Not e'en his Politicks, had rais'd his Name.

Shunning those common Tracts of homely Sound,
 Go on, fair HARVEY, to distinguish well,
 Let Names that suit your lovely Babes be found,
 Add a BELLARIA to the sweet LEBELL.

Round

Round your lov'd Knees, let ANGELS stand,
And soft CHARMS and OLYMPIA'S SMILES
Give us AUGUSTUS to grace our Land,
And pour the Mother's Sweetness round the Isle.



On Miss S. R.'s Birth Day.

ALL hail, bright Beams, that usher in the Morn,
In which the Charmer of my Soul was born:
A Day for ever blest, by far most dear
Of all that shine in the revolving Year.

Ye little warbling Songsters of the Grove,
Prepare your sweetest Notes to wake my Love;
And thou propitious Sun, whose gladfom Ray
Dispels the Gloom, and brings anew the Day,
Which to my ravish'd Soul such Pleasure yields,
Gild with a brighter Lustre all the Fields;
This Day, with a peculiar Influence, greet,
And give to ev'ry Flow'r a double Sweet:

But

But when thy setting Rays to Rest invite,
 And draw the modest Curtains of the Night;
 Let each kind Star dart all its choicest Beams,
 And Angels lull my Fair with golden Dreams;
 Oh! may she every Sweet of Fortune taste;
 And each New Year, prove happier than the past;
 But sure she must be Heav'n's peculiar Care,
 Chaste as its Angels, as its Angels fair:
 Happy the Youth, whose Fortune has decreed,
 His ardent Vows, and Wishes, shall succeed;
 To whom the fair One shall resign her Charms,
 And give that Heav'n of Beauty to his Arms:
 Then, when their kinder Planets shall combine,
 The constant Swain, and faithful Nymph to join;
 Oh! may they live, from ev'ry Care remov'd,
 For ever loving, and for ever lov'd.



To

To CLOE, covering her Neck,
with an *Indian* Handkerchief.

O ! Let not, at your Lover's Cost,
O ! CLOE, let not *India* boast,
That, with new Lustre, she can deck
The native Beauties of your Neck :
Whate'er is pretty, may be seen
Underneath that gaudy Skreen ;
Where the World, in Type appears,
Lovely, lucid Hemispheres,
The World ! of all my Hopes and Fears ;
Where azure Lines, a-cro's do stray,
And wanton, in their Milky-way ;
And where, my Eyes could ever rove,
And look, and long, and feed on Love.

Foolish *India* ! send no more,
Faint and languid Colours o'er ;
Paintings ! brighter, livelier, far,
Nature's Pencil, has drawn, here :

All

All the Glories of the *East*,
 Crowded are, in CLOE's Breast.
 AURORA, when we see her rise,
 And streak, with red, the dawning Skies;
 Does a Blush, less beauteous wear,
 Than that maiden Colour, here;
 Which oft, thro' Modesty, is seen,
 Never from a Guilt within;
 Whose rosy Colours ne'er return,
 But I, with equal Ardour, burn.
 In Pity, O! ye Stars, incline
 To warm my CLOE's Breast, like mine;
 But fly, thou dull and envious Cover,
 And relieve the wishing Lover.
 When my Eyes no more can trace
 The dazzling Lustre of her Face,
 Her snowy Neck they may explore,
 And safely range its Beauties o'er.

The
 Paint and languid Colours
 Paintings! brighter, livelier, far
 true's pencil, has drawn, here

The ROVER fix'd.

CLOE! your sovereign Charms I own;
I feel the fatal Smart;
The Glory, you can boast, alone,
To fix my wand'ring Heart.

Your beautiful Sex, with various Grace,
My Passions, oft, have mov'd;
And now a Shape, and then a Face,
As Fancy led, I lov'd.

So, does the vagrant Bee explore
Each Sweet, that Nature yields;
Lightly, she skims from Flow'r, to Flow'r,
And ranges all the Fields.

But! you have found the cruel Art
To cure my roving Mind;
Each Female Beauty you impart,
Your Sex, in one, combin'd.

My

My Eyes disclose my secret Pain ;

My constant Sighs discover,

Tho' in deep Silence I remain,

That I am CLOE's Lover.

Irkſom, I paſs the Hours away,

When baniſh'd from your Sight ;

I languish all the livelong Day,

And all the wakeful Night.

Tell me, ye learn'd, who ſtudy much

The Nature of Mankind,

Why, if I think, or look, or touch,

If ſhe be coy, or kind.

I feel my Boſom, ſtrangely move,

Quick Throbbings ſeize my Breaſt ?

All, that I know, is, That I love :

Do you explain the reſt.

To

To JACYNTA, Lamenting at
CLOE's Small-Pox.

N O more, no more, JACYNTA, say,

That CLOE's former Face,

Each heav'nly Beauty did display,

And ev'ry pleasing Grace.

The Half of what remains to her,

Or all, you say, is lost,

Thee, O JACYNTA, would prefer

To be a First-rate Toast.

Then, thy ill-natur'd Pity spare,

Nor CLOE's Fate regret;

For CLOE is divinely fair,

And must be envied yet.

Were she an Angel heretofore,

As you'd be understood;

Yet, I'm contented, I'll be sworn,

With this same Flesh and Blood.

M

A

 A Familiar EPISTLE to the Right
 Reverend Dr. HOADLEY, Lord
 Bishop of BANGOR.

SINCE epick Strains no more are heard;
 Nor Virtue, lately, has appear'd
 In long-spun Fable: Since no God
 Works Wonders now in Episode.
 But Poets write (as Doctors care
 By chymick Skill) in Miniature.
 Since Pages few of flowing Wit,
 On merry Subjects, archly writ,
 Out-rival all the Tales of old,
 By strong-lung'd Greek or Latin told.
 In short, my Lord, since Folio-praise
 Is thought unbred, in these our Days;
 And since a little Ode, or Letter,
 Is sooner penn'd, and relish'd better:
 Accept the humble Verse I chuse,
 A Wakening to some sprighlier Muse:

Accept

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Accept it from your faithful Friend,
The Love, which you create, I send.
I send you Health, I send you Praise,
And length, and faustity of Days:
May every Year, may every Hour,
Honours, and Blessings, on you pour:
And when good DURHAM sleeps in Peace,
O! may you bless the Diocese.

Knowledge extensive, useful, new,
A Head so clear, a Heart so true
Virtue embody'd! a whole Life,
For Liberty, one glorious Strife:
Talents like these, let all Men know it,
Deserve a better See, and Poet.

Whilst I, my Lord, deceive my Time
With MILTON's Blank, or WELSTED's Rhyme
Whilst I my Hours, at Will, employ
And feel no Care, without a Joy:
Whilst deep in Lore, and learned Text,
I'm oft inlighten'd, oft perplex'd:
Whilst CLEMENS, and his Friends, awhile,
In Facts I trace, or sit in Stile;

Plodding to sleep, my pensive Mind,
 One Truth, in Hours, explain'd to find:
 Or whilst I rouse to Life again,
 With HORACE, LUCAN, or MONTAGNE;
 Or still give gayer Pleasures Birth,
 Court-Musick, Wit, and living Mirth;
 And upon all of these refine
 With ATTICUS and gen'rous Wine.

I say, with Negligence and Ease,
 Whilst much I strive my self to please:
 More uniform, and rigid, you,
 Your unremitted Toils pursue
 Make Mankind's Good your sole Delight,
 Your Morning Thought, your Care at Night.

But, since, my Lord, our Holy War
 Is ending, just as others are:
 Or, since this War, (much like the *Flemish*)
 One Campaign more, will surely finish;
 For which, in due Time, we shall look,
 You'll not be cashier'd, like the Duke,
 Since

Since all your Foes, the small, the great One,
 This of the *Temple*, that of *Eaton*,
 Quitting the Field, away have flown,
 And, humbly laid their Weapons down.
 Since those, who Scandal were employ'd on,
 From *Carlisle Town*, to that of *Croydon*;
 That is to say, from *South* to *North*,
 Their Rage, in vain, have bluster'd forth:
 Since *Worcester's* Dean, who would be dabbling,
 Has paid, full well, for *Putney*-babbling:
 As JOSEPH SMITH, and half a Score,
 Like *ATTERBURY* heretofore,
 CALAMY, BLACKHALL, many more.

Since *FICULUS*, if I can guess well,
 Will ne'er repair his broken Vessel:
 And is thought, neither wise, nor nice,
 To print such Country, stale Advice.
 Since *GEORGE's* Schemes, with Power, o'erthrow
 Each lukewarm Friend, each red-hot Foe;
 And all is snug, and safe, and quiet,
 From *Westminster* to *Warsaw-Diet*;
 Nay, since the Church is far from Change, Sir,
 And the Stage only was in Danger.

In fine, my Lord, since the Draft fails,
 And Truth and Liberty prevails;
 Relieve your Mind, your Spirits spare,
 Forget your Glory, and your Care:
 Bethink: Your Foes are fled and gone;
 Enjoy the Triumphs you have won.
 Divide your self amongst your Friends,
 With which Advice my Letter ends,
 Hoping we, speedily, shall meet,
 Not without CLARK, in Gerrard Street.



CLOE to Mr. TICKELL, occa-
 sion'd by his *Avignon* LETTER.

WHEN, curious, you peruse this female Strain,
 And read my Letter, o'er and o'er again;
 Your various Judgment e'er you, hasty, make,
 And point out this, and dwell on that Mistake;
 In ev'ry Page, a Noun or Verb misplac'd,
 And all the Rules, *Grammarians* teach, effac'd;

Remember,

Remember, Sir, my Verses are your Crime,
'Twas he, who made me Loyal, made me Rhime.

E'er, yet, my female Studies I declin'd,
And to the *Priest* and *Post-boy* turn'd my Mind;
When *Tea*, at Noon; the *Age of Hearts*, at Night,
And *Flatt'ry* often pleas'd, and often *Spight*;
My easy Minutes, undisturb'd with Care,
In Indolence I pass'd, 'twixt Play and Prayer;
Content, with Skill, to patch, or flirt a Fan;
Heedless of News, and thoughtless, ev'n, of Man:
But the broad *Doctor*, bellowing, from afar,
The spir'itual Horrors of a *Pulpit-War*,
I list'd Volantier, and sought Success
By ev'ry Woman's Wile, by Look, by Dress;
I wrote, I read, I sung, I danc'd, I play'd,
And curs'd the Visit, which no Convert made;
In which a *Whig* I cou'd not, smiling, save
Or frown a stiff Schismatick to his Grave.

Oh! had not *Truth*, by thy enchanting Tongue,
Harmonious Poet! been, so sweetly sung;
Still I had liv'd deceiv'd, inur'd to Lies,
And list'n'd still to Priest and Prodiges.
M 4 Bless'd!

Bless'd! be thy Verse; thy Verse! whose sacred Pow'r,
 Alone, a Woman-Bigot could restore;
 May all my Sex proclaim the just Applause!
 And praise thy Wit, and aid thy glorious Cause!

How long shall *Dulness*, dreaming God! sustain,
 In this fair Island, his inglorious Reign?
 Behold! what Pranks he plays; behold him range,
 The darling Deity, around the 'Change;
 Where Pun-full Misers jest, and cheat, and cant,
 And wallow in the Riches, which they want.
 See! how his awful Godhead does dispence
 At CHILD's, and WILL's, his solid Influence!
 How! willy-whisps P-----e's Senses quite astray,
 And sheds his whole collected Force on G-----y!
 How puzzles pert A R-----t's learned Head;
 Who, tho' to *Recipe's* and *Pulses* bred,
 His former Studies, dozing, now reverses,
 Writes Madrigals, Crack Puns, and Clubs for Farces.

With Grief! his far extended Pow'r I view;
 With Grief behold a fribbling, witting Crew,
 With borrow'd Ribaldry distress the Town,
 And teize us, ev'n with *Dulness*, not their own;

With

With far-fetch'd Pun, and with Comundrum vile,
They blend the lofty Language of our Isle;
Invert, and strain, and torture harmless Words,
To form the Gibb'rish, worse, than NERVE's Records:
Pumping for Grubstreet Jokes, in Council sit,
And blast their Mother-Tongue, for want of Mother-Wit.

Rise, ADAM, exert thy Muse's Charms,
Quit the soft Scenes of Love, and WABBAK's Arms;
Convince the wond'ring World, that GEORGE's Reign
Is not condemn'd to Folly, and to Gain.
Thus each Alloy disclos'd, by thy pure Ore,
Bombast shall pass for Sterling Wit no more.
Nor DAVID's Poetry, inspir'd, sublime,
Obscenely shock in barb'rous, doggrel Rhime.

Let gen'rous GARTH relax his god-like Care,
Himself, while saving others, let him spare;
That, when good-natur'd Spleen disturbs his Mind,
He a Relief, from Poetry may find.

Let PHILIPS too resume his Rural Strain,
And CONGRAVE (silent long) fresh Lawrels gain;

Once more let VANBRUGH write, and WELSTED
choose

New Subjects, to inspire his lyrick *Muse*.

And thou, O! favour'd Youth, whose tuneful Art,

With love of Verse, could warm a female Heart;

Urge the great Dictates, which thy Breast inflame;

Consult thy Country, and consult thy Fame.



On MARTILLA Weeping.

IN others, Sorrow Beauty's Force disarms,
But gives new Lustre to MARTILLA's Charms.

When I behold her Eyes, her Grief display,

And, thro' Affliction, Beauty works its Way;

My anxious Soul, alternate Passions move,

And my Heart melts with Pity, and with Love;

The pleasing Ill, at once, I curse and bless,

At once, enjoy and feel the sad Distress.

Weep, lovely Virgin! weep awhile, and show

How many Graces to your Cares you owe.

Each

Each common Nymph, may boast the Pow'r to kill,
 When prosp'rous Fortune aids her cruel Will;
 But you, alone, tho' drown'd in Tears, destroy,
 And prove your Grief victorious as your Joy.



On a Masqu'd MISTRESS. From
 BUCHANAN.

WELL, then! my gentle, Night-piece Maid,
 Must we still love, in Masquerade?

Is it ordain'd, by Fate, and thee,

I ne'er that magick Face shall see?

Unfit shall Noon, as Midnight, prove

To bring to Light the Nymph I love?

Still, of Relief, shall I despair,

And sigh before an absent Fair?

What! shall I kiss, embrace, and toy,

Yet never know who gives the Joy?

A fairy Maid! shall I caress,

Whom, I do not, and do, possess?

I'll not take **OLDFIELD** to my Arms,
 Unless I view bright **OLDFIELD'S** Charms:
 No! better, fancied Beauties trace
 In **MARGARETTA'S** open Face.

Forlorn and wretched may she prove,
 Who, in the Dark, disguises Love!

Now! by thy self, by ev'ry Grace,
 Which shines in thy authentick Face,
 And by those Eyes, I thee conjure,
 Those Eyes! which mine to Love allure;
 O! give my longing Sight to see,
 Your real self, whate'er you be.
 Your very self to see, I ask;
 Your self, my Love, and not your Mask.

Let me but know what 'tis I love,
 A patient Lover I will prove,
 Of any Nymph; for I'm not nice;
 But Virtue, hid, is construed Vice.

If Miss but licks, in Colours faint,
Men swear she's daub'd, all o'er, with paint;
And when she treats her Face, with Art,
They nauseate ev'ry other Part.
For Minds, with jealous Fears accurst,
Brought to suspect, suspect the worst.

Your Features share not in the Foil,
Which shades the Nymphs on *Africa's* Soil;
You hung upon no tawny Breast,
No thick-lipp'd Black your Mother press'd:
Thy fresh Complexion, white and red;
In *Bucks*, declare thee born and bred.

But, what if (black as polish'd Jet)
Thy Sire, thee (blacker) did beget;
Yet, black, you might some Passions move,
All Colours have their Friends in love.
At least, a frank and honest Mind,
When Colour fails, will make Men kind.

With me, Simplicities alone,
For want of fifty Charms, atone.

The

The native Ruby let me kiss,
 To Priests I leave the painted Bliss.
 Let Priests desire ungenue Charms,
 And court Delusion to their Arms;
 They love Deceits, tho' ne'er so many,
 And boast Religion, without any.



CLAUDIAN's Old Man of VERONA

BLEST! Husbandman, whose frugal Hands have
 till'd
 (His Life's Employment) his paternal Field!
 The Cottage, and the Roof that did behold
 His infant Years, now see him very old:
 Propp'd on his Staff, he numbers o'er, intent,
 The many Years within that Cottage spent.

With Fortune did he never wish to roam,
 Nor ever wander'd from his peaceful Home;
 Nor fear'd Sea Storms, nor heard th' Alarms of War,
 Nor the hoarse Wrangling of the noisy Bar.

Rude

Rude to the World, and Stranger to its Care,
He breathes, in open Skies, untainted Air.

On the Death of a LAF-DOG
By Seasons, only, he computes the Year,

Flow'rs shew the *Spring*, and Fruits the *Autumn* near.
In the same Field, at Work he do's survey
The rising Sun, and marks his setting Ray:
And his own Labour measures out the Day.

Tall sturdy Oaks, but slender Twigs, he knows;
He, and the Forest old, together grew;

Near to his blest Abode, *Verona* stands,
Yet distant, seems, to him, as *India's* Lands.
Banacus Lake, which glads his Neighbourhood,
He counts remoter than the *Persian* Flood.

Mean Time the hale, old Sire, delights to see
Of Grandsons, a long vig'rous Progeny.

Who Rambles, only knows Fatigue and Noise;
At Home, who rests contented, Life enjoys.

On

On the Death of a LAP-DOG.

ERIGONE, celestial Maid!

Kindly impart thy Virgin Aid:

And *Mara*, Star! so burning bright!

(Her Favourite once, he Lap-delight)

To *Dony* due, accept the Verse,

And help to grace my *Dony's* Hearse.

Let *Dona*, like your *Mara*, shine

An Orb above, ye Pow'rs divine!

She kept *ERIGONE* from Harms;

He grac'd and guarded *CHLOE's* Charms.

If *Mara*, *Gone's* Love did boast,

Dony, was *CHLOE's* favourite Toast:

To him her softest Things she'd lay;

Of on her downy Breast he lay;

And oft he took a gentle Nap,

Upon her sleep-inticing Lap.

Most beauteous own'd the Dogs among;

His Eyes so large; his Ears so long!

His Manner Beau, and Belle his Air;

Mottled and curl'd his lovely Hair.

Ne'er

Ne'er bark'd awake, nor snor'd, reclin'd :
 Ne'er prov'd indecent from behind :
 Bred tip-top : free from odious Flea ;
 Could take a Pinch ; or relish Tea :
 Lov'd Chick, but then so nice was grown,
 The Liver only cou'd go down.
 Courteous, yet chaste, h'address'd the Dames ;
 Strutting the Ladies into Flames :
 But, CUPID-like (I mean not blind)
 He kill'd ; ne'er cur'd the Female Kind.
 Your Censures, ye profane, forbear :
 Dony deserves my truest Tear :
 My Constancy, my Truth's approv'd,
 While I lament the Dog I lov'd.
 Ah ! Dony, Dony, did you know
 The Grief, the Pain, I undergo :
 Dony you'd soon again return,
 Nor let your faithful Mistress mourn :
 You'd soon obey this pious Call,
 Dear *Melissæan* Animal.





To Mrs. A. B.

WHAT! Genius can describe fair ANNA'S
Mind? (I mean not blind)

What! Pencil paint, to ANNA'S Beauty join'd?

Her Eyes are lovely, as the Rays of Light;

We look enamour'd, and we court the Sight.

Nature, her Lips adorn'd, with choicest Care,

And painted ev'ry balmy Sweetness there.

How clean her Shape! how delicate her Waste!

They court our Arms, and sue to be embrac'd.

Behold her move! behold the graceful Mien,

Like that of VENUS, by AENEAS seen.

Dancing! she courts your Eye, and makes you swear,

It is the Goddess, by that heavenly Air.

Yet! all these Charms, an unexhausted Store!

These rare, unrival'd Charms, which all adore,

OT

Compare

Compare not with her Soul; that nobler Part!
Her Cherub Soul, her large extended Heart.

How fair her Mind! her Mind excels her Eyes,
And to her Sense, her Beauty yields the Prize
The shining Casket our Applause may win,
But the rich Treasure is preserv'd within.

Severest Judgment her chaſte Manners guide,
And o'er her Actions, Prudence, ſill, provides
Her Looks, her Geſtures, and her Thoughts are gay,
But govern'd all by Reason's temperate Sway,
No wanton Follies, which light Minds employ,
Taint her pure Mirth, or mingle with her Joy.
Her Conduct uniform and juſt, we ſee,
Alike from Levity, or Stiffneſs free
Nor with cenſorious Malice is alloy'd
Her Virtue, nor her Beauty ſtain'd with Pride.

CUPID

Compare not with her Son: that nobler Part!
Her Charms Stare, her huge extended Heart.

How fair her Mind! her Mind exceeds her Eyes.

CUPID in LOVE.

AS CUPID, from his cruel Sport,
Return'd, to grace his Mother's Court,
In triumph leading bleeding Hearts,
Throbbing with Love, transfix'd with Darts;
Himself untouch'd! the Hunter stray'd
Into a cooling, Myrtle Shade,
And saw a lonely, lovely Maid.

No sooner did young Master spy
The Virgin's soft refulgent Eye,
Then did his opening Breast receive
A Wound, like those, he us'd to give;
And, down his Arms, and Hearts, he threw,
And languishing, full, in her View;
'Tis done! he said, see! MARRIAGE, see! JOVE,
See! all ye Gods; see, CUPID's Love!

To VENUS when, at last, he came,
Without his Tackle, or his Game;

Without

Without his Bow, without a Dart,
Without his own, or any Heart;
The Goddess cry'd, alas! my Son,
Where hast thou been? What hast thou done?
He sigh'd, and answer'd, with a Groan,
She stole my Hearts, she stole my own.

The matchless Beauties of her Face,
The Wonders that her Person grace;
The Charm, in all she does, or says,
Her killing Smiles, her winning Ways;
Her Wit, her Coyness, all agree,
In Spight of Fate, to vanquish me.

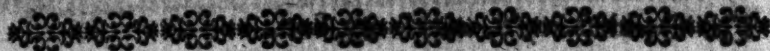
Less angry VENUS at her Son,
Than to find her self out done,
Cry'd, who's the Nymph that, thus, prevails?
Ah, dear Mamma, 'tis FANNY HALES.



HOR.

Without his Bow, without a Dart,

Without his own, or any Heart:



Where had thou been? What hast thou done?

HOR. LIB. IV. ODE XII.

REFRESHING, *Western Winds* (that bring
An Earnest of the glad *Spring*,
And calm the Seas) with gentle Gales,
Now softly, swell the spreading Sails.

Nor white, with Frost, the Meadows show,
Nor Rivers swell with wintry Snow:

The mournful Swallow builds her Nest,

With never-ceasing Grief oppress'd;

Basely, in dire Revenge, she dy'd

Her cruel Hands with Parricide.

Reclining, in the grassy Meads,

The Shepherds tune their waxen Reeds;

Great PAN, with Pleasure, hears the Strains;

PAN! loves *Arcadian* Flocks and Swains!

Mean time, the *Season* Thirst excites:

Then, VIRGIL! if thy Soul delights;

(VIRGIL!

(VIRGIL, for Wit, and Mirth, and Truth,

Favourite of each Royal Youth,

If thou desirest a choice Repast,

And neat *Galenian* Wine to taste,

Perfume of *Spikenard* be thy Care,

And Wine, in Plenty, I'll prepare.

On this Condition, shall be thine

A choice, old Cask of Racy Wine:

Wine! that new Spirits can impart,

And banish Sorrow from the Heart.

If this frank Offer be embrac'd,

To meet my friendly Joys, make haste;

Your Unguent bring: I cannot boast,

Dear VIRGIL! at my single Cost,

With chearing Cups, thy Cares to lull,

Like the rich Man, whose Vaults are full.

Come then, without Delay, and be

From love of Verse, and Lucre, free.

In Folly loose thy Cares a-while;

Think of thy hast'ning Funeral-Pile!

Sweet are the Pleasures, which arise

From being, a *Propos*, unwise.

Blew-



Blew-Ey'd NANCY; Or, The
Disappointed Lovers.

An excellent New BALLAD. [To the
Tune of *Fair Rosamond.*]

ALL, in *Sobo*, there liv'd a Toaft,

Her Name was *Blew-ey'd NAN*,
More Charms, did Virgin never boast,

To win the Heart of Man.

Of lib'ral Parents she was born,

Well natur'd too was she;

Her Manners did her Birth adorn,

And eke her Modesty.

Two Eyes she had, both lovely bright,

Where C U R I D, oft, was found

To lurk, and thence to take his Flight,

Poor mortal Hearts to wound.

One

One Day the roguish Imp, unseen,
Behind a Speck withdrew;
A Present! from the Cyprian Queen,
T' embellish NANCY's Blues.

Long it remain'd in her fair Eye,
A beauteous Speck! indeed;
Who saw it, straight, of Love did die,
To think on't makes me bleed.

Now, here, as he lay in the Lurch,
He drew a deadly Dart,
When she gaz'd up to Heav'n at Church,
And shot TAR thro' the Heart.

And then he wrench'd it out, again,
As there it reeking lay;
And plung'd it into her Heart's Vein,
While she her Pray'rs did say.

To Woods and Lawns, away she hies,
And wanders all-around;
The Air she perfumes by her Sighs;
Her Tears refresh the Ground.

To Shores relentless, and to Rocks
 Inflam'd, does he complain;
 Then **THETIS** and her Nymphs invokes,
 To ease him of his Pain.

Upon the Sand he writes her Name,
 And she carves his on Trees;
 She *Dryads* prays to cool her Flame,
 He, *Naiads*, to quench his.

Far, dearer **NANCY** is to **TAR**,
 More Brilliant in his Eyes,
 Than polish'd Gold or Diamonds are,
 Or *Sol* that gilds the Skies.

In **TAR**, again, to **NANCY**'s Mind,
 More Beauties do abound,
 Than midst the spicy Shrubs we find,
 Or on the flow'ry Ground.

Ah! **HYMEN** hasten, why dost thou
 Thy silken Knot forbear?
 Thy Blessings thou canst ne'er bestow,
 On a more goodly Pair.

But

But Fate had ty'd up *H*is *W*oman's Hands,
 For, fair the Winds do prove
 Honour, to *India*, *T*AR commands,
 Honour! that *F*oe to *L*ove.

Three Times his *S*teeds had *P*ur-
 Through the bent *Z*odiac's Bow,
 And by his rapid *C*ourfe, above,
 Made three long *Y*ears below.

No *P*leasure, *W*ealth, or *C*onquest yields
 To *T*AR's distracted *M*ind!
 No *J*oy, in *C*ourts or verdant *F*ields,
 Can absent *N*ANCY find.

When, lo! the *G*ods, who *L*overs aid,
 And gently fan their *F*lames,
 To *N*ANCY's *E*ars the *N*ews convey'd,
 That *T*AR had reach'd the *T*hames.

To *W*hitehall-Stairs, all in great haste,
 The *N*ymph her *C*ourfe does bend;
*G*reenwich and *W*oolwich, soon, are past,
 She meets him at *G*raueſend.

But stop, my *Muse* ! forbear to tell
 The Meeting of them Twain :
 My Eyes o'erflow, my Breast does swell ;
 They meet to part again.

HYMEN appear'd, when first, he saw
 Bright **NANCY** at the Door :
 But **PLUTO** rising, cry'd, withdraw,
 Your **TAR** shall be no more.

With that the Fury **FERRE** came,
 (Her Eye-balls darting Fire)
 And puts **TAR**'s Blood all into Flame,
 Of which he did expire.

Then, just as she her Lover lost,
 Enrag'd, she snatch'd a Knife,
 And, stabbing, said, I'll not be cross;
 My Ghost shall be his Wife.

To

To AMORET at Church.

WHILE to high Heav'n my Knees are bent,
 And my Devotions thither meant,
 Forgive me, Heav'n, that towards thee,
 I'm guilty of Idolatry :
 Fair AMORET stands in my way,
 And interposes while I pray,
 If, beyond her, my Thoughts, or Eyes,
 I strive to raise, and reach the Skies ;
 She checks my Thought, she strikes my Sight
 With such a beauteous dazzling Light,
 As warns me, tho' no farther I
 Should look than her, I look too high.
 Am I to ask ! methinks I want
 Only what AMORET can grant :
 My Joy, my Grief, my Hope, my Fear,
 And all my Wishes end in her.
 The heav'nly Beings, we are taught,
 Sometimes with secret Blessings fraught,

Descend their Presence to bestow,
 In Places sacred, here below;
 How small an Error may it seem,
 To take my Fair, for one of them?
 For were even Angels to appear,
 In human Shape, embodied here,
 Could they another Form put on,
 So bright, so pure, so like their own?

TO THYRSIS.

WHILE THYRSIS to his Maker bows,
 To offer solemn Pray'r,
 To AMORET he pays his Vows,
 His Praises center there.

Confider, THYRSIS, tho' her Face

Does like an Angel's shine;
 'Tis to her Features no disgrace,
 That she is not divine.

'Tis

'Tis not expected at your Hand,
To idolize the Fair ;
Your Admiration she'll command,
Your Adoration spare.

Her Soul is beauteous as her Frame,
There she's an Angel too ;
The charming Creature will not claim
What's the Creator's due.

Ah! lovely Amorist! beware
How you such Swains approve ;
He that's a Hypocrite in Day,
Will be the same in Night.

Should you follow me in a Cloud,



N 4

To

ANSWER

To the Same.

WELL THYRSIS, your AMORET shall be
a Goddess,

Tho', the Fancy, to me as it seemeth, but odd is,

That you'll be so fond of poetical Praise,

As to part with the Nymph, while you catch at the Bays.

I own the much better in Verse does appear,

In a Temple residing, or cutting the Air,

Drawn by Peacocks, or Doves, on ethereal Car,

But then you must quit all the Hopes of a Lover,

For a Mortal's Embraces the Goddess wont suffer.

No Man but I X I O N was ever so bold

T' attempt on a Deity's --- Charms to lay hold :

Take warning by him, and be not too proud,

Should you follow his Steps, you'll be lost in a Cloud.

ANSWER.

He woot me to love, with a cheerful Grace.



ANSWER.

And tells me that no other love is true.

THOU' we grant you a Man cannot always rely on
A Goddess, and J U N O once jilted I X I O N,
Yet the Mortal, A N C H I S E S, was call'd up to Duty,
By V E N U S, and she was the Goddess of Beauty:
'Tis V E N U S, my Goddess, resembles in Charms,
I'll venture the Cloud, bring her once to my Arms.

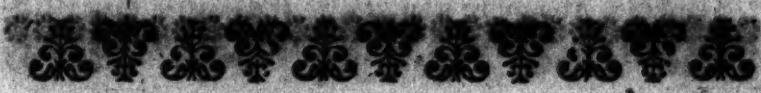
Written by a L A D Y at Bath, in her
last Sickness, to her Husband.

THOU, who dost all my worldly Thoughts employ,
Thou pleasing Source of all my earthly Joy;
Thou kindest Husband, and thou truest Friend,
To thee, this fond, this last Adieu, I send.
At length, the Conqu'ror, Death, asserts his Right,
And will for ever veil me from thy Sight;

He woos me to him, with a chearful Grace,
 And not one Terror clouds his awful Face.
 He promises a lasting Rest from Pain,
 And shows that all Life's fleeting Bliss is vain ;
 The endless Joys of Heaven he sets in view,
 And tells me, that no other Joys are true.
 But Love, fond Love, would yet resist his Pow'r,
 Would yet awhile defer the parting Hour :
 He brings thy mourning Image to my Eyes,
 And would obstruct my Passage to the Skies.
 But say, thou truest, thou unwearied Friend,
 Say, wou'dst thou grieve to see my Sorrows end ?
 Thou know'st a painful Pilgrimage I've past,
 And wou'dst thou mourn, that Rest is come at last ?
 Rather rejoice to see me shake off Life,
 And die, as I have liv'd, thy faithful Wife.
 Written by a LADY at Bath, in her
 last Sickness, to her Husband.



Thou, who dost all my earthly Joy,
 Thou kindest Husband, and thou truest Friend,
 To thee, this fond, this little Adieu, I send.
 O'ertight, the Conductor, Death, asserts his Right,
 And will forever veil me from thy sight :



HERMILIA
To a LADY on her Singing.

Y E Swains, whom radiant Beauty move,
Or Musick's Art, with Sounds divine,
Think how the rapt'rous Charms improve,
Where two such Gifts together join.

Where Cupid's Bow, and Phœbus' Lyre,
In the same powerful Hand are found,
Where lovely Eyes inflame Desire,
And trembling Notes are taught to wound.

Inquire not, who's the matchless Fair,
That can this double Death bestow;
If her harmonious Sounds you hear,
Or view her Eyes, too soon you'll know.

By
The

HERMILIA.

To a LADY on her singing.

FAME of HERMILIA's Conquest brought
 The God of Love, her Charms to view;
 To wound the unwary Maid, he thought,
 But soon became her Captive too.

He drops, half drawn, his feeble Bow,

He look'd, he rav'd, he sigh'd, he pin'd;
 And wish'd, in vain, he had been now,
 As Painters falsely draw him, blind,

Disarm'd, he to his Mother flies;

Help, VENUS, help thy wretched Son,
 Who, now will pay us Sacrifice,
 Since Love's himself, alas! undone.

To CUPID, now, no Lover's Pray'rs

Shall be address'd, with suppliant Sighs,
 Thy Darts are gone; but, oh! beware,
 Fond Mortals, of HERMILIA's Eyes.

The

The Disappointed LADY.

AS CLORIS, on her downy Pillow lay,
Twixt sleep and wake, the Morning illd away,
Soft at her Chamber Door, a Tap she heard,
She listen'd — and again — no one appear'd:
“ Who's there? the sprightly Nymph with Courage
“ Mem, 'tis the Man, who for your La'ship dier'd.
“ Sure, 'tis Delusion, what a dying Lover?
“ Yet speak once more, — what is't you want, how-
ever?
A second Time, these Accents pierc'd her Ear,
Sweet was the Sound, transported was the Fair:
“ At length, mankind are just,” her La'ship said,
Threw on her Nightgown, then slept out of Bed;
Look'd in the Glass, confess'd him in the Right,
Who thinks me not a Beauty, 'tis meer spite;
“ Assemble, ye Coquets, with Envy own
“ The mighty Wonders, which these Eyes have done.

" In vain, your pert, and forward Airs you try ;
 " Mankind, the more you court, the farther fly
 " And 'tis for me, and only me, they dye }
 " But how shall I receive him ? coy the Dame,
 " Prudence allows not Pity : I must blame.
 " Perhaps, poor Soul, he sigh'd in Secret long,
 " E'er the presumptuous Thought fell from his Tongue ;
 " I am the Cause ; yet Innocent, by Heav'n !
 " Why were these Eyes for such Destruction giv'n ?
 " 'Tis not my Fault, I did not make one Feature :
 Then turn'd the Key to view the dying Creature
 But, ah ! -- who shou'd the enamour'd Swain now prove ?
 A Wretch who dy'd by Trade -- and not for Love !
 No mortal Pen can figure her Surprise,
 Willing to trust her Ears, but not her Eyes :
 The approaching Storm, her swelling Bosom shew'd,
 Awhile now pale, then red with Anger glow'd ;
 She wept, she raved, invol'd the Pow'rs above,
 Who give no Ear, when old Maids talk of Love ;
 Fruitless her Prayers, and Impotent her Rage ;
 Yet fierce, as when two female Tongues engage,
 At length, the Fire was spent, all was Serene,
 A Calm succeeded this tempestuous Scene,
 And thus she spoke :

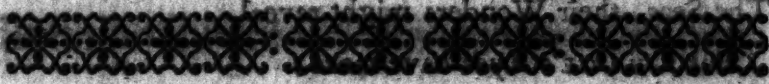
Ye blooming Maids, let my Example prove,
 How oft our Sex mistaken is in Love:
 When young, we're cruel, and with Beauty play,
 Which, while we vainly parly, fades away;
 When old, (t' increase the rigour of our Fate)
 We wish, and think of Lovers, when too late;
 As idle Trav'lers, who have lost the Day,
 And hope, thro' Night's dark Shades, to find their Way:
 Forlornly tread the thorny Path in vain,
 Blame not themselves, but of their Fate complain.
 So peevish Maids, when past their youthful Bloom,
 On sad Remains, and fancied Charms presume;
 Lonely, they wander, no Compassion find,
 Then rail, and quarrel, with all humankind;
 But, let us, to our selves, for once be just,
 And see our own Decay, and Wrinkles first;
 When e'er, to melting Signs we lend an Ear,
 Think, Youth and Beauty, make the Men sincere:
 No other Pow'r, their stubborn Hearts can move;
 Did ever Virtue light the Torch of Love?
 From sad Experience, I this Truth declare,
 I'm now abandon'd, tho' I once was fair.

On

On **BLENHEIM-HOUSE.**

HERE, glorious **MARLBOROUGH**, for thy
 Wars receive,
 Not as they merit, but as Love can give;
 Thy Country's Love, by solemn Acts declar'd,
 Proud to acknowledge, hopeless to reward.
 Hail, *Blenheim's* lofty Towers, and calm Retreat!
 Hail, like thy Owner's Soul, retir'd and great;
 Nor shall his Hand, disarm'd by Peace, refuse,
 In thy soft Shades, his softer Hours to loose;
 To prune the Vine, or prop the drooping Flow'r,
 The Hand that rais'd, and humbled Kings before.
 The Daughters here shall glad the Father's Heart,
 And grace the Hero's Toils with pious Art;
 While in each Room, magnificently wrought,
 With curious Needles, and with happy Thought,
 Their tender Hands, his Victories display,
 A Race as numerous, and as fair as they.

EPITAPH.



EPI TAPH.

STILL, like his Saviour, known by breaking Bread,
 The Rich he entertain'd, the Needy fed:
 Of Humour easy, and of Life unblam'd,
 The Friend delighted, while the Priest reclaim'd;
 The Friend, the Father, and the Husband gone,
 The Priest still lives in this recording Stone;
 Where pious Eyes may read his Praiser's O'er,
 And learn each Grace, his Pulpit taught before.



A SONG.

LOU D was the Wind, and rough the Main,
 But Life was past my Care;
 I thought of Absence, and Disdain,
 And felt no Storm but there.

The

The Seas, their Wonders might reveal,

But Curious Eyes have more,

Nor all the Treasure they conceal,

Can equal mine on Shore.

From native Britain's temperate Coast,

Remove me farther yet,

To shiver in eternal Frost,

Or melt with India's Heat.

Her Image shall my Days beguile,

And still my Dream shall be

The tuneful Voice, and tender Smile,

Tho' ne'er vouchsaf'd to me.



Another.

The

Another.

BLESS'D be the sweetly shining Eyes,
Where smiling Love with Beauty lies;
As innocent as fair;

Whose native Charms, disdaining Art,
Have freed a long-deluded Heart

From false CORISCA's Snare.

Preserv'd from her, to fall by you,

With Pleasure, I my Fate pursue,

With Pride embrace my Chain:

Should you, your faithful Slave deny,

He may lament, despair, and die,

But never can complain.

So fares the Wolf's intended Prey,

The trembling Lamb, when snatch'd away

From mean ignoble Death;

And doom'd to bleed at Beauty's Shrine,

An Offering to the Pow'r divine,

Resigns his willing Breath.

An ODE from SAPHO, English'd.

HAPPY Man, the Gods outvying,
He, who close by you appears,

He, who, gazing, list'ning, dying,
Drinks your Charms at Eyes and Ears.

When your Words, in Musick flowing,

Silent Extasy impart;

When your Smiles, divinely glowing,

Fire the dancing, ravish'd Heart.

You approach, and thro' your Lover,

Warm the soft Infection flies,

My Tongue trips, I shake all over,

Ring my Ears, and swim my Eyes.

Cold Sweat trickles, Speech forsakes me,

Blood and Sense at once retire,

Gentle Faintness overtakes me,

Now I pant, O! now expire.

From

From CATULLUS.

AH! poor CATULLUS, Love's lost Game give
 Trust but thy Eyes, and dream of her no more:
 Once I was blest, the Sun serenely shin'd,
 Gay were his Beams, for LESBIA once was kind
 Then, still I follow'd where my LESBIA mov'd,
 So lov'd by me, as none shall e'er be lov'd
 Each Day was ours, and each improv'd our Joy,
 So fond was I, nor was my LESBIA coy.
 O truly blest! but now the Sun that shin'd,
 Is lost in Clouds, for LESBIA grows unkind
 Then cease, in vain, to follow those who fly,
 But, wouldst thou cease to Love, die, poor CATULLUS,
 die.



On



ON JEALOUSY

BEAUTY was constant, Love's Reward;
 Virtue his Friend, was Beauty's Guard: **A**
 No Friend, no Guard, so sure as she,
 'Till wrong'd by Love-born Jealousy,
 She fled; and to the Monster's Care,
 Resign'd the Charge she scorn'd to share;
 The Monster with a hundred Eyes,
 Was watchful to prevent Surprize;
 But Beauty bid them close again,
 For, Virtue gone, they wak'd in vain;
 And Love, undone, by what he urg'd,
 His false, unlucky Offspring curs'd
 Virtue, my Friend! too late he cry'd,
 He rav'd, he languish'd, and he dy'd.



The

Friends on the Road, to join his Camp, as yet
 Unaid the Trifles of his last Defeat

A Turn to strange, to violent, and short

The Beginning of LUCAN, LIB.

VIII. English d.

Avoiding Foes, but most avoiding Friends!

He would have chose the later Way, unknown

A Narrow Pass, to shady *Tempe* leads,

And thence, his Flight, the vanquish'd Hero

speeds

He spurs his jaded Courser o'er the Plain,

The Windings of th' *Hæmonian* Woods to gain,

And leave a doubtful Tract along the Maze,

Of various Paths, and interfering Ways.

The sounding Boughs, that bend with ev'ry blast,

Awake his Terror, and augment his Hate;

Each following Friend, appears a following Foe,

He starts, and shrinks, to meet th' expected Blow.

Tho', fallen from the Height, where once he stood,

He knows the Value, still of *Phœbe's* Blood.

And deems the Purchase of his Head the same,

As *CÆSAR's*, in exchange, from him might claim.

In vain, he tries, that well-known Face to hide,

In gloomy Vales, and Solitudes untry'd:

Friends

Friends on the Road, to join his Camp, as yet
 Untold the Tidings of his last Defeat,
 Their ruin'd Lord with dumb Amazement meet:
 A Turn so strange, so violent, and short,
 Could scarce gain Credit from his own Report.
 How hard a Fate the Warrior's Fall attends,
 Avoiding Foes, but most avoiding Friends!
 He would have chose the safer Way, unknown,
 To wander thro' the World, no more his own:
 But Fortune, long propitious to his Name,
 By past Renown, enhances present Shame,
 And sinks him lower with the Weight of Fame:
 To heighten Woe, her differing Lots agree,
 One has its Sense, and one its Memory.
 His Honours, early ripe, disgrace him now,
 He hates the Laurels that adorn'd his Brow:
 In bloom of glorious Youth, the Pirate's War,
 And *PONTUS* chain'd to his triumphal Car,
 'Tis thus, when Life outlasting Empire stays,
 The Curse of mighty Minds is length of Days;
 Unless, kind Death o'ertakes his waning State,
 In Time, preventing the Reverse of Fate:
 Would ever Man on Fortune's Smiles rely,
 Or dare be happy, if he dare not die?

He

He reach'd the Shore where PENEUS, with the stain
 Of Roman Blood, ran purple to the Main,
 And shar'd the Carnage of *Pharsalia's* plain,
 Thence, in a Boat, for inland Streams design'd,
 And far unequal to the Tide and Wind;
 The Scourge of Pyrates, that illustrious he,
 Lord of the Isles, and Terror of the Sea;
 Was now, by stealth, into the Deep convey'd,
 Much of the Waves, of CESAR more afraid;
 For LESBOS, with a Lover's Haste, he ply'd,
 For LESBOS, the Retreat that hid his Bride
 From War's Alarms; but more afflicted there,
 Than if *Pharsalia's* Field had pierc'd the Fair
 With dying Groans: In fancied Fights engag'd,
 Her heavy Heart, the dire Event prelag'd;
 And as she lay, with anxious Dreams oppress'd,
 The trembling Bed her Agonies confess'd:
 THESSALIA haunts her each returning Night,
 And still as Day renews the cheerful Light,
 She climbs the steepy Cliff to gaze around,
 Or runs to reach the Land's extreamest Bound:
 Her watchful Eyes are still the first to hail
 The distant Prospect of each bending Sail;

O

But

But then, what Fate attends her Soul's Desire,
 She fears to know, and dares not once enquire:
 Behold yon Ship, her freight, unknown at first,
 But Rumour's Voice prepares you for the worst:
 With flying Sails, she makes the *Lesbian Coast*,
 And Doubt, shall soon in Certainty be lost.
 Mourn, hapless Wife, your vanquish'd Lord is near,
 You rob from weeping, if you still but fear.
 The Vessel, now at hand, she flew to meet,
 And saw the Malice of her Fate compleat;
 Her Husband, ghastly pale, the Robes he wore,
 Were black with Dust, his grisly Locks hung o'er
 His Face uncomb'd: With Sorrow and Surprise,
 The Light was ravish'd from CORNELIA'S Eyes;
 The Blood forsook her Face, her Limbs beneath
 The Weight of Woe dissolv'd; she heav'd for Breath,
 And welcom'd, as she thought, the chilling Touch of
 Death:

When issuing from his anchor'd Bark to Land,
 Came POMPEY traversing the lonely Strand:
 His awful Look the Voice of Mourning drown'd,
 Hush'd into Sighs, her faithful Maids he found,
 Employ'd in vain, to raise her from the Ground:

But

But POMPEY strain'd her in a warm Embrace,
 And soon the kindling Blood renew'd its Race;
 She felt his Hands, and now could bear his Face;
 When thus, in scorn of Fate, the godlike Chief,
 Reprov'd the Licence of unbounded Grief,
 Let no Mischance that gallant Spirit tame,
 But take th' Occasion of your POMPEY's Shame,
 And rival all your Ancestors in Fame.
 Let Laws, or Arms, the Men's Ambition raise;
 A wretched Husband is your Sex's Praise.
 Have Courage then, regard my low Estate,
 With nuptial Constancy, and combat Fate;
 And thus, for losing all, thy Lord shall be
 Abandon'd by the World, endear'd to thee:
 Of Pow'r and Pomp, by fickle Chance bereft,
 By Kings deserted, and by Senates left;
 I make the Glory yours, and yours alone,
 To follow him whom all besides disown;
 A loyal Wife before her Lord's Decease,
 Should know no Grief, or none above encrease:
 If Woe must ever quell a Soul so brave,
 Reserve its last Distress for POMPEY's Grave,
 Why should Pharsalia touch your Heart so near?
 Your Husband, tho' o'ercome, is safe, and here:

'Tis true, that Idol, Grandeur, is remov'd;
 If that provokes your Tears, 'twas that you lov'd.
 The well-known Voice alarms the Wife; with Pain
 Her feeble Knees, their wonted Weight sustain;
 And, as with melting Eyes her Lord she view'd,
 A Mixture of Laments and Groans ensu'd.
 Ah, wretched me! my Husband's Bane, she cry'd,
 And twice the publick Curse, as twice a Bride!
 O! had I been for CESAR's Bed decreed,
 Then I had prov'd the Tyrant's Foe indeed.
 Me, dire ERYNNYS, to thy Arms convey'd,
 And join'd to blast me, with thy CRASSUS' Shade;
 Whose Loss on Parthian Plains, deriv'd from me,
 Has been the Prelude of a Worfe to thee.
 My Country's Ruin in one fatal Day,
 I broke her Ranks, and chas'd her Gods away:
 Ev'n Rome and Freedom, when their Cause was mine,
 Could find no Friend among the Pow'rs divine.
 O, my lov'd Lord! O Virtue, ill repay'd!
 O, POMPEY! to CORNELIA's Bed betray'd!
 Could Glory to so high a Pitch advance?
 And falls it thus, the Game of giddy Chance?
 How dearly now my impious Love I rue,
 Since wedding me, was wedding Ruin too!

Take

Take then my Life in Vengeance of th' Offence,
 A slender, but a willing Recompence.
 I rather would have dy'd to save my Lord,
 A Victim to his yet victorious Sword:
 The Blow struck then, had barr'd th' impending Ill,
 But strike ev'n now, and expiate it still.
 Come JULIA, come, my rival Shade appear,
 And slake thy cruel Thirst of Vengeance here:
 Whatever distant Region is the Place,
 That sees thee triumph in thy Lord's Disgrace;
 Let my devoted Head thy Rage atone,
 And spare my POMPEY then, or spare your own.
 She spoke, and, sinking on his Breast again,
 To kind Compassion mov'd the weeping Train:
 The Hero's Soul, the tender Sorrow shar'd,
 And LESSBOS drew the Tears THESSALIA spar'd.



Part of LUCAN. LIB. IX. English d.

TO learn their Destinies of AMMON, wait
 His *Eastern* Pilgrims at the Temple Gate;
 But leave the Passage free for CATO, prest,
 By his own Train, to enter with the rest;
 Consult a God renown'd thro' *Libya's* Clime,
 And try Tradition vouch'd by Length of Time.
 But LABIENUS urg'd th' Enquiry most:
 Our wand'ring Way in sandy Deserts lost,
 And Chance (he cry'd) if only Chance it be,
 Have led us to a present Deity:
 With glad Devotion seize the proffer'd Hour,
 And beg the Counsel of Almighty Pow'r:
 Behold our Guide, ev'n him who shakes the Sky,
 Thro' Sands, and Wilds, and dark Futurity;
 For Heaven would choole to make its Secrets known
 To holy CATO sure; to him or none.
 Squar'd by the strict celestial Rule of Right,
 Your Life has ever kept the God in fight:

But

But would you hold a Conference with JovE?
 'Tis granted now, replenish from above
 Your Mind with sacred Truths; and learn the Doom
 Of impious CESAR, and unhappy Rome:
 Enquire if Freedom shall at length engage
 Heav'n's gracious Aid, or fall by civil Rage.
 You who have lov'd a Virtue so severe,
 Ask what she is, at least, and why so dear;
 And fix true Honour by its Standard here.
 Inspir'd by JovE, who fill'd his secret Mind,
 The Hero heard, and instantly rejoic'd,
 In Language worthy of the God enshrin'd.
 For what, my Friend, must A M I O N be explor'd?
 Can CATO question, while he wears a Sword,
 To perish rather free, than own a Lord?
 If Life be nothing, since in Death it ends?
 And Glory more than Years the Span extends?
 If e'er the Just by Violence are hurt?
 Or Fortune's Malice be but Virtue's Sport?
 If Merit in the brave Endeavour lies,
 Untaught, by blind Events, to fall or rise?
 All this we know; 'tis Truth implanted here,
 And wants no JUPITER to make it clear.

Of GOD's eternal Mind the human Soul
 A Portion links us to th' Almighty whole;
 What should we then enquire? or why dispute?
 His Will controuls us, tho' his Voice be mute.
 He chose the Hour of Birth at once to show,
 Whatever Man was privileg'd to know;
 And stamp'd our Nature with congenial Light,
 To shine within, and guide its Followers right:
 Nor are his Truths to barren Sands confin'd,
 And whisper'd to a Part of Humankind.
 Has he a Seat? 'tis Earth, and Sea, and Air,
 And Heaven, and Virtue; with prepos't'rous Care
 We seek the God retir'd, when all may find him there.
 Believe me, Friend, 'tis omnipresent JOVE,
 Whate'er you see, and wheresoe'er you move.
 Let Slaves to future Hopes and Fears, rely
 On doubtful Answers from the Shrines, while I
 Consult that Oracle, Mortality:
 "Death sure to come, can never come amiss;
 "Alike the Coward, and the Brave are his:"
 This CATO says, and JOVE need say but this.
 He spoke, and, turning short, pers'u'd his Road,
 And left the gaping Croud to sound the God.

HORACE,

HORACE, Book II. ODE V. English'd.

A LOFT her tender Neck she bears,
 Reluctant to the Yoke untry'd,
 Indocil yet to draw in Pairs,
 Starts at the Names of Slave and Bride:
 And, wild with unexperien'd Fear,
 Your Heyfar mocks the ardent Steer:
 Behold the frisking Wanton spend,
 In verdant Fields, the thoughtless Day;
 The Yokes of her Kind attend,
 With Court and childish Play;
 While purring Streams with azure crown'd,
 Quench all the Heat she e'er has found.

Fond of the Grape's unmellow'd Juice,
 Thy sickly Appetite confine;
 For Autumn Suns shall soon produce,
 The purple Harvest of the Vine:

And growing Years her Bloom display,
The Years that hasten thy Decay.

The wanton Frown of LALAGE,

Shall court thee then to riper Joy;

Not CHLORIS so belov'd as she,

Nor PHOEBE so bewitching coy;

Her swelling Bosom's spacious white,

Like silver Seas by CYNTHIA's Light.

So fair, so shining in Disguise,

Would GYGES grace the Virgin Quire;

Would charm and cheat the sharpest Eyes,

A Maid in Features and Attire:

So soft his Look, so young his Air,

With female Down, and flowing Hair.



On

On a GENTLEMAN, who ran
Mad with Love of a Physician's
Daughter.

EMPLY'D to cure a Love-distracted Swain,
The boasted Aid of HELLBORE is vain:
None but the Fair, the Storm she rais'd, can calm,
Her Smiles the Cordial, and her Tears the Balm:
In CYNTHIA's Bosom dwells the magic Power,
Sovereign to heal, and vital to restore.
But oh! what Medicine e'er could reach the Heart,
The Daughter's Eyes have foil'd the Father's Art:
For matchless were the learn'd Physician's Skill,
If he could cure as fast as she can kill.



ODE

EPITAPH.

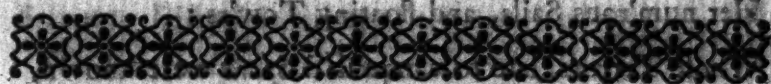


ON A GENTLEMAN WHO LIES IN AN EPI TAPH.

SUCH was the second DRELINCOURT, a Name,
 Victorious over Death, and dear to Fame.
 The Christian's Praise, by diff'rent Measures won,
 Successive grac'd the Father, and the Son;
 To sacred Service, one his Wealth consign'd,
 And one the living Treasure of his Mind;
 'Twere rash to say, whose Talent did excel,
 Each was so rich, and each improv'd so well.
 Not was the Charity delay'd 'till Death,
 He chose to give what others but bequeath;
 Much tho' he gave, and oft, yet more he meant,
 Had Life proportion'd to his Will been lent;
 But to compleat a Scheme so well design'd,
 Belongs to her who shar'd his Bed and Mind:
 Whose pious Sorrows thus to future Days,
 Transmit his Image, and extend his Praise.

EPI TAPH.

ODE



ODE to the *Thames*, for the New-
Year's-Day, 1720.

KING of the Floods, whom friendly Stars ordain
To fold alternate in thy winding Train

The lofty Palace, and the fertile Vale,

King of the Floods, *BRITANNIA*'s darling, *Hail*:

Hail with the Year so well begun,

And bid his each revolving Sun,

Taught by thy Stream, in smooth Succession run.

From thy never-failing Urn,

Flow'ry Bloom, and fair Increase,

With the Seasons take their Turn,

From thy tributary Seas.

Tides of various Wealth attend thee,

Seas and Seasons all befriend thee.

Here on thy Banks to mate the Skies,

AUGUSTA's hallow'd Domes arise;

And

And there thy ample Bosom pours
 Her num'rous Sails, and floating Tow'rs;
 Whose Terrors, late to vanquish'd Spain were known,
 And ÆTNA shook with Thunder, not her own.

Tallest Flags dost thou sustain,
 While thy Banks confine thy Course;
 Emblem of our CÉSAR'S Reign,
 Mingling Clemency and Force.

So may thy Sons secur'd by distant Wars,
 Ne'er stain thy Chrystal with domestick Jars;
 As CÉSAR'S Reign, to Britain ever dear,
 Shall join with thee to bless the coming Year.

On thy shady Margin,
 Care its Load discharging,
 Is lull'd to gentle Rest:
 Britain so disarming,
 (War's no more alarming)
 Shall sleep on CÉSAR'S Breast.

Sweet
 As sweetest's hollow'd Homes and

Sweet to Distress is balmy Sleep,
To sleep auspicious Dreams ;

Thy Meadows, *Thames*, to feeding Sheep,
To thine thy silver Streams :

More sweet than all the Praise

Of *CESAR*'s golden Days ;

CESAR's Praise is sweeter,

Britain's Pleasure greater :

Still may *CESAR*'s Reign excel,

Sweet the Praise of reigning well.

CHORUS.

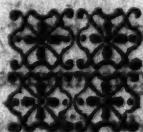
Gentle *JANUS*, ever wait

On *BRITANNIA*'s kinder Fate ;

Crown all our Vows, and all thy Gifts bestow,

'Till Time no more renews his Date,

And *Thames* forgets to flow.



To



Grove

To a Young FRIEND.

SHOULD smiling Joys on all thy Steps attend,
And Health, to Monarchs coy, be STREPHON'S
Friend;

Gay should thy Humour be, serene thy Brow,
And, easy as thy Thoughts, thy Minutes flow:
Yet more, should *Fame*, adopting thee her Son,
With partial Hand, thy wildest Wishes crown,
And promise to thy Mem'ry late Renown:
While at thy Feet, the Earth, and Ocean lay
Their Wealth, and glittering Heaps choak up thy Way.

Say --- Would it not disturb thy mirthful Vein?
O'erturn the foolish *Babel* of thy Brain?
The feeble Charm dissolve of human Praise,
And with grim Phantoms haunt thy genial Days?
Should e'er this Thought intrude, the Drudge, and I,
And ev'ry hapless Wight alike must die:
They, from a weary March, and toilsome Strife,
By Death discharg'd, shall cease to suffer Life;

I, what I love, must quit, and when the Sun
 A few Times more its shining Course hath run,
 Down to the melancholy Coasts must go,
 Which, nor his Morning Beams, nor Ev'ning, know,
 Where Mulick's soothing Voice (tho' Fables tell,
 That ORPHEUS once could charm the Shades of Hell)
 And the loud Trump of *Fame* are never heard,
 The heavy, leaden, Gates by silence bar'd:
 Silence, which, banish'd to those dre'ry Plains,
 O'er the wide Waste in peaceful Terror reigns:
 'Tis, thither, my unweeting Feet, ye tend,
 And there, alas I must all Life's Mock'ry end,
 Thence, folded up in Sleep, I ne'er shall rise,
 'Till the last Summons shake the vaulted Skies,
 And the Earth's dusty Chambers, where we lay,
 Catch all on Fire, and blaze unnatural Day.
 Say--- Will the World then wear that tempting Face?
 Wilt thou then court, as now, its fond Embrace?
 Confess--- the pious Man alone is wise,
 Who loose preserves his Heart from earthly Ties;
 When Life's a Comedy, can wish it done,
 Heir to diviner Joys above the Sun;
 Yet does not as a bare Spectator sit,
 To laugh at Follies, other Men commit;

But

But takes the Part of Providence assign'd,
 And, by a generous Aim, to serve Mankind,
 If great his Lot, shews 'tis below his Mind,
 Regardless of the World, he journeys thro',
 To Heav'n's high Arch he lifts his ardent View,
 The narrow, rough, Ascent of Virtue treads,
 Nor counts that painful, which to Glory leads;
 To those bright Mansions, those serene Abodes,
 Where more than Kings, rever'd on Earth as Gods;
 The wiser few, whom true Ambition fur'd,
 Exalted shine, admiring, and admir'd.
 Thither, his Soul, enlarg'd from fleshly Bands,
 Flies joyful: thence the Prospect round commands
 And at the last, the great, decisive Day,
 He, fearless, shall the burning World survey:
 There, safe, in holy Peace, with Angels fit,
 While vast Destruction raves beneath his Feet.



Say—Will the World then wear that tempting Face?
 Will then then court, as now, its fond Embrace?
 Contests—the pious Meek is wise,
 Who looks preserves his peace, and calmly Ties;
 When Life's a Comedy, can wit be done,
 Heir to diviner Joys above the Sun;
 To does not as a bare Spectator sit,
 To laugh at Follies, other Men commit;
 But



To ——— on his intended Marriage,
after an Increase of his Fortune.

SURE old VIELLA's Shade thy Thanks demands,
That left th' alluring Treasure in thy Hands,
To buy thee Happiness so near divine,
And make thee dear enchanting MARCIA thine.

Tho' loud and tuneful, thy sonorous Tongue,
When MARCIA's Window heard thy midnight Song;
Tho' close thy Hug, and glutinous thy Kils,
Genteel thy Bow, and graceful thy Address;
Tho' blithe thine Humour, and thine Habit neat,
Thine Airs all courtly, and thy Breath so sweet;
Yet, oft thou know'st, dear CORAUS, Men's fall,
While Money with ambitious Girls prevails.

Some to their Lover, yield unenvied Charms,
Thou hast the With of fifty in thine Arms.

When

When HYMEN's Wreath shall on thy Brow be seen,
 Despairing Crouds shall mourn in Willow-green.
 Almost, my self, should grudge thy nuptial Night;
 Could Friendship dare invade the tend'rest Right;
 Or, Honour in those dark Recesses pry,
 Where Virtue, and the Shade forbid our Eye.

Well, hast thou serv'd her sev'n revolving Years,
 And liv'd a Lover's Life of Hopes and Fears,
 Seen many a forward Rival rise and fall,
 Yet, urg'd thy Claim, and born the Prize from all.
 MARCIA, for this, due Elogies shall gain,
 Who crowns at last, the persevering Swain:
 Who waited longest, and deserv'd her best,
 Contented, at her Leisure, to be blest.

If, in the doubtful Strife, for MARCIA's Heart,
 (As Rivals often use that vicious Art)
 Satire has rose thy Character to blame,
 And fix some hum'rous Burlesque on thy Name;
 Success with MARCIA, is thy sure Defence,
 Removes the Charge, and vindicates thy Sense;
 Her Beauty shields thee from malignant Wit,
 Call her thine own, and Raillery must submit;

For

For *Belles* can give the shallow'st Favourite Fame,
While Wits rejected, hide their Heads in Shame.
Or, if the laughing *Muse*, pursue thee still,
Prize thy good Fortune, that provokes Ill-will.
Let *MARCIA*'s Charms, thy full Revenge supply,
While we in Secret, for thy Pleasures die :
MOMUS may pass, with heavy Heart, his Jest,
While *VULCAN*, in the Arms of *VENUS*, rests.

PRIDE and DISCONTENT silenc'd.

AFTER a fruitless Chase, resolv'd to know,
Whether a World so lov'd, was more than Show,
The Good, and Ill, a fretful Mortal laid
In Passion's Scales, uncertain, which outweigh'd :
But quickly found the best of human Things,
Light as the Goss that paints the Insect's Wings ;
While Troubles, such a Weight, in Fancy, have,
As brings down Life, with Sorrow to the Grave.

Of Patience, quite forsook, 'twas here he cry'd,
No friendly Power doth over Man preside :

The

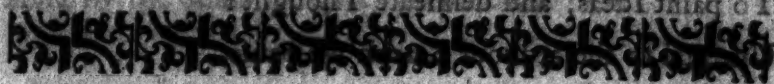
The scatter'd Dust, at first without a Name,
 By chance this Mass of Wretchedness became;
 And Chance, with Folly, shares the helpless Prey,
 'Till kinder Death comes in, and sweeps him quite away.

As these last Words, with fault'ring Tongue he spoke,
 Earth trembled, and his Soul with Horror shook,
 All Heav'n appear'd incens'd, and from the Flame,
 A Voice, more terrible than Thunder, came.

Where is this Child of Pride, who to be mine,
 Himself denies, fond of an abject Line?
 Stand forth, Ingrate; if thou hast Strength to stand,
 When not upheld by my Almighty Hand.

Dare puny Atoms, Heav'n's Decrees controul?
 And counsel him, who guides the boundless Whole?
 Laws to their Sovereign, and their Maker, give?
 And his Existence, doubt by whom they live?
 Know, thankless Man, when Worms indignant swell,
 As hardly us'd, it shews them us'd too well.
 Take cheerfully the Lot, fore-cast, as best,
 And Patience will deliver thee to Rest:
 Purg'd by Afflictions, and by Time approv'd,
 Death will instruct thee fully, whom I lov'd;
 But if, unhumbled still, thou dar'st my Frown,
 The Bolt uplifted, hangs to crush thee down.

On



On LANGUAGE.

WHEN first the Infant leaves the darksome Space,
Where mystick Nature builds the lifeless Mass,
By Form alone, a future Man confess,
He gives no Signs of Soul within his Breast;
As the brute Cub, the Child his Tongue employs
In restless Plaints, and unharmonious Noise;
With undistinguish'd Cries, he rends the Air,
The clam'rous Sounds he makes no Meaning bear:
No Traces yet, are printed on the Brain;
Or the Mind knows not how its Notions to explain;
Till docile Nature, and the early School,
Form him to speak, and teach the wond'rous Rule,
A copious Language, by degrees he gains,
Hence TULLY's Prose, and MARO's tuneful Strains.

But when we trace it to the Founder, Man,
And curious ask from whom the Art began?
How the first Mortal, if a first there were,
(As Reason's Voice, and sacred Books declare)

Unthinking

Unthinking Sounds, and airy Tremours taught,
 To paint Ideas, and delineate Thought?
 Unequal to the arduous Search we pause,
 And can but fancy the productive Cause.

When E v e's bright Image rose before our Sire,
 And kindled in his Soul, the genial Fire,
 Did Beauty Speech as well as Love inspire?
 Or did he in dumb Show address the Dame,
 By silent Actions intimate his Flame?

Were tender Touches, and the am'rous Glance,
 The speechless Signals of his first Advance?

Sure 'twas the godlike Bloom, and youthful Grace,
 That flush'd the Features of the Charmer's Face:
 (Blest Prodigy) his nat'ral Silence broke,
 He saw, he lov'd, and rais'd above himself, he spoke.
 From female Charms what great Effects arise!
 How potent is the Glance of L u c c a's Eyes?

Scarce less was he in DRYDEN's Tale transform'd,
 When Love awoke his Pow'rs, and Woman warm'd;
 'Till then, a dull insipid Rustick known,
 In spite of Rule, Expence, and Art, a Clown:

Now

Now said the finest Things with graceful Air,
And, by the Sense she gave, subdu'd the Fair.

Divine Invention ! to disclose the Mind,
And sound conversive Life among Mankind:
In this, the Rise of ev'ry Art was laid,
As Thoughts combining, lent their mutual Aid ;
Depriv'd of Speech, our best Refinements fall,
And, wanting that, we must have wanted all.
Man would have gaz'd on Man, with mute Surprise,
And faintly shown a Meaning in his Eyes :
Our noblest Faculties had dormant lain,
And Nature's vast Munificence were vain ;
No common Laws had bound the human Herd,
Nor Policies been form'd, nor Empires rear'd.
The *Roman*, and the *Goth* had been the same
Distinguish'd, nor in Nature, nor in Name :
No goodly Towns had rose, nor rural Seats
For social Dwelling, or for sweet Retreats.
Like was the Scene at *Shinar's* rising Tow'r,
(Fruitless Attempt to mock Almighty Pow'r !)
Each mutter'd in a Jargon of his own,
And strove in vain to make his Purpose known ;
By Miracles estrang'd, the Builders fled,
The Pile forbid to raise its impious Head.



Free A THOUGHT at Waking.

THAT Morning too will dawn, when I shall rise
 Fresh from my Dust, and, soaring, seek the Skies.
 Then, why should I lament that Night draws on?
 And, tir'd, refuse to lay my Burthen down?
 Tho', others more, yet I enough, have seen,
 And guess what is to be, by what hath been.
 And, since my youthful Days, now almost past,
 Have pleas'd so little, welcome thou my last.
 'Tis the least Care, of all that fill this Head,
 What Men design when I am stol'n to Bed.
 Closing my Eyes, the World I now enclose,
 And fancy, waking, murders my Repose;
 But in the Grave, the House of Rich, and Poor,
 Fast I shall sleep, and dream of Life no more.



LIFE

LIFE made Agreeable.

Grove

SEEST thou yon sunny Spot of rising Ground?
How bright it looks amid the Shade around!
Just opposite, a shining Clift on high,
Transmits the Glories of the upper Sky:
Such is the good Man's Life, so shines his Way,
Befriended by Religion's cheerful Ray;
While guilty Wretches sit in Death's cold Shade,
And Clouds, with Tempests charg'd, low'r o'er their
Head.

On him, descends a constant Stream of Light,
Which gilds each common Object to his Sight;
Calm Passions, joyous Hopes, a Mind serene,
Make all without to smile, like all within;
Pleasures from ev'ry Soil, spontaneous rise,
And what is Gloom to others, charms his Eyes.
So when his Beams the Sun on Nature throws,
He stamps the beautiful Colours which he throws.

To AMANDA, going to *Bath*.

FAIR, sweet, and young, receive this friendly
 Strain,
 And listen, if you wish a lasting Reign;
 No soothing Words you must expect to find,
 They please the Fancy, but mislead the Mind;
 The courtly Lover in these Lines I wave,
 And, while the Councillor, dismiss the Slave;
 Know thy own Merit, and assert thy Charms,
 Expos'd to Danger, and beset with Harms.
 Beware the treach'rous Whispers of the Gay,
 Nor let soft Nonsense steal thy Heart away.
 Lords, Knights, and 'Squires, avoid with equal Care,
 Alike pernicious to the giddy Fair;
 Be apt to think a faithless Man draws near,
 Watch his Designs, and, while you Triumph, fear;
 Conduct should ever be with Beauty join'd,
 It looks severe, but proves severely kind;
 Without this Guide, how few forbear to stray,
 Too oft the brightest Eyes mistake the Way;

E'en

E'en you may fall, from Glory, to Disgrace,
 And lose those Conquests, yet retain that Face;
 But Heav'n preserve you from a tott'ring Throne,
 And make you wise, by Suff'rings not your own:
 Oh! may AMANDA, learn without Expence;
Bash is the Touchstone of a Lady's Sense.



E P I T A P H.

BENEATH this Stone, fair Ladies, lies,
 Your once profound Adorer;
 His Soul once liv'd by your bright Eyes,
 Ah! can't they now restore her?

Struck by the Lustre of your Charms,
 The Twenty-eighth of May,
 He fell quite ravish'd from your Arms,
 For ever and for aye.

Because he could not speak his Part,

He did this mournful Thing,

And dy'd like a right honest Heart,

And so God save the King.

If common Mortals, Tears attend,

Far more his Virtues crave,

Then, Ladies, meekly condescend

To p-----s upon his Grave.

So what inspired *Bards* have told,

Shall be fulfill'd, we trust;

His Mem'ry shall ne'er grow stale,

But savour in the Dust.



NATURE.



NATURE.

Richardson

SURPRIZING, Being ! which we Nature call,
 She's seen in various Forms, and charms in all;
 In the broad Light of Day, or nightly Gloom,
 In rugged Winter, or in vernal Bloom,
 In boist'rous Oceans, and on *Alpine* Hills,
 As amid fruitful Vales, and murm'ring Rills.
 A Change of Aspects she delights to shew,
 As gay *BELINDA* suits of different hue.
 Oh ! could I see those Wilds, and burning Sands,
 Where the great *CAR* march'd his gen'rous Bands,
 I wish to visit (were the Wish not vain)
 As well the frozen *Pole*, as *Bagdat's* Plain:
Lapland's bleak Regions, and her Stores of Snow,
 As *Eastern* Isles, where fragrant Spices grow.

Each has its Beauties of a different Kind,
 That please alike, a philosophick Mind ;

Not Form, or Matter, entertains the Soul,
But that great Reason, which contrives the Whole.
Th' harmonious Ends, and just Direction seen
In all the Movements of the vast Machine.
Wisdom and Pow'r are every where the same,
And Nature shines alike in all her Frame.
Her greater Works our awful Wonder move,
And raise a Passion more sublime than Love.
When from this single Globe we turn our Eyes,
And to the Universe in Thought arise;
We see unwieldy Planets, round the Sun,
Pois'd in void Space, stupendous Circles run:
Beyond our World unnumber'd Stars appear,
Confus'd they seem, and mingling Sphere with Sphere.
Who knows what Beings in those Orbs reside?
What Laws sustain them, or what Bounds divide?
Descend, my humble *Muse*, nor soar so high,
But Groves and Fields, a lower Subject, try.
See Nature, where she more familiar looks,
In verdant Meadows, and transparent Brooks;
There feed a purer, and more lasting Fire,
Than SYLVIA's fading Beauties can inspire;
With PLATO, to the Source of Beauty rise,
And on the great Creator, fix thine Eyes.

Written

Written on one of the Ivory-Leaves
of a LADY's Pocket-Book.

HOW blest ! could I in CLOE's Heart,
As in this Book, inscribe my Name;
But wretched still, if here as here,
Another Fool might do the same.

On HELEN's Picture, painted
by a LADY.

PROUD of this Master-piece of Light and Shade,
Exultingly, thus Art, to Nature said:
" Yield rival Sister, now the Palm resign,
" And own thy HELEN, is excel'd by mine."
To whom thus Nature haughtily reply'd,
" Check thy Injustice, and reform thy Pride :

" Why dost thou thy compleatest Draught compare,
 " With the rough Sketches of my infant Care ?
 " Look on my later Works, and thou shalt trace
 " Ten thousand HELEN's in ELISA's Face.
 " View ev'ry Feature there, and thy proud Heart
 " Must own, those Strokes beyond the Reach of Art."

The Story of ARIADNE, apply'd.

FAIR ARIADNE, drown'd in Tears,
 Upbraids the faithless *Grecian* Chief,
 'Till BACCHUS, jolly God, appears,
 And calms her Woe, and lulls her Grief.

The Moral of this Tale implies,
 When Woman yields her Virgin Store,
 Away the fated Lover flies,
 Since there he can obtain no more.

Awhile she tries each female Snare,
 And seems ev'n lost in Thinking ;
 But, tir'd at length with fruitless Care,
 Drowns all her Woes with drinking.

HORACE,

HORACE, BOOK III. ODE XXIX.

Imitated.

HASTE, my MECENAS, haste away,
The rosy Wreath awaits thy Brow,

Th' imprison'd CHIAN chides thy Stay;

What Care, what Pleasure, holds thee now?

How can you take Delight to view

The same dull Prospects o'er and o'er?

What can your Fancy find out new,

On *Esul's* Hill, or *Tiber's* Shore?

For sake awhile the Pomp, that cloy's

The glitt'ring Croud, the lofty Dome,

Awhile exchange for rural Joys,

The Hurry, Smoak, and Noise of *Rome*.

Tir'd of their Heav'n, and fond of Change,
 Ev'n Gods forsake their starry Seats,
 The Gods delight on Earth to range,
 And joy to taste our humble Sweets.

See ev'ry baneful Planet shine,
 The raging *Dogstar* scatters Death,
 With Heat the fainting Cattle pine,
 And the poor Shepherd pants for Breath.

In vain, the Grove, and gliding Flood,
 With weary Steps they now explore ;
 Nor *Zephyr* wakes the silent Wood,
 Or whistles in the hollow Shore.

Why then, ah why ! still wrapp'd in Cares !
 Why Negligent of Health and Ease,
 Fearful in vain of future Wars,
 Why do you lose the Joys of Peace ?

Future Events are hid in shades,
 Jove only gives the present Hour,
 Vain is the Mortal that invades
 The Secrets of Almighty Pow'r.

Careless

Careless of what may be to Morrow,
On present Mirth your Thoughts employ,
Why should the Fears of future Sorrow,
Trouble the Stream of present Joy?

Human Affairs like *Tiber's* Tide,
With no fix'd stated Motion flow,
Unruffled now, they smoothly glide,
While no rude Wind presumes to blow.

Anon, the Waves with dreadful Force,
Come rushing on the frighted Shore,
With Ruin mark their furious Course,
And make the distant Forest roar.

Bless'd, only he, who free from Care,
Can ev'ry Night with Pleasure say,
Be it to Morrow foul or fair,
Thanks to my Stars, I've liv'd to Day.

The Joys I have possess'd, are mine,
Harbour'd secure, from Fortune's Bliff,
Tho' JovE should at my Bliss repine,
JovE can't recal the Minutes pass'd.

Fortune

Fortune loves dearly to perplex
 Our busy Hopes, and airy Schemes,
 Unfix'd, like her inconstant Sex,
 She's ever changing to Extreams.

Whene'er she pleases to be kind,
 I'll meet her with extended Arms;
 But when the Wanton shifts her Mind,
 Why shou'd I languish for her Charms?

Without Regret, I then resign,
 The fleeting Joys, she only lent;
 Nor at th' expected Change repine,
 Arm'd with my Virtue and Content.

Let Fools th' unpitying Gods implore,
 When Ruin swells in every Wave,
 And anxious to preserve their Store,
 Drown with the Wealth they strive to save.

Whilst I, an humble Safety seek,
 And ev'ry Star propitious find;
 Haste to some happy little Creek,
 Nor think on all I leave behind.

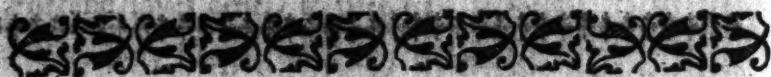
The Fable of the FOX and GRAPES.

A Fox more subtle than the Rest,
And sharp in all his Senses,
Once on a Time by Hunger prest,
Broke o'er a Garden's Fences.
The Pears that dangle on those Boughs,
He swears are so inviting!
Those pretty Peaches too, he vows,
Do mightily delight him.

But, then! those Grapes! and takes a Jump,
As high as Legs could rear him;
But, falling, almost breaks his Rump,
And yet could not come near 'em.

D—n them (he cry'd) d'ye call these ripe,
They'd kill one with the Cholick,
I wou'd not eat them if I might,
I jump'd but for a Frolick.

LIFE,



LIFE, from a *French* EPIGRAM.

HOW swift, we cry, the restless Years roll on,
Fond to appear, impatient to be gone?
Why mourn we idly then the flying Hours,
When by Enjoyment we might make them ours?
With rosy Fetters bind the Minutes fast,
Nor lose the present, to regret the past;
In Life's short Road, let Pleasures force Delay,
Strew it with Flowers to obstruct thy Way.



On FRIENDSHIP.

FRIENDSHIP, the heav'nly Theme, I sing,
Thou Source of sweetest Joy! no more
Pleasures from grosser Sense refin'd,
Still new, that never cloy.

'Tis sacred Friendship softens Life,
And smooth's the rugged Stream;
Uniting Joys, will Joys create,
And sharing lessen Pain.

'Tis pure as the ethereal Flame,
That lights the Lamps above,
Or, as the new-born Infant's Thought,
Or, as his Mother's Love.

The fordid Soul ne'er knows thy Charms,
Nor such divine Delight;
He whom thy gen'rous Passion warms,
Soars to an Angel's Height.

Friendship, is founded on Esteem,
'Tis Elegance of Choice,
Acquaintance pick'd from Crouds of Men,
By heav'nly Reason's Voice.

Distinguish'd by superiour Worth,
And Virtue all divine,
Behaviour elegant, whose Taste,
Learning, and Wit, refine.

When

When such discourse, Instruction flows,
 Not idle empty Sound,
 No Breath envenom'd Flatt'ry knows,
 Or Envy's ruthless Wound.

Reason and Truth, inspire each Tongue,
 The Soul, bright Knowledge gains,
 Such, ADAM ask'd, and GABRIEL sung,
 In heav'nly MILTON's Strains.

Such, the Companions of my Hours,
 And such, my lov'd Employ,
 I wou'd indulge my nobler Pow'rs,
 But know no guilty Joy.

And thus, as swift-wing'd Time brings on
 Death nearer to our View,
 Tun'd to sweet Harmony, our Souls
 Will take a short Adieu.

'Till the last Trump's delightful Sound,
 Shall wake our sleeping Clay,
 Then swift, to find our Fellow-Souls,
 As light we haste away.

The

The Victory: To CYNTHIA.

BELINDA, long my Heart assail'd,
Now almost free, and now a Slave;
Resistless now her Charms prevail'd,
Anon, her Scorn some Respite gave.

Now Favours to my Rival move;
With spiteful Care, her Faults to trace,
Her Empire sinks--- till artful Love,
By treach'rous Smiles regains his Place.

Thus hung my Fate, when CYNTHIA came,
With Eyes that Love and Hope inspire,
The loveliest, softest, sweetest, Dame,
That ever kindled warm Desire.

Alike from Pride, and Cunning free,
Gentle her Sway, without Deceit;
And whom she dooms in vain to Sigh,
Softens with kind Concern their Fate.

My

My Soul at once her Pow'r confess'd,
 With Pleasure bore her easy Chain,
 Whose Love can make sincerely blest,
 Whose Pity free cy'n Death from Pain.

Some Vice thus, by the Fancy drest,
 In gaudy Charms, allures the Eye,
 The Youth half leans to her Embrace,
 Then sees the Cheat, and strives to flee.

Confus'd, uncertain, long he stands,
 'Till Virtue's conqu'ring Form appear,
 Dissolves at once th' Enchantress' Bands,
 And make her Beauties disappear.

The Youth with gen'rous Ardour glows,
 And clasps the Goddess to his Breast,
 With rapt'rous Joy his Soul o'erflows:
 Dear CYNTHIA, let me thus be blest.

Alone from Pride, and Envy free,
 Gentle her ways, and sweet her voice,
 And whom the doom'd
 Softens with kind Concern their Fate.

A MORNING-HYMN.

HAIL, sacred Light! thy quick'ning Glance
Awakes to Life, and points to God, and bids the
Who makes thy purest Beams his Robe, and bids the
Thy perfect Splendor his Abode.

His mighty Hand impels the Sun, and bids the
Unactive else that Orb would lie, and bids the
Nor to expecting Worlds dispense, and bids the
His vital Fires, but all must die.

Thy Bounty, Lord, the vast Expense
Of daily Light, and Heat defrays, and bids the
And Worlds and Creatures thou preserv'st, and bids the
Fit to receive and feel thy Grace.

My Soul its willing Homage pays,
And lengthen'd Life ascribes to thee,
Pleas'd to depend on that great Source
Of Love, from whence I sprang to be.

Thou

Thou guard'st my nightly Slumbers free
 From frightful Dreams, and real Harms,
 I wake to Plenty, Peace, and Friends,
 For still I wake within thy Arms.

Thou wind'st the Springs of Life anew,
 And bids new Tides of Spirits rise,
 They bear the Mind with prosperous Course,
 To Truth, to Virtue, to the Skies.

I mourn my Wast of former Days,
 To thee devote my future Time;
 Bright with thy Favour let it run,
 Rich in good Fruits, and free from Crime.

Then chearful I'd receive my Doom,
 Tho' long were my appointed Race,
 Or joy to change this distant Dawn,
 For the full Glories of thy Face.

My Soul its willing Homage pays,
 And lengthen'd Life I wish thee;
 Pleas'd to depend on that great Source
 To Love, from whence I spring to be.



To an INFANT, by a LADY.

O Happy Nymph! a friendly Sign

Has usher'd in thy Birth;

Fair Hope fits blooming on thy Morn,

And crowns the Day with Mirth.

May ev'ry Omen prosp'rous prove,

And gladfom all thy Days;

May Beauty triumph in thy Face,

And Wisdom guide thy Ways.

Still mayst thou give thy Father Joy,

Deserve thy Mother's Love,

Give an Example to thy Sex,

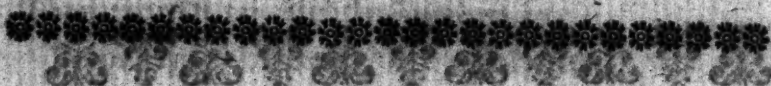
Which Virtue may approve.

And late may'st thou retire from Life,

With ev'ry Merit blest;

Belov'd, esteem'd, lamented, dye,

And glide to heav'nly Rest.



A S O N G.

TO AN INFANT, BY A LADY.

WHY, CELIA, should you so much strive,
 Your kindling Passion to conceal;
 Your Lips, tho' they Denial give,
 Yet all your Actions Love reveal.

In vain you strive, in vain, alas!
 The charming Passion to disguise;
 It glows, it blushes on your Face,
 And sparkles in your swimming Eyes.

Your Eyes, those Emblems of the Heart,
 Still contradict whate'er you say;
 And, tho' your Lips deny the Smart,
 Your Eyes are more believ'd than they.



Another,

A



Another, occasion'd by the Sight of a
CORPS in the Thames.

WHEN shall I, wretched Maid!
Lay down my Cares and dye?

When join my Lover's Shade,
And by his Ashes lye?

----- But, ah! I rage in vain,
With fruitless Moan complain;
I see no End of Pain,
No End of Pain.

Once Love, with silken Bands,
Entwin'd our Hearts and Hands,

And, innocently gay,

Wing'd all our Hours away:

----- Now, where loud Billows roar,
His dead Corps beats the Shore,
And knows such Joys no more,
Alas! no more.

Sad on the rocky Strand,
I take his Corps to Land,
And, while I weep and rave,

Implore a friendly Grave :

----- But who will deign their Aid,

To sooth a plaintive Shade,

Or help a wretched Maid ;

A wretched Maid !

Dear Youth ! I wail thy Doom,

In angry Tempests lost,

Dear Youth ! deny'd a Tomb,

To sooth thy plaintive Ghost.

----- But, o'er my Fun'ral Bed,

Will one kind Tear be shed,

To wail poor JULIA dead ?

Poor JULIA dead !



The

The RUINS of TIME.

FIX'D is the Date of all Things here below,
 Relentless Time devours them soon or late :
 Ev'n Springs shall fail, and Rivers cease to flow,
 And mould'ring Mountains sink with Age's Weight.

In vain that fierce Destroyer to defeat,
 Proud Monuments of labour'd Art we raise,
 Soon they decay and perish at his Feet,
 Born down th' impetuous Stream of rolling Days.

Alas ! must Beauty too be doom'd to fade ?
 Time is a Tyrant, whom no Charms can move :
 Not even thine, LUCINDA, dearest Maid ;
 Even thine protected, by the God of Love.

Smile on me, fair One, and my Pains assuage !
 Thy Charms thro' unborn Ages I'll prolong ;
 I'll bid them scorn even Time's devouring Rage,
 And Bloom for ever in immortal Song.

Serenely smooth the easy Lines shall flow,
 Brightly shall shine adorn'd with ev'ry Grace;
 But to thy Smiles their Strength and Softness owe,
 And steal their Beauties from thy Mind and Face.

On her MAJESTY's STATUE
 in St. Paul's-Church-Yard.

NEAR the vast Bulk of that stupendous Frame,
 Known by the *Gentiles* great Apostle's Name;
 With Grace divine, great ANNA's seen to rise,
 An awful Form that glads a Nation's Eyes:
 Beneath her Feet four mighty Realms appear,
 And with due Reverence pay their Homage there.
Britain and *Ireland*, seem to own her Grace,
 And ev'n wild *India* wears a smiling Face.

But *France* alone with downcast Eyes is seen,
 The sad Attendant of so good a Queen:
 Ungrateful Country! to forget so soon,
 All that great ANNA for thy Sake has done:

When

When sworn the kind Defender of thy Cause;
 Spite of her dear Religion, spite of Laws;
 For thee she sheath'd the Terrors of her Sword,
 For thee she broke her General----and her Word:
 For thee her Mind in doubtful Terms she told,
 And learn'd to speak like Oracles of old.
 For thee, for thee alone, what could she more?
 She lost the Honour she had gain'd before;
 Lost all the Trophies, which her Arms had won,
 (Such, CESAR never knew, nor PHILIP'S Son)
 Resign'd the Glories of a ten Year's Reign,
 And such as none but MARLBOROUGH'S Arm could gain.
 For thee, in Annals, she's content to shine
 Like other Monarchs of her antient Line.



A PARAPHRASE on the latter Part of
 the VIth Chap. of St. MATTHEW.

WHEN my Breast labours with oppressive Care,
 And o'er my Cheek descends the falling Tear;
 While all my warring Passions are at Strife,
 Oh, let me listen to the Words of Life!

Raptures deep-felt, his Doctrine did impart,
And thus he lov'd to cheer the lonely Heart:

Think not, when all, your scanty Stores afford,
Is spread, at once, upon the sparing Board;
Think not, when worn, the homely Robe appears,
While, on the Roof, the howling Tempest bears;
What, farther, shall this feeble Life sustain,
And what shall cloath these shiv'ring Limbs again,
Say, does not Life its Nourishment exceed?
And the fair Body its investing Weed?

Behold !---- and look away your low Despair,
See the light Tenants of the barren Air :
To them, nor Stores, nor Granaries, belong,
Nought, but the Woodland, and the pleasing Song ;
Yet, your kind heavenly Father bends his Eye,
On the least Wing, that flits along the Sky.
To him they sing, when *Spring* renews the Plain,
To him they cry, in *Winter's* pinching Reign ;
Nor is their Musick, nor their Plaint in vain.
He hears the gay, and the Distressful call,
And with unsparing Bounty fills them all.

Observe

Observe the rising Lilly's snowy Grace,
Observe the various vegetable Race;
They neither toil, nor spin, but careless grow,
Yet see how warm they blush! how bright they glow!
What regal Vestments can with them compare!
What King so shining! and what Queen so fair!

If, ceaseless, thus the Fowls of Heaven he feeds,
If, o'er the Fields, such lucid Robes he spreads;
Will he not care for you, ye Faithless, say?
Is he unwise? Or, are ye less than they?



The Incomparable Soporific Doctor.

SWEET, sleeky Doctor! dear, pacifick Soul!
Lay at the Beef, and suck the vital Bowl.
Still let th' involving Smoak around thee fly,
And broad-look'd Dulness settle in thine Eye.
Ah! soft in Down these dainty Limbs repose,
And in the very Lap of Slumber doze;

Bat

But chiefly, on the lazy Day of Grace,
Call forth the lambent Glories of thy Face ;
If ought the Thoughts of Dinner can prevail,
And sure the *Sunday's* Dinner cannot fail.
To the thin Church in sleepy Pomp proceed,
And lean on the *Leibargick Book* thy Head.
These Eyes wipe often with the hallow'd Lawn,
Profoundly Nod, immeasurably Yawn.
Slow let the Prayers by thy meek Lips be sung,
Nor let thy Thoughts be distanc'd by thy Tongue ;
If e'er the Lingerers are within a Call,
Or if on Prayers thou deign'st to think at all.
Yet --- only yet --- the swimming Head we bend ;
But when serene, the Pulpit you ascend,
Thro' every Joint a gentle Horror creeps,
And round you the consenting Audience sleeps.
So when an Ass with sluggish Front appears,
The Horses start, and prick their quivering Ears ;
But soon as e'er the *Sage* is heard to bray,
The Fields all thunder, and they bound away.



The

The HAPPY MAN.

HE'S not the *Happy Man*, to whom is given
 A plenteous Fortune by indulgent Heaven ;
 Whose gilded Roofs on shining Columns rise,
 And painted Walls enchant the Gazer's Eyes ;
 Whose Table flows with hospitable Cheer,
 And all the various Bounty of the Year ;
 Whose Vallies smile, whose Gardens breathe the Spring,
 Whose carved Mountains bleat, and Forests sing ;
 For whom the cooling Shade in Summer twines,
 While his full Cellars give their generous Wines ;
 From whose wide Fields unbounded *Autumn* pours
 A golden Tide, into his swelling Stores :
 Whose *Winter* laughs, for whom the liberal Gales
 Stretch the big Sheet, and toiling Commerce fails ;
 When yielding Crouds attend, and *Pleasure* serves ;
 While Youth, and Health, and Vigour string his Nerves.
 Even not all these, in one rich Lot combin'd,
 Can make the *Happy Man*, without the Mind ;

Where

Where *Judgment* sits clear-sighted, and surveys
 The Chain of *Reason* with unerring Gaze;
 Where *Fancy* lives, and to the bright'ning Eyes,
 Bids fairer Scenes, and bolder Figures rise;
 Where *social Love* exerts her soft Command,
 And plays the *Passions* with a tender Hand,
 Whence every *Virtue* flows, in rival Strife,
 And all the *moral Harmony* of Life!

Nor canst thou, *Dread*, this Truth decline,
 Thine is the *Fortune*, and the *Mind* is thine.

H Y M N on SOLITUDE.

HALL ever-pleasing Solitude!

Companion of the Wise, and Good!

But, from whose holy, piercing Eye,

The Herd of Fools, and Villains fly.

Oh! how I love with thee to walk!

And listen to thy whisper'd Talk;

Which

Which Innocence, and Truth imparts,

And melts the most obdurate Hearts.

A thousand Shapes you wear with ease,

And still in every Shape you please;

Now wrapt in some mysterious Dream,

A lone Philosopher you seem;

Now quick from Hill to Vale you fly,

And now you sweep the vaulted Sky,

And *Nature* triumphs in your Eye:

Then strait again you court the Shade,

And pining, hang the pensive Head.

A Shepherd next, you haunt the Plain,

And warble forth your oaten Strain.

A Lover now, with all the Grace

Of that sweet Passion in your Face!

Then, soft-divided, you assume

The gentle-looking Hero's Bloom,

As, with her *PHILOMELA*, she,

(Her *PHILOMELA* fond of thee)

Amid the long withdrawing Vale,

Awakes the rival'd Nightingale.

A thousand Shapes you wear with ease,

And still in every Shape you please.

Thine is th' unbounded Breath of Morn;
 Just as the dew-bent Rose is born;
 And while *Meridian* Fevers beat,
 Thine is the Woodland dumb Retreat;
 But chief, when Evening Scenes decay,
 And the faint Landskip swims away,
 Thine is the doubtful dear Decline,
 And that best Hour of musing thine.

Descending Angels bless thy Train,
 The *Virtues* of the Sage, and Swain;
 Plain *Innocence* in white array'd,
 And *Contemplation* rears the Head;
 Religion, with her awful Brow,
 And rapt *URANIA* waits on you.

Oh, let me pierce thy secret Cell
 And in thy deep recesses dwell;
 For ever with thy Raptures fill'd,
 For ever from the World retir'd;
 Nor by a Mortal seen, save he
 A *LYCIDAS*, or *LYCON* be.

FINIS.

Thine

